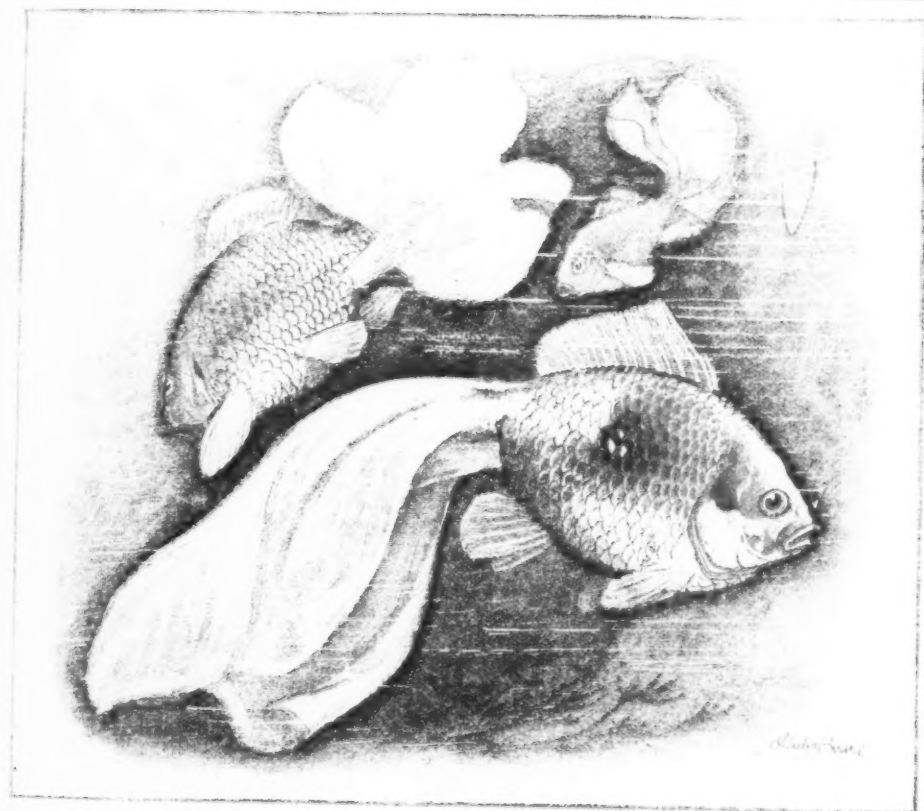


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MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

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AMUSEMENTS OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

I: THE PALACE OF THE DANCE.

BY JEAN SCHOPFER.

FOR an ordinary visitor the days passed at the Exposition are divided into two distinct parts. In the first place, you go to see the specialties which interest you, the fine arts, mechanics, jewelry, or agricultural products. If you have no specialty, you are at least of a certain nationality, and you feel it a duty to examine its products. If American, you will hasten to the pavilion of the United States, with cupolas and colonnades in the style of the Capitol at Washington, or to the Hall of Mechanics, at Vincennes, where spin the powerful and deep-voiced turbines, and where you have the satisfaction of seeing, in various forms, the steel that Pittsburgh sends to the whole world. If German, you delight in contemplating the industrial progress the empire has realized in recent years, and in inspecting the always increasing number of articles whereon might be written the "Made in Germany" which provoked so much alarm in England. Wherever you are, you feel obliged to pass through endless galleries, to inspect a vast quantity of interesting things. You go from the Champ-de-Mars to the Invalides, from the left side of the Seine to the right, from

the colonial exhibition to the municipal, from the municipal to the international, and when you have devoted half a day to such a visit, you are out of breath, exhausted. You then seek a restaurant, and, seated before a good dinner, heave a sigh of satisfaction, and exclaim:

"At last my duty is accomplished; thank Heaven, evening is here, and now let us enjoy ourselves!"

The same sigh of satisfaction is drawn at the close of each day, in anticipation of expected pleasures, by hundreds of thousands of people, who desire, after the labor of sight-seeing is over, to amuse themselves, to see something new.

And to amuse the millions of cosmopolitans, from the Shah of Persia and the princes of the extreme Orient to the citizen of Oregon and the inhabitant of Buenos Ayres, from the Canadian to the Australian, from the Bulgarian to the Scotchman, those whose business it is to entertain the crowds, be they from North or South, from West or East, have journeyed to Paris. India has sent her bayaderes, glittering with gold and silver plaques; Java her hieratic dancers,

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looking like delicate-limbed idols; from the wilds of Algeria come the fire-eaters; from China, masked and noisy actors; from sunny Spain, supple Gitanas, whose blue-black hair lies in hard outlines on their pale, amber-colored foreheads; from Japan, the most famous jugglers; from everywhere have hastened to Paris, to form the amusements of the Exposition, all those who parade their persons, sing, act, or dance, all those

Paris is gay; it is proud of it, and rightly so. We have only one life on this earth; should we spend it all in business and cares? The daily task accomplished and the bread earned, let us laugh, for laughter is the right of man alone. The foreigners who have come to France demand, in amusements, more of a Paris exhibition than they would of one in London or Berlin. This seems wholly proper.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

A MODERN GREEK DANCE.

who are applauded and admired under the artificial light of the stage.

In Paris itself artists, poets, writers, and actors have vied with one another in ingenuity; their most remarkable inventions have been held in reserve for this summer. Paris has a reputation to uphold. Foreigners call it "gay Paris." By the way, Paris is not gay only; it is serious, too, sometimes even tragic. Parisians work and toil with the same fervor with which they seek entertainment; but the Paris of hard work is unknown to strangers, who generally take no thought of it when they visit the "Ville Lumière."

What does the Exposition offer to the crowd on pleasure bent? In the evening let us stroll along the Rue de Paris, under the trees of the Cours la Reine, beside the river. Dazzling advertisements are lighted; here we pass before a brilliantly illuminated theater in front of which, occasionally, poets, dramatic authors, or well-known actors do not hesitate to make a witty and extemporaneous address to the passers-by; farther on are the poet-singers of Montmartre, and across the way may be seen some ultra-modern marionettes; here stands a town of the middle ages, with steeples, and streets bordered with sharp, overhanging gables from which



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. G. PUTNAM.
THE ROMAN SATURNALIA.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.
THE GALIC DANCE OF THE SWORDS.

project grimacing gargoyles. Let us follow the throng, and among the varied amusements provided for our curiosity find the ones that surpass, by their spectacular merit, the pleasure of the moment—the ones which will live in cosmopolitan memories and perpetuate the tradition of a brilliant and artistic Paris.

ONE of the best ideas which has been developed by the organizers of the Exposition is that of a Palace of the Dance. It represents a sight which all, without regard to nationality, can enjoy. But as interesting as the idea itself is the manner of carrying it out. We are not given a repetition of the great chorographic spectacles that we can

see in London or New York, nor a duplicate, necessarily inferior, of the artistic ballets of the Paris opera-house, with their quadrilles of dancers trained to the dance from the age of twelve, and their stars of princely income. No; at the Palace of the Dance the rare opportunity offered by the advent of an exposition has been seized upon to put before the public the dances of different countries and epochs.

I remember once reading in the guide-book of a German museum of instruments of torture that a history of civilization could be written from the study of the sinister objects exposed in the museum. I do not doubt it, but I am sure that a history of civilization could as well, and even better, be traced from the dances that each nation has invented for a delight to the eye. It is a poetic, a charming, a winged history that is told to us by the dances throughout the ages.

Naturally, a careful choice has been made, and a few flowers only have been plucked from the rich field. To enhance the beauty of the spectacle, and to do away with whatever might be too didactic in a chronological exposition of the different epochs, three ballets have been organized. In the first, "To whom the Crown?" are to be seen modern dances—English, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Greek, etc.; in the second, "The Shepherd's Hour," come popular dances, the Sabo-

tière of Brittany and the gay Farandole of Provence; finally, in the third, "The Kingdom of the Dance," figure the principal dances of ancient times.

Dancing has existed ever since the era of man. The need of swaying the body in rhythmical movements is as natural to man as that of exclamation and song. Primitive man manifested his joy and gratitude at victorious struggles by heavy dances performed before his idols; later, about the temples ornamented with sculptured gods he still danced, but his steps were more refined and complicated. In Greece and Egypt dances were sacred, and it is interesting to notice the constant union between the dance and religion. This union continued even throughout early Christianity, where dances were performed in the churches during certain parts of the service, and in the cemeteries. Even yet the inhabitants of the Balearic Islands have retained the dance in religious festivals.

Egyptian science was world-renowned, and the Egyptians liked to represent in dances, which we can fancy as being slow and rhythmical, the courses of the stars. But one understands the impossibility of reproducing them on a narrow modern stage, and here we see revived a brighter one, the Wasp's Dance. The dancing-girl pretends to have been bitten by a wasp, searches for it in her garments, which she in part casts



DANCE OF THE BUFFOONS IN MEDIEVAL TIMES.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

ITALIAN PIFFERARI.

off, and with which she finally clothes herself again, all the while following the measure of the music, accentuated by the brass crotala and the cymbals.

Among artistic Greeks the dances were closely associated with the entire organization of public and private life. They were either religious, tragic, warlike, or domestic. Before the altars of the gods they were sacred, and, unrolled in harmonious procession at the theater, they assumed an imitative form, and mimicked in cadenced gestures the sentiments declaimed by the chorus. The warlike ones represented combats, and because of the agility and

suppleness that they imparted to the body, they were considered a necessary exercise to those destined to the career of arms; the domestic ones were given, accompanied by songs and music, at the close of banquets, flute-players and dancers being as necessary to the Athenian as postprandial eloquence is to the American banqueter of the present day. They were everywhere, appearing at the fêtes of the harvest, at the coming of spring, with the dance the Crane, and at the vintage. Greek vases illustrate them in an abundant and precise manner. In another material the statuettes of Tanagra perpetuate for us the exquisite grace of

Grecian dancers, and the suppleness of the bodies draped in filmy stuffs.

Modern Greece, more than any other country, has preserved a number of its ancient dances. For the moment we are shown only a Megarian dance. The women, clothed in white garments, like the virgins of the Pan-athenæa, and bound together by scarfs, which they hold in their hands, form a long row, and balance five steps back and three

then the enjoyment of the spectacular dance, the one which is enacted before the motionless spectator, for the idle pleasure of the eye. The Greeks, with whom the sentiment of harmony was innate, never considered the dance merely as a spectacle. At the solemn or joyous moments of their lives they took part in the dance, and the vision of Sophocles is never to be forgotten, as naked he led the chorus of youths dancing



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

AN ITALIAN BUFFOON.

forward obliquely. The music is indirectly inspired by popular Greek airs, which have never been published, and which have been collected in an ingenious manner for the ballet by means of a phonograph.

There are two kinds of enjoyment in the dance: first, the pleasure of dancing, through the natural desire for movement and rhythm;

the pæan around the trophies piled up on the sea-shore, after the victory of Salamis.

Rome offers us nothing of the kind. The Roman citizen would have believed his dignity compromised if he had abandoned himself to the dance. "No sober man dances," says Cicero, "unless he is a fool." So Rome possessed the spectacular dance alone, and



THE PROVENÇAL FARANDOLE AND THE TARASQUE.

was represented only by the mimes and by the ballets. The dances in which all joined were noisy and coarse. The Saturnalia give us a vivid image of a popular festival; then the slaves took the place of their masters and were served by them. The Saturnalia, however, rapidly degenerated into orgies, where there was no law but one's fancy. Processions of grotesque personages and masked figures, fauns and satyrs, nymphs and bacchantes, intermingled and formed improvised dances without rhyme or reason.

In the Palace of the Dance the Orient is revived in the bayaderes of India. Here again the dances, more voluptuous, possess only a spectacular merit, and, like most of the Oriental dances, can be admitted on a European stage only after having been greatly modified. Clothed in wide silken trousers of striped pattern that reach to the ankles, which are encircled by golden bracelets, and with the bodies covered with a mantle of soft and transparent texture that is draped about them with great art, the bayaderes mimic, to the strains of slow and monotonous music, love-scenes, avowals, coquetry, and refusals. The characteristic charm of the Hindu dances lies in the fact that the body alone has part in them, the head, arms, and lower limbs having no share.

From ancient Gaul is given the Dance

of the Swords, set in a scene in the center of which is erected a dolmen. The dancers spring over their swords; then, holding them aloft, they form rose- and cross-shaped figures, striking their swords together and following the varied cadence of the music. This dance still exists, in a modified form, in Scotland and in the provinces of the Basques.

The Palace of the Dance gives us nothing from the first centuries of the Christian era. Religious dances existed, but a revival of them would belong to the domain of archaeology. The organizer of these historical dances, following the most precise documents, does not aim at a dry revival, but offers us brilliant and vivacious spectacles.

We next are carried back to a dance of the middle ages, the Branle. Dancers advance and turn about, joining hands, and singing some one of the old popular songs that have retained their charm in their very naïveté. Each province has its special branles—the Branle of the Horses, the Goose Branle, or the Branle of the Firebrands. The last still exists in certain parts of France, and is danced about bonfires lighted in the public places or in the forests, either on the first Sunday in Lent or on midsummer eve.

Indeed, you can see a branle of the

middle ages in the streets of Paris, without entering the Palace of the Dance. Passing through a deserted byway in Passy or in the Quartier St. Pierre de Chaillot, you may come across a group of little girls dancing, and singing songs of the antiquity of which they are certainly ignorant.

Nous n'irons plus au bois;
Les lauriers sont coupés.

These are, without doubt, the branles preserved intact for the joy of little children.

We are shown, also, modern ballets from the Italian Renaissance. The luxuriousness of costume, the pomp of procession, the harmony of music and verse, the grace of steps and attitudes, unite in forming a magnificent spectacle. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the courts of princes delighted in sumptuous ballets, wherein kings and queens did not disdain to perform. Francis I, Charles V, and Catherine de' Medici were pleased to take part in them, and later on the "Sun King," Louis XIV, appeared in the ballets of Versailles. At the end of the sixteenth century originated the Pavan, then the Minuet, and finally the Gavot, dear to the eighteenth century, exquisite dances taken up again by fashion during these later years, and which we often see well danced at the theaters and in drawing-rooms. These the Palace of the Dance, zealous to show only unfamiliar things, did not find necessary to restore. It gives us from the seventeenth century a Dance of Buffoons, taken from a ballet produced at the court of Savoy in 1634. Its title is "Truth, the Enemy of Appearance," and we find in it the fancy of the epoch for complicated allegories. "False News," "Scandal," "Deceit," "Frauds," and "Lies" appear in it. Finally, "Time" drives away "Appearances," with all its falsehoods, and "Truth," accom-

panied by the "Hours," appears in a final ballet.

From Italy come the personages of the eternal comedy, harlequins, columbines, pierrots, and pifferari. Pierrot bewails his sad lot, but laughs and dances; Columbine flirts with Harlequin, who smiles triumphant; the pipes play a thin and shrill music, and the couples mingle and intermingle.

And their songs blend with the moonlight—
The calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,
Which makes the birds dream in the trees,
And the water, the silvery, lithe water,
In the marble fountains, sobs with ecstasy.

With the ballets, the popular fêtes are carried on. Here is one of those kermesses that the genius of Rubens has immortalized, with their noisy gaiety, their overflowing joy, the coarse frankness of their sport. Seated on a wine-cask, a fiddler plays; peasants dance on the beaten ground, embrace the maids, and, meanwhile, drink deep draughts.

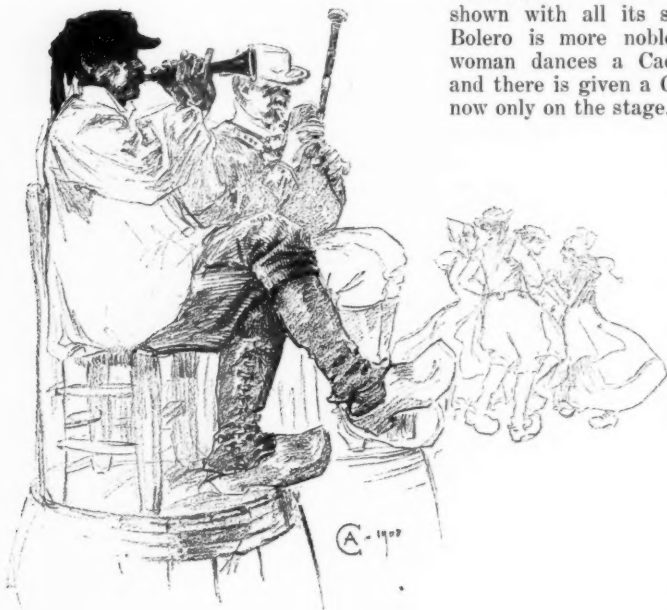
Then we come to modern and popular dances. These are the ones that have retained their primitive originality: fashion,



LA BOURRÉE (AUVERGNE).

leveler of all things, has not touched them. In them are revived the most remote traditions. To every man possessing the sentiment of the historical and the consciousness of the innumerable ties binding us to the past, it is pleasant to know that the rhythmical

Italy appears with the Tarantella of the happy borders of the Gulf of Naples, and with a rural dance, the Pecorée, wherein figure shepherds stepping to the sound of rustic pipes. Spain comes and triumphs. The crowd is never tired of gazing at its well-known dances. The Fandango is shown with all its seductive grace; the Bolero is more noble, more reserved; a woman dances a Cachucha on a table; and there is given a Guaracha, to be seen now only on the stage.



A BRETON ORCHESTRA.

movements that he can still contemplate, and in which he can even take part, have expressed the joy of living and the merriment of his obscure ancestors.

Here is a Gavot of Brittany, to-day the same that it was in the middle ages; and here a Farandole from Provence, with the monster "La Tarasque," full of the spirit of the past, and such as we may see to-day in the bright and dusty little towns of Provence. Here, too, is a Wine Dance, of pagan origin. From Auvergne we have the celebrated Bourrée. A troupe of Basques reproduce curious dances of men, one of which draws its origin from the Dance of the Swords of Celtic times.

England shows her well-known clowns and her adroit, quick jigs; Russia, flat-faced dancers, who leap and pirouette, strike the floor with their heels, and, crouching, run across the stage, while the rest of the troupe sing, utter screams, and, at times, raise their shoulders in a curious movement.

Modern Greece has retained, and here presents, some of its ancient slow dances. However, there were other ancient Greek dances more vivacious, more *risquées*, even vulgar, of which Greek vases give us full proof. Types of these we can find in Greek modern dances.

There is lacking in this collection of popular dances only a "cakewalk." It would have had a certain success, and would have shown to Europeans the in-

nate qualities of suppleness and grace of the American negro, with which is mingled a real sentiment of the comic.

If America has not sent her negro dancers, at least she triumphs in Loie Fuller, with her inimitable Fire Dance. This is the boldest and most marvelous invention that has ever appeared in spectacular dancing in any epoch. The splendor of the "Arabian Nights" pales before the sumptuous magic of this body about which beat innumerable waves of flame, unceasingly renewed. Between the dream-world and the reality, Loie Fuller peoples the darkness with never-to-be-forgotten apparitions.

But the Palace of the Dance does not monopolize the dances of the Exposition: one finds them everywhere. Never have I seen an exposition in so great an uproar. At every street-corner one is challenged by the hoarse beat of drums, by shrill flutes, by fifes and snare-drums, by violins and guitars. In countless halls there are foreign troupes

exhibiting: they dance in the pavilion of Morocco, as well as in that of Turkey; in the pavilion of Persia, as well as in the Street of Algiers; in the Chinese pavilion, in Old Paris, in Spain in the Time of the Moors. It is as if we had united in demanding of the dance that it bring back in a living form old and long-lost civilizations.

From the far borders of Algiers have come the Ouled-Nails. They are closely veiled, so that one can see only their flashing eyes under their arching brows, between which a blue flower is outlined on the dark skin.

From Morocco come companies of players, who go from café to café, subsisting upon the alms there obtained. With them are huge turbaned scoundrels whom one would not care to meet at nightfall on the edge of the desert. With them we find our Dance of the Sword in an original form.

Here, too, goes a noisy troupe from Spain, *Carmens* of the second order, but *Carmens* nevertheless. It needs only a Mérimée or a Bizet to make them immortal. They are always ready to become suddenly enamoured with a fine officer, and equally ready to forget him for a bespangled toreador.

The idea of representing the civilization of the world by dances has never been carried further than in the "Tour of the World."

This is a huge circular panorama, the background of which represents on canvassomeadmirable scenes in the two hemispheres. Here, for instance, is Greece, with the Parthenon, or the Piræus; here is Spain, there Constantinople and the Bosphorus; here is Japan, with a delightful tea-house and its delicate and childlike *mousmés*; here Java, and there Ceylon. Before each painted scene is a stage on which the inhabitants of the country depicted on the canvas disport themselves and successively go through the dances peculiar to their race. I was present on the opening day, and found the spectacle one of the greatest interest.

There I found the Javanese, of the color of gingerbread, their women diminutive, but



THE BRETON GAVOT.



THE SPANISH DANCE.

how charming! They had been the delight of artists and the surprise of the Exposition of 1889. They dress their heads with feathers, and drape their slender bodies with soft materials, but leave their gold-encircled arms bare, for it is their arms that take the principal part in their dance. Here we are far from the contortions of the African and the too expressive mimics of the Spaniard. The arms are crossed and uncrossed, sway and fall to the rhythm of the strange melody of the *gamelong*, while the little Javanese

men squat on their heels and strike together in cadence vases of strange shapes and different material. Raised upon their round and delicate wrists, their slender hands are upturned, then rise and expand like flowers. Meanwhile the dancers, nearly motionless, and always distant and impassive, show with expressive arms the sacred poses of their idols. Truly it was a dream of the far East, that dance in the Javanese village at the Exposition of 1889.

I have seen the Javanese again in the

"Tour of the World," but here they are placed between the Japanese and the Cingalese, with their stage only a step from those of their neighbors, and the old illusion is more difficult to create. They dance, indeed, and there is always their fine art; but when they pause, and the gamelone is hushed, suddenly one hears a barbaric music—the music of the Cingalese, who rise in their turn. Dressed in a fantastic garb, with trousers of several thicknesses, and with many pendants dangling from their elaborate head-dresses, they begin a processional dance, following in single file a leader who has the manner of a conjurer, and appears to call upon some spirit invisible to the spectators. It is all noisy and in well-accented time. The spectators follow them closely with their eyes, but I watched the little Javanese goddesses, and that which I saw filled me with wonder. They seated themselves, but not one of them was curious enough to look at the dance of their neighbors; there was not a turn of the head to see those hoarse-voiced men and their contortions: it was as if they did not exist. With an indifference Oriental and magnificent, they sat motionless

and unseeing, filled, no doubt, with far-off dreams. They had not a glance for the men whom the chance of the Exposition had brought from their far-off island to a meeting with them on this narrow stage. Returning home through the crowds that hurry on to new scenes, I cannot keep from comparing our breathless curiosity with the fine impassiveness of these little Javanese. We have the historic sense in the highest degree; we are eager to feel the most varied emotions, to be in turn Spaniard, Russian, Japanese, or Puritan. We understand moods of thought and feeling the furthest removed from our own. This the Javanese do not understand; they must be astonished at our curiosity, if they comprehend it at all. They live for themselves in their little corner of life, following the advice of Montaigne, to concern one's self in nothing with the affairs of one's neighbors. All their wisdom concerns itself with being themselves alone.

And is not this one of the "Amusements of the Exposition"—this being in the presence of two such varied moods of feeling, and meditating on the little dancers of the panorama?

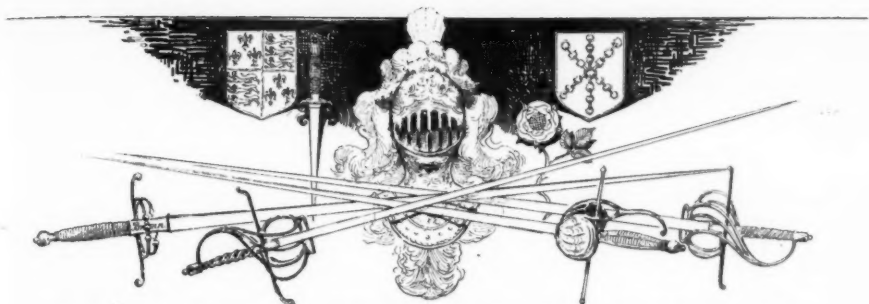


A FLEMISH KERMES



DRAWN BY CLYDE O. DE LAND.

"SOME ONE SHOUTED 'ASSASSIN!'" (SEE PAGE 502.)



THE HELMET OF NAVARRE.

By Bertha Runkle.

I. A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

AT the stair-foot the landlord stopped me.

"Here, lad, take a candle. The stairs are dark, and, since I like your looks, I would not have you break your neck."

"And give the house a bad name," I said.

"No fear of that; my house has a good name. There is no fairer inn in all Paris. And your chamber is a good chamber, though you will have larger, doubtless, when you are Minister of Finance."

This raised a laugh among the tavern idlers, for I had been bragging a bit of my prospects. I retorted:

"When I am, Maître Jacques, look out for a rise in your taxes."

The laugh was turned on mine host, and I retired with the honours of that encounter. And though the stairs were the steepest I ever climbed, I had the breath and the spirit to whistle all the way up. What mattered it that already I ached in every bone, that the stair was long and my bed but a heap of straw in the garret of a mean inn in a poor quarter? I was in Paris, the city of my dreams!

I am a Broux of St. Quentin. The great world has never heard of the Broux? No matter; they have existed, these hundreds of years, Masters of the Forest, and faithful servants of the dukes of St. Quentin. The great world has heard of the St. Quentins? I warrant you! As loudly as it has of Sully and Villeroi, Trémouille and Biron. That is enough for the Broux.

I was brought up to worship the saints and M. le Duc, and I loved and revered them

alike, by faith, for M. le Duc, at court, seemed as far away from us as the saints in heaven. But the year after King Henry III was murdered, Monsieur came to live on his estate, to make high and low love him for himself.

In that bloody time, when the King of Navarre and the two Leagues were tearing our poor France asunder, M. le Duc found himself between the devil and the deep sea. He was no friend to the League; for years he had stood between the king, his master, and the machinations of the Guises. On the other hand, he was no friend to the Huguenots. "To seat a heretic on the throne of France were to deny God," he said. Therefore he came home to St. Quentin, where he abode in quiet for some three years, to the great wonderment of all the world.

Had he been a cautious man, a man who looked a long way ahead, his compeers would have understood readily enough that he was waiting to see how the cat would jump, taking no part in the quarrel lest he should mix with the losing side. But this theory jibed so ill with Monsieur's character that not even his worst detractor could accept it. For he was known to all as a hotspur—a man who acted quickly and seldom counted the cost. Therefore his present conduct was a riddle, nor could any of the emissaries from King or League, who came from time to time to enlist his aid and went away without it, read the answer. The puzzle was too deep for them. Yet it was only this: to Monsieur, honour was more than a pretty word. If he could not find his cause honest, he would not draw his sword, though all the curs in the land called him coward.

Thus he stayed alone in the château for

a long, irksome three years. Monsieur was not of a reflective mind, content to stand aside and watch while other men fought out great issues. It was a weary procession of days to him. His only son, a lad a few years older than I, shared none of his father's scruples and refused point-blank to follow him into exile. He remained in Paris, where they knew how to be gay in spite of sieges. Therefore I, the Forester's son, whom Monsieur took for a page, had a chance to come closer to my lord and be more to him than a mere servant, and I loved him as the dogs did. Aye, and admired him for a fortitude almost more than human, in that he could hold himself passive here in farthest Picardie, whilst in Normandie and Île de France battles raged and towns fell and captains won glory.

At length, in the opening of the year 1593, M. le Duc began to have a frequent visitor, a gentleman in no wise remarkable save for that he was accorded long interviews with Monsieur. After these visits my lord was always in great spirits, putting on frisky airs, like a stallion when he is led out of the stable. I looked for something to happen, and it was no surprise to me when M. le Duc announced one day, quite without warning, that he was done with St. Quentin and would be off in the morning for Mantes. I was in the seventh heaven of joy when he added that he should take me with him. I knew the King of Navarre was at Mantes—at last we were going to make history! There was no bound to my golden dreams, no limit to my future.

But my house of cards suffered a rude tumble, and by no hand but my father's. He came to Monsieur, and, presuming on an old servitor's privilege, begged him to leave me at home.

"I have lost two sons in Monsieur's service," he said: "Jean, hunting in this forest, and Blaise, in the fray at Blois. I have never grudged them to Monsieur. But Félix is all I have left."

Thus it came about that I was left behind, hidden in the hay-loft, when Monsieur rode away. I could not watch his going.

Though the days passed drearily, yet they passed. Time does pass, at length, even when one is young. It was July. The King of Navarre had moved up to St. Denis, in his siege of Paris, but most folk thought he would never win the city, the hotbed of the League. Of M. le Duc we heard no word till, one night, a chance traveller, putting up at the inn in the village, told a startling tale. The

Duke of St. Quentin, though known to have been at Mantes and strongly suspected of espousing Navarre's cause, had ridden calmly into Paris and opened his hôtel. It was madness—madness sheer and stark. Thus far his religion had saved him, yet any day he might fall under the swords of the Leaguers.

My father came, after hearing this tale, to where I was lying on the grass, the warm summer night, thinking hard thoughts of him for keeping me at home and spoiling my chances in life. He gave me straightway the whole of the story. Long before it was over, I had sprung to my feet.

"Do you still wish to join M. le Duc?" he said.

"Father!" was all I could gasp.

"Then you shall go," he answered. That was not bad for an old man who had lost two sons for Monsieur!

I set out in the morning, light of baggage, purse, and heart. I can tell naught of the journey, for I heeded only that at the end of it lay Paris. I reached the city one day at sundown, and entered without a passport at the St. Denis gate, the warders being hardly so strict as Mayenne supposed. I was dusty, foot-sore, and hungry, in no guise to present myself before Monsieur; wherefore I went no farther that night than the inn of the Amour de Dieu, in the Rue des Coupejarrets.

Far below my garret window lay the street—a trench between the high houses. Scarce eight feet off loomed the dark wall of the house opposite. To me, fresh from the wide woods of St. Quentin, it seemed the desire of Paris folk to outhuddle in closeness the rabbits in a warren. So ingenious were they at contriving to waste no inch of open space that the houses, standing at the base but a scant street's width apart, ever jutted out farther at each story till they looked to be fairly toppling together. I could see into the windows up and down the way; see the people move about within; hear opposite neighbours call to each other. But across from my aery were no lights and no people, for that house was shuttered tight from attic to cellar, its dark front as expressionless as a blind face. I marvelled how it came to stand empty in that teeming quarter.

Too tired, however, to wonder long, I blew out the candle, and was asleep before I could shut my eyes.

CRASH! Crash! Crash!

I sprang out of bed in a panic, thinking

Henry of Navarre was bombarding Paris. Then, being fully roused, I perceived that the noise was thunder.

From the window I peered into floods of rain. The peals died away. Suddenly came a terrific lightning-flash, and I cried out in astonishment. For the shutters opposite were open, and I had a vivid vision of three men in the window.

Then all was dark again, and the thunder shook the roof.

I stood straining my eyes into the night, waiting for the next flash. When it came, it showed me the window barred as before. Flash followed flash; I winked the rain from my eyes and peered in vain. The shutter remained closed as if it had never been opened. Sleep rolled over me in a great wave as I groped my way back to bed.

II. AT THE AMOUR DE DIEU.

WHEN I woke in the morning, the sun was shining broadly into the room, glinting in the little pools of water on the floor. I stared at them, sleepy-eyed, till recollection came to me of the thunder-storm and the open shutters and the three men. I jumped up and ran to the window. The shutters opposite were closed; the house just as I had seen it first, save for the long streaks of wet down the wall. The street below was one vast puddle. At all events, the storm was no dream, as I half believed the vision to be.

I dressed speedily and went down-stairs. The inn-room was deserted save for Maître Jacques, who, with heat, demanded of me whether I took myself for a prince, that I lay in bed till all decent folk had been hours about their business, and then expected breakfast. However, he brought me a meal, and I made no complaint that it was a poor one.

"You have strange neighbours in the house opposite," said I.

He started, and the thin wine he was setting before me splashed over on the table.

"What neighbours?"

"Why, they who close their shutters when other folk would keep them open, and open them when others keep them shut," I said airily. "Last night I saw three men in the window opposite mine."

He laughed.

"Aha, my lad, your head is not used to our Paris wines. That is how you came to see visions."

"Nonsense," I cried, nettled. "Your wine

is too well watered for that, let me tell you, Maître Jacques."

"Then you dreamed it," he said huffily. "The proof is that no one has lived in that house these twenty years."

Now, I had plenty to worry about without troubling my head over night-hawks, but I was vexed with him for putting me off. So, with a fine conceit of my own shrewdness, I said:

"If it was only a dream, how came you to spill the wine?"

He gave me a keen glance, and then, with a look round to see that no one was by, leaned across the table, up to me.

"You are sharp as a gimlet," said he. "I see I may as well tell you first as last. Marry, an you will have it, the place is haunted."

"Holy Virgin!" I cried, crossing myself.

"Aye. Twenty years ago, in the great massacre—you know naught of that: you were not born, I take it, and, besides, are a country boy. But I was here, and I know. A man dared not stir out of doors that dark day. The gutters ran blood."

"And that house—what happened in that house?"

"Why, it was the house of a Huguenot gentleman, M. de Béthune," he answered, bringing out the name hesitatingly in a low voice. "They were all put to the sword—the whole household. It was Guise's work. The Duc de Guise sat on his white horse, in this very street here, while it was going on. Parbleu! that was a day."

"Mon dieu! yes."

"Well, that is an old story now," he resumed in a different tone. "One-and-twenty years ago, that was. Such things don't happen now. But the people, they have not forgotten; they will not go near that house. No one will live there."

"And have others seen as well as I?"

"So they say. But I'll not let it be talked of on my premises. Folk might get to think them too near the haunted house. 'T is another matter with you, though, since you have had the vision."

"There were three men," I said, "young men, in sombre dress—"

"M. de Béthune and his cousins. What further? Did you hear shrieks?"

"There was naught further," I said, shuddering. "I saw them for the space of a lightning-flash, plain as I see you. The next minute the shutters were closed again."

"'T is a marvel," he answered gravely. "But I know what has disturbed them in

their graves, the heretics! It is that they have lost their leader."

I stared at him blankly, and he added:

"Their Henry of Navarre."

"But he is not lost. There has been no battle."

"Lost to them," said Maître Jacques, "when he turns Catholic."

"Oh!" I cried.

"Oh!" he mocked. "You come from the country; you don't know these things."

"But the King of Navarre is so stiff-necked a heretic!"

"Bah! Time bends the stiffest neck. Tell me this: for what do the learned doctors sit in council at Mantes?"

"Oh," said I, bewildered, "you tell me news, Maître Jacques."

"If Henry of Navarre be not a Catholic before the month is out, spit me on my own jack," he answered, eying me rather keenly as he added:

"It should be welcome news to you."

Welcome was it; it made plain the reason of Monsieur's change of base. Yet it was my duty to be discreet.

"I am glad to hear of any heretic coming to the faith," I said.

"Pshaw!" he cried. "To the devil with pretences! 'T is an open secret that your patron has gone over to Navarre."

"I know naught of it."

"Well, *pardieu!* my Lord Mayenne does, then. If when he came to Paris M. de St. Quentin counted that the League would not know his parleyings, he was a fool."

"His parleyings?" I echoed feebly.

"Aye, the boy in the street knows he has been with Navarre. For, mark you, all France has been wondering these many months where St. Quentin was coming out. His movements do not go unnoted like a yokel's. But, i' faith, he is not dull; he understands that well enough. Nay, 't is my belief he came into the city in pure effrontery to show them how much he dared. He is a bold blade, your duke. And, *mon dieu!* it had its effect. For the Leaguers have been so agape with astonishment ever since that they have not raised a finger against him."

"Yet you do not think him safe?"

"Safe, say you? Safe! *Pardieu!* if you walked into a cage of lions, and they did not in the first instant eat you, would you therefore feel safe? He was stark mad to come to Paris. There is no man the League hates more, now they know they have lost him, and no man they can afford so ill to

spare to King Henry. A great Catholic noble, he would be meat and drink to the Béarnais. He was mad to come here."

"And yet nothing has happened to him."

"Verily, fortune favours the brave. No, nothing has happened—yet. But I tell you true, Félix, I had rather be the poor inn-keeper of the Amour de Dieu than stand in M. de St. Quentin's shoes."

"I was talking with the men here last night," I said. "There was not one but had a good word for Monsieur."

"Aye, so they have. They like his pluck. And if the League kills him it is quite on the cards that the people will rise up and make the town lively. But that will not profit M. de St. Quentin if he is dead."

I would not be dampened, though, by an old croaker.

"Nay, maître, if the people are with him, the League will not dare—"

"There you fool yourself, my springald. If there is one thing which the nobles of the League neither know nor care about it is what the people think. They sit wrangling over their French League and their Spanish League, their kings and their princesses, and what this lord does and that lord threatens, and they give no heed at all to us—us, the people of France. But they will find out their mistake. Some day they will be taught that the nobles are not all of France. There will come a reckoning when more blood will flow in Paris than ever flowed on St. Bartholomew's day. They think we are chained down, do they? *Pardieu!* there will come a day."

I scarcely knew the man; his face was flushed, his eyes sparkling as if they saw more than the common room and mean street. But as I stared the glow faded, and he said in a lower tone:

"At least, it will happen unless Henry of Navarre comes to save us from it. He is a good fellow, this Navarre."

"They say he can never enter Paris."

"They say lies. Let him but leave his heresies behind him and he can enter Paris to-morrow."

"Mayenne does not think so."

"No; but Mayenne knows little of what goes on. He does not keep an inn in the Rue Coupejarrets."

He stated the fact so gravely that I had to laugh.

"Laugh if you like; but I tell you, Félix Broux, my lord's council-chamber is not the only place where they make kings. We do it, too, we of the Rue Coupejarrets."

"Well," said I, "I leave you, then, to make kings. I must be off to my duke. What 's my scot, maitre?"

He dropped the politician, and was all inn-keeper in a second.

"A crown!" I cried in indignation. "Do you think I am made of crowns? Remember, I am not yet Minister of Finance."

"No, but soon will be," he grinned. "Besides, what I took is little enough, God knows. Do you think food is cheap in a siege?"

"Then I pray Navarre may come soon and end it."

"Amen to that," said old Jacques, quite gravely. "If he comes a Catholic it cannot be too soon."

I counted out my pennies with a last grumble.

"They ought to call this the Rue Coupe-bourses."

He laughed; he could afford to, with my silver jingling in his pouch. He embraced me tenderly at parting, and hoped to see me again at his inn. I smiled to myself; I had not come to Paris—I, to stay in the Rue Coupejarrets!

III. M. LE DUC IS WELL GUARDED.

I STEPPED out briskly from the inn, pausing now and again to inquire my way to the Hôtel St. Quentin, which stood, I knew, in the Quartier Marais, where all the grand folk lived. Once I had found the broad, straight Rue St. Denis, all I need do was to follow it over the hill down to the river-bank; my eyes were free, therefore, to stare at all the strange sights of the great city—markets and shops and churches and prisons. But most of all did I gape at the crowds in the streets. I had scarce realized there were so many people in the world as passed me that summer morning in the town of Paris. Bewilderingly busy and gay the place appeared to my country eyes, though, in truth, at that time Paris was at its very worst, the spirit being well-nigh crushed out of it by the sieges and the iron rule of the Sixteen.

I knew little enough of politics, and yet I was not so dull as not to see that great events must happen soon. A crisis had come. I looked at the people I passed, who were going about their business so tranquilly. Every one of them must be either Mayenne's man, or Navarre's. Before a week was out these peaceable citizens might be using pikes for tools and exchanging bullets for good mornings. Whatever happened, here

was I in Paris in the thick of it! My feet fairly danced under me; I could not reach the hôtel soon enough. Half was I glad of Monsieur's danger, for it gave me chance to show what stuff I was made of. Live for him, die for him—whatever fate could offer I was ready for.

The hôtel, when at length I arrived before it, was no disappointment. Here one did not wait till midday to see the sun; the street was of decent width, and the houses held themselves back with reserve, like the proud gentlemen who inhabited them. Nor did one here regret his possession of a nose, as he was forced to do in the Rue Coupejarrets.

Of all the mansions in the place, the Hôtel St. Quentin was, in my opinion, the most imposing; carved and ornamented and stately, with gardens at the side. But there was about it none of that stir and liveliness one expects to see about the houses of the great. No visitors passed in or out, and the big iron gates were shut, as if none were looked for. Of a truth, the persons who visited Monsieur these days preferred to slip in by the postern after nightfall, as if there had never been a time when they were proud to be seen in his hall.

Beyond the grilles a sentry, in the green and scarlet of Monsieur's men-at-arms, stood on guard, and I called out to him boldly.

He turned at once; then looked as if the sight of me scarce repaid him.

"I wish to enter, if you please," I said. "I am come to see M. le Duc."

"You?" he ejaculated, his eye wandering over my attire, which, none of the newest, showed signs of my journey.

"Yes, I," I answered in some resentment. "I am one of his men."

He looked me up and down with a grin.

"Oh, one of his men! Well, my man, you must know M. le Duc is not receiving to-day."

"I am Félix Broux," I told him.

"You may be Félix anybody for all it avails; you cannot see Monsieur."

"Then I will see Vigo." Vigo was Monsieur's Master of Horse, the staunchest man in France. This sentry was nobody, just a common fellow picked up since Monsieur left St. Quentin, but Vigo had been at his side these twenty years.

"Vigo, say you! Vigo does not see street boys."

"I am no street boy," I cried angrily. "I know Vigo well. You shall smart for cheeking me, when I have Monsieur's ear."

"Aye, when you have! Be off with you, *coquin*. I have no time to bother with you."

"Imbecile!" I sputtered. But he had turned his back on me and resumed his pacing up and down the court.

"Oh, very well for you, *monsieur*," I cried out loudly, hoping he could hear me. "But you will laugh t' other side of your mouth by and by. I'll pay you off."

It was maddening to be halted like this at the door of my goal; it made a fool of me. But while I debated whether to set up an outcry that would bring forward some officer with more sense than the surly sentry, or whether to seek some other entrance, I became aware of a sudden bustle in the courtyard, a narrow slice of which I could see through the gateway. A page dashed across; then a pair of flunkies passed. There was some noise of voices and, finally, of hoofs and wheels. Half a dozen men-at-arms ran to the gates and swung them open, taking their stand on each side. Clearly, M. le Duc was about to drive out.

A little knot of people had quickly collected—sprung from between the stones of the pavement, it would seem—to see Monsieur emerge.

"He is a bold man," I heard one say, and a woman answer, "Aye, and a handsome," ere the heavy coach rolled out of the arch.

I pushed myself in close to the guardsmen, my heart thumping in my throat now that the moment had come when I should see my Monsieur. At the sight of his face I sprang bodily up on the coach-step, crying, all my soul in my voice, "Oh, Monsieur! M. le Duc!"

Monsieur looked at me coldly, blankly, without a hint of recognition. The next instant the young gentleman beside him sprang up and struck me a blow that hurled me off the step. I fell where the ponderous wheels would have ended me had not a guardsman, quick and kind, pulled me out of the way. Some one shouted, "Assassin!"

"I am no assassin," I cried; "I only sought to speak with Monsieur."

"He deserves a hiding, the young cur," growled my foe, the sentry. "He's been pestering me this half-hour to let him in. He was one of Monsieur's men, he said. Monsieur would see him. Well, we have seen how Monsieur treats him!"

"Faith, no," said another. "We have only seen how our young gentleman treats him. Of course he is too proud and dainty to let a common man so much as look at him."

They all laughed; the young gentleman seemed no favourite.

"Parbleu! that was why I drew him from the wheels, because *he* knocked him there," said my preserver. "I don't believe there's harm in the boy. What meant you, lad?"

"I meant no harm," I said, and turned sullenly off up the street. This, then, was what I had come to Paris for—to be denied entrance to the house, thrown under the coach-wheels, and threatened with a drubbing from the lackeys!

For three years my only thought had been to serve Monsieur. From waking in the morning to sleep at night, my whole life was Monsieur's. Never was duty more cheerfully paid. Never did acolyte more throw his soul into his service than I into mine. Never did lover hate to be parted from his mistress more than I from Monsieur. The journey to Paris had been a journey to Paradise. And now, this!

Monsieur had looked me in the face and not smiled; had heard me beseech him and not answered—not lifted a finger to save me from being mangled under his very eyes. St. Quentin and Paris were two very different places, it appeared. At St. Quentin Monsieur had been pleased to take me into the château and treat me to more intimacy than he accorded to the high-born lads, his other pages. So much the easier, then, to cast me off when he had tired of me. My heart seethed with rage and bitterness against Monsieur, against the sentry, and, more than all, against the young Comte de Mar, who had flung me under the wheels.

I had never before seen the Comte de Mar, that spoiled only son of M. le Duc's, who was too fine for the country, too gay to share his father's exile. Maybe I was jealous of the love his father bore him, which he so little repaid. I had never thought to like him, St. Quentin though he were; and now that I saw him I hated him. His handsome face looked ugly enough as he struck me that blow.

I went along the Paris streets blindly, the din of my own thoughts louder than all the noises of the city. But I could not remain in this trance forever, and at length I woke to two unpleasant facts: first, I had no idea where I was, and, second, I should be no better off if I knew.

Never, while there remained in me the spirit of a man, would I go back to Monsieur; never would I serve the Comte de Mar. And it was equally obvious that never, so long as my father retained the spirit that

was his, could I return to St. Quentin with the account of my morning's achievements. It was just here that, looking at the business with my father's eyes, I began to have a suspicion that I had behaved like an insolent young fool. But I was still too angry to acknowledge it.

Remained, then, but one course—to stay in Paris, and keep from starvation as best I might.

My thrifty father had not seen fit to furnish me any money to throw away in the follies of the town. He had calculated closely what I should need to take me to Monsieur, with a little margin for accidents; so that, after paying Maître Jacques, I had hardly two pieces to jingle together.

I had browsed my fill in the duke's library; I could write a decent letter both in my own tongue and in Italian, thanks to Father Francesco, Monsieur's Florentine confessor, and handle a sword none so badly, thanks to Monsieur; and I felt that it should not be hard to pick up a livelihood. But how to start about it I had no notion, and finally I made up my mind to go and consult him whom I now called my one friend in Paris, Jacques, the innkeeper.

'T was easier said than done. I had strayed away from the friendly Rue St. Denis into a network of dark and narrow ways that might have been laid out by a wily old stag with the dogs hot on him, so did they twist and turn and double on themselves. I could make my way only at a snail's pace, asking new guidance at every corner. Noon was long past when at length I came on laggard feet around the corner by the *Amour de Dieu*.

Yet was it not fatigue that weighted my feet, but pride. Though I had resolved to seek out Maître Jacques, still 't was a hateful thing to enter as suppliant where I had been the patron. I had paid for my breakfast like a lord, but I should have to beg for my dinner. I had bragged of Monsieur's fondness, and I should have to tell how I had been flung under the coach-wheels. My pace slackened to a stop. I could not bring myself to enter the door. I tried to think how to better my story, so to tell it that it should redound to my credit. But my invention stuck in my pate.

As I stood striving to summon up a jaunty demeanour, I found myself gazing straight at the shuttered house, and of a sudden my thoughts shifted back to my vision.

Those murdered Huguenots, dead and gone ere I was born, had appeared to me as plain as the men I passed in the street.

Though I had beheld them but the space of a lightning-flash, I could call up their faces like those of my comrades. One, the nearest me, was small, pale, with pinched, sharp face, somewhat rat-like. The second man was conspicuously big and burly, black-haired and -bearded. The third and youngest—all three were young—stood with his hand on Blackbeard's shoulder. He, too, was tall, but slenderly built, with clear-cut visage and fair hair gleaming in the glare. One moment I saw them, every feature plain; the next they had vanished like a dream.

It was an unholy thing, no doubt, yet it held me with a shuddery fascination. Was it indeed a portent, this rising of heretics from their unblessed graves? And why had it been shown to me, true son of the Church? Had any one else ever seen what I had seen? Maître Jacques had hinted at further terrors, and said no one dared enter the place. Well, grant me but the opportunity, and I would dare.

Thus was hatched in my brain the notion of forcing an entrance into that banned house. I was an idle boy, foot-loose and free to do whatever mad mischief presented itself. Here was the house just across the street.

Neglected as it was, it remained the most pretentious edifice in the row, being large and flaunting, a half-defaced coat of arms over the door. Such a house might well boast two entrances. I hoped it did, for there was no use in trying to batter down this door with the eye of the Rue Coupejars upon me. I turned down the side street, and after exploring several muck-heaped alleys found one that led me into a small square court bounded on three sides by a tall house with shuttered windows.

Fortune was favouring me. But how to gain entrance? The two doors were both firmly fastened. The windows on the ground floor were small, high, and iron-shuttered. Above, one or two shutters swung half open, but I could not climb the smooth wall. Yet I did not despair; I was not without experience of shutters. I selected one closed not quite tight, leaving a crack for my knife-blade. I found the hook inside, got my dagger under it, and at length drove it up. The shutter creaked shrilly open.

A few good blows knocked in the casement. I followed.

I found myself in a small room bare of everything but dust. From this, once a porter's room, I fancied, I passed out into a hallway dimly lighted from the open window behind

me. The hall was large, paved with black and white marbles; at the end a stately stairway mounted into mysterious gloom.

My heart jumped into my mouth, and I cringed back in terror, a choked cry rasping my throat. For, as I crossed the hall, peering into the dimness, I descried, stationed on the lowest stair with upraised bludgeon, a man.

For a second I stood in helpless startlement, voiceless, motionless, waiting for him to brain me. Then my half-uttered scream changed to a quavering laugh, as my eyes, becoming used to the gloom, discovered my boggy to be but a figure carved in wood, holding aloft a flambeau long since quenched.

I blushed with shame, yet I cannot say that now I felt no fear. I thought of the panic-stricken women, the doomed men, who had fled at the sword's point up these very stairs. The silence seemed to shriek at me, and I half thought I saw fear-maddened eyes peering out from the shadowed corners. Yet for all that—nay, because of that—I would not give up the adventure. I went back into the little room and carefully closed the shutter, lest some other meddler should spy my misdeed. Then I set my feet on the stair.

If the half-light before had been full of eery terror, it was naught to the blackness now. My hand on the rail was damp. Yet I mounted steadily.

Up one flight I climbed, groped in the hot dark for the foot of the next flight, and went on. Suddenly, above, I heard a noise. I came to an instant halt. All was as still as the tomb. I listened; not a breath broke the silence. It never occurred to me to imagine a rat in this house of the dead, and the noise shook me. With a sick feeling about my heart I went on again.

On the next floor it was lighter. Faint outlines of doors and passages were visible. I could not stand the gloom a moment longer; I strode into the nearest doorway and across the room to where a gleam of brightness outlined the window. My shaking fingers found the hook of the shutter and flung it wide, letting in a burst of honest sunshine. I leaned out into the free air, and saw below me the Rue Coupejarrets and the sign of the *Amour de Dieu*.

The next instant a cloth fell over my face and was twisted tight; strong arms pulled me back, and a deep voice commanded:

"Close the shutter."

Some one pushed past me and shut it with a clang.

"Devil take you! You'll rouse the quar-

ter!" cried my captor, fiercely, yet not loud. "Go join monsieur." With that he picked me up in his arms and walked across the room.

The capture had been so quick I had no time for outcry. I fought my best with him, half strangled as I was by the cloth. I might as well have struggled against the grip of the Maiden. The man carried me the length of the house, it seemed; flung me down upon the floor, and banged a door on me.

IV. THE THREE MEN IN THE WINDOW.

I TORE the cloth from my head and sprang up. I was in pitch-darkness. I dashed against the door to no avail. Feeling the walls, I discovered myself to be in a small, empty closet. With all my force I flung myself once more upon the door. It stood firm.

"Dame! but I have got into a pickle," I thought.

They were no ghosts, at all events. Worried as I was, I rejoiced at that. I could cope with men, but who can cope with the devil? These might be villains,—doubtless were, skulking in this deserted house,—yet with readiness and pluck I could escape them.

It was as hot as a furnace in my prison, and as still as the grave. The men, who seemed by their footsteps to be several, had gone cautiously down the stairs after caging me. Evidently I had given them a fine fright, clattering through the house as I had, and even now they were looking for my accomplices.

It seemed hours before the faintest sound broke the stillness. If ever you want to squeeze away a man's cheerfulness, like water from a rag, shut him up alone in the dark and silence. He will thank you to take him out into the daylight and hang him. In token whereof, my heart welcomed like brothers the men returning.

They came into the room, and I thought they were three in number. I heard the door shut, and then steps approached my closet.

"Have a care, now, monsieur; he may be armed," spoke the rough voice of a man without breeding.

"Doubtless he carries a culverin up his sleeve," sneered the deep tones of my captor.

Some one else laughed, and rejoined, in a clear, quick voice:

"Natheless, he may have a knife. I will open the door, and do you look out for him, Gervais."

I had a knife and had it in my hand, ready

to charge for freedom. But the door opened slowly, and Gervais looked out for me—to the effect that my knife went one way and I another before I could wink. I reeled against the wall and stayed there, cursing myself for a fool that I had not trusted to fair words instead of to my dagger.

"Well done, my brave Gervais!" cried he of the vivid voice—a tall, fair-haired youth, whom I had seen before. So had I seen the stalwart blackbeard, Gervais. The third man was older, a common-looking fellow whose face was new to me. All three were in their shirts on account of the heat; all were plain, even shabby, in their dress. But the two young men wore swords at their sides.

The half-opened shutters, overhanging the court, let plenty of light into the room. It had two straw beds on the floor and a few old chairs and stools, and a table covered with dishes and broken food and wine-bottles. More bottles, riding-boots, whips and spurs, two or three hats and saddle-bags, and various odds and ends of dress littered the floor and the chairs. Everything was of mean quality except the bearing of the two young men. A gentleman is a gentleman even in the Rue Coupejarrets—all the more, maybe, in the Rue Coupejarrets. These two were gently born.

The low man, with scared face, held off from me. He whose name was Gervais confronted me with an angry scowl. Yeux-gris alone—for so I dubbed the third, from his gray eyes, well open under dark brows—Yeux-gris looked now whit alarmed or angered; the only emotion to be read in his face was a gay interest as the blackavised Gervais put me questions.

"How came you here? What are you about?"

"No harm, messieurs," I made haste to protest, ruing my stupidity with that dagger. "I climbed in at a window for sport. I thought the house was deserted."

He clutched my shoulder till I could have screamed for pain.

"The truth, now. If you value your life you will tell the truth."

"Monsieur, it is the truth. I came in idle mischief; that was the whole of it. I had no notion of breaking in upon you or any one. They said the house was haunted."

"Who said that?"

"Maitre Jacques, at the Amour de Dieu."

He stared at me in surprise.

"What had you been asking about this house?"

Yeux-gris, lounging against the table, struck in:

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"I can tell you that myself. He told Jacques he saw us in the window last night. Did you not?"

"Aye, monsieur. The thunder woke me, and when I looked out, I saw you plain as day. But Maitre Jacques said it was a vision."

"I flattered myself I saw you first and got that shutter closed very neatly," said Yeux-gris. "Dame! I am not so clever as I thought. So old Jacques said we were ghosts, did he?"

"Yes, monsieur. He told me this house belonged to M. de Béthune, who was a Huguenot, and killed in the massacre."

Yeux-gris burst into joyous laughter.

"He said my house belonged to the Béthunes! Well played, Jacques! You owe that gallant lie to me, Gervais, and the pains I took to make him think us Navarre's men. He is heart and soul for Henri Quatre. Did he say, perchance, that in this very courtyard Coligny fell?"

"No," said I, seeing that I had been fooled and had had all my terrors for naught, and feeling much chagrined thereat. "How was I to know it was a lie? I know naught about Paris. I came up but yesterday from St. Quentin."

"St. Quentin!" came a cry from the henchman. With a fierce "Be quiet, fool!" Gervais turned to me and demanded my name.

"Félix Broux."

"Who sent you here?"

"Monsieur, no one."

"You lie."

Again he gripped me by the shoulder, gripped till the tears stood in my eyes.

"No one, monsieur; I swear it."

"You will not speak! I'll make you, by Heaven."

He seized my thumb and wrist to bend one back on the other, torture with strength such as his. Yeux-gris sprang off the table.

"Let alone, Gervais! The boy's honest."

"He is a spy."

"He is a fool of a country boy. A spy in hobnailed shoes, forsooth! No spy ever behaved as he has. I said when you first seized him he was no spy. I say it again, now I have heard his story. He saw us by chance, and Maitre Jacques's boggy story spurred him on instead of keeping him off. You are a fool, my cousin."

"Pardieu! it is you who are the fool," growled Gervais. "You will bring us to the rope with your cursed easy ways. If he is a spy it means the whole crew are down upon us."

"What of that?"

"Pardieu! is it nothing?"

Yeux-gris returned with a touch of haughtiness:

"It is nothing. A gentleman may live in his own house."

Gervais looked as if he remembered something. He said much less boisterously:

"And do you want Monsieur here?"

Yeux-gris flushed red.

"No," he cried. "But you may be easy. He will not trouble himself to come."

Gervais regarded him silently an instant, as if he thought of several things he did not say. What he did say was: "You are a pair of fools, you and the boy. Whatever he came for, he has spied on us now. He shall not live to carry the tale of us."

"Then you have me to kill as well!"

Gervais turned on him snarling. Yeux-gris laid a hand on his sword-hilt.

"I will not have an innocent lad hurt. I was not bred a ruffian," he cried hotly. They glared at each other. Then Yeux-gris, with a sudden exclamation, "Ah, bah, Gervais!" broke into laughter.

Now, this merriment was a heart-warming thing to hear. For Gervais was taking the situation with a seriousness that was as terrifying as it was stupid. When I looked into his dogged eyes I could not but think the end of me might be near. But Yeux-gris's laugh said the very notion was ridiculous; I was innocent of all harmful intent, and they were gentlemen, not cutthroats.

"Messieurs," I said, "I swear by the blessed saints I am what I told you. I am no spy, and no one sent me here. Who you are, or what you do, I know no more than a babe unborn. I belong to no party and am no man's man. As for why you choose to live in this empty house, it is not my concern, and I care not a whit about it. Let me go, messieurs, and I will swear to keep silence about what I have seen."

"I am for letting him go," said Yeux-gris.

Gervais looked doubtful, the most encouraging attitude toward me he had yet assumed. He answered:

"If he had not said the name—"

"Stuff!" interrupted Yeux-gris. "It is a coincidence, no more. If he were what you think, it is the very last name he would have said."

This was Greek to me; I had mentioned no names but Maître Jacques's and my own. And he was their friend.

"Messieurs," I said, "if it is my name that does not please you, why, I can say for it that if it is not very high-sounding, at least it is an honest one and has ever been held so down where we live."

"And that is at St. Quentin," said Yeux-gris.

"Yes, monsieur. My father, Anton Broux, is Master of the Forest to the Duke of St. Quentin."

He started, and Gervais cried out:

"Voilà! who is the fool now?"

My nerves, which had grown tranquil since Yeux-gris came to my rescue, quivered anew. The common man started at the very word St. Quentin, and the masters started when I named the duke. Was it he whom they had spoken of as Monsieur? Who and what were they? There was more in this than I had thought at first. It was no longer a mere question of my liberty. I was all eyes and ears for whatever information I could gather.

Yeux-gris spoke to me for the first time, gravely:

"This is not a time when folks take pleasure-trips to Paris. What brought you?"

"I used to be Monsieur's page down at St. Quentin," I answered, deeming the straight truth best. "When we learned that he was in Paris, my father sent me up to him. I reached the city last night, and lay at the *Amour de Dieu*. This morning I went to the duke's hôtel, but the guard would not let me in. Then, when Monsieur drove out, I tried to get speech with him, but he had no use for me."

The bitterness I felt over my rebuff must have been in my voice and face, for Gervais spoke abruptly:

"And do you hate him for that?"

"Nay," said I, churlishly enough. "It is his to do as he chooses. But I hate the Comte de Mar for striking me a foul blow."

"The Comte de Mar!" exclaimed Yeux-gris.

"His son."

"He has no son."

"But he has, monsieur. The Comte de—"

"He is dead," said Yeux-gris.

"Why, we knew naught—" I was beginning, when Gervais broke in:

"You say the fellow's honest, when he tells such tales as this! He saw the Comte de Mar at his father's side!"

"I thought it must be he," I protested. "A young man who sat by Monsieur's side, elegant and proud-looking, with an aquiline face—"

"That is Lucas, that is his secretary," declared Yeux-gris, as who should say, "That is his scullion."

Gervais looked at him oddly a moment, then shrugged his shoulders and demanded of me:

"What next?"

"I came away angry."

"And walked all the way here to risk your life in a haunted house? Pardieu! too plain a lie."

"Oh, I would have done the like; we none of us fear ghosts in the daytime," said Yeux-gris.

"You may believe him; I am no such fool. He has been caught in two lies; first the Béthunes, then the Comte de Mar. He is a clumsy spy; they might have found a better one. Not but what that touch about ill-treatment at Monsieur's hand was well thought of. That was Monsieur's suggestion, I warrant, for the boy has talked like a dolt else."

"I am no liar," I cried hotly. "Ask Jacques whether he did not tell me about the Béthunes. It is his lie, not mine. I did not know the Comte de Mar was dead, and this Lucas of yours is handsome enough for a count. I came here, as I told you, in curiosity concerning Maître Jacques's story. I had no idea of seeing you or any living man. It is the truth, monsieur."

"I believe you," Yeux-gris answered. "You have an honest face. You came into my house uninvited. Well, I forgive it, and invite you to stay. You shall be my valet."

"He shall be nobody's valet," Gervais cried.

The gray eyes flashed, but their owner rejoined lightly:

"You have a man; surely I should have one, too. And I understand the services of M. Félix are not engaged."

"Mille tonnerres! you would take this spy—this sneak—"

"As I would take M. de Paris, if I chose," responded Yeux-gris, with a cold hauteur that smacked more of a court than this shabby room. He added lightly again:

"You think him a spy; I do not. But in any case, he must not blab of us. Therefore he stays here and brushes my clothes. Marry, they need it."

Easily, with grace, he had disposed of the matter. But I said:

"Monsieur, I shall do nothing of the kind."

"What!" he cried, as if the clothes-brush itself had risen in rebellion, "what! you will not?"

"No," said I.

"And why not?" he demanded, plainly thinking me demented.

"Because I know you are against the Duke of St. Quentin."

Whatever they had thought me, neither expected that speech.

"I am no spy or sneak," said I. "It is true I came here by chance; it is true Monsieur turned me off this morning. But I was born on his land, and I am no traitor. I will not be valet or henchman for either of you, if I die for it."

I was like to die for it. For Gervais whipped out his sword and sprang for me. I thought I saw Yeux-gris's out, too, when Gervais struck me over the head with his sword-hilt. The rest was darkness.

V. RAPIERS AND A VOW.

I CAME to my senses slowly, to hear loud, angry voices. As I opened my eyes and stirred, the room reeled from me, and all was blank again. Awhile after, I grew aware of a clashing of steel. I lay wondering thickly what it was and why it had been going on while my head ached so, till at length it dawned on my dull brain that swords were crossing. I opened my eyes again, then.

They were fighting each other, Yeux-gris and Gervais. The latter was almost trampling on me, Yeux-gris had pressed him so close to the wall. Then he forced his way out, and they drove each other round in a circle till the room seemed to spin once more.

I crawled out of the way and watched them, bewildered, absorbed. I had more reason to thrill over the contest than the mere excellence of it,—which was great,—since I was the cause of the duel, and my very life, belike, hung on its issue.

They were both admirable swordsmen, yet it was clear from the first where the palm lay. Anything nimbler, lighter, easier than the sword-play of Yeux-gris, I never hope to see in this imperfect world. The heavier adversary was hot, angry, breathing hard. A smile hovered over Yeux-gris's lips; already a red disk on Gervais's shirt showed where his cousin's sword had been and would soon go again, and deeper. I had forgotten my bruise in my interest and delight, when, of a sudden, one whom we all had ignored took a hand in the game. Gervais's lackey started forward and knocked up Yeux-gris's arm. His sword flew wide, and Gervais slashed his arm from wrist to elbow.

With a smothered cry, Yeux-gris caught at his wound. Gervais, ablaze with rage, sprang past him on his creature. The man gaped with amazement; then, for there was no time for parley, leaped for the door. It

was locked. He turned, and with a look of deathly terror fell on his knees, crouched up against the door-post. Gervais lunged. His blade passed clean through the man's shoulder and pinned him to the door. His head fell heavily forward.

"Have you killed him?" cried Yeux-gris.

"By my faith! I meant to," came the answer. Gervais was bending over the man. With an abrupt laugh he called out: "Killed him, pardieu! He has come off cheap."

He raised the fellow's limp head, and we saw that the sword had passed just over his shoulder, piercing the jerkin, not the flesh. He had swooned from sheer terror, being, in truth, not so much as scratched.

Gervais turned to his cousin.

"I never meant that foul trick. It was no thought of mine. I would have turned the blade if I could. I will kill Pontou now, if you say the word."

"Nay," answered the other, faintly; "help me."

The blood was pouring from his arm; he was half swooning. Gervais and I ran to him, and, between us, bathed the cut, bandaged it with strips torn from a shirt, and made a sling of a scarf. The wound was long, but not deep, and when we had poured some wine down his throat he was himself again.

"You will not bear me malice for that poltroon's work, Étienne?" Gervais asked, more humbly than I ever thought to hear him speak. "That was a foul cut, but it was no fault of mine. I am no blackguard; I fight fair. I will kill the knave, if you like."

"You are ungrateful, Gervais; he saved you when you needed saving," Yeux-gris laughed. "Faith! let him live. I forgive him. You will pay me for my hurt by yielding me Félix."

Gervais looked at me. While we had worked side by side over Yeux-gris he seemed to have forgotten that he was my enemy. But now all the old suspicion and dislike came into his face again. However, he answered:

"Aye, you would have been the victor, had it not been for Pontou. You shall do what you like with your boy. I promise you that."

"Now, that is well said, Gervais," returned Yeux-gris, rising, and picking up his sword, which he sheathed. "That is very well said. For if you did not feel like promising it, why, I should have to begin over again, with my left hand."

"Oh, I give you the boy," Gervais repeated rather sullenly, turning away to pour himself some wine.

I could not but wonder at Yeux-gris, at his gaiety and his steadfastness. He had hardly looked grave through the whole affair; he had fought with a smile on his lips, and had taken a cruel wound with a laugh. Withal, he had been the constant champion of my innocence, even to drawing his sword on his cousin for me. Now, with his bloody arm in its sling, he was as debonair and careless as ever. I had been stupid enough to imagine the big Gervais the leader of the two, and I found myself mistaken. I dropped on my knee and kissed my saviour's hand in all gratitude.

"Aha," said Yeux-gris, "what think you now of being my valet?"

Verily, I was hard pushed.

"Monsieur," I said, "I owe you much more than I can ever pay. If you were any man's enemy but my duke's, I would serve you on my knees. But I was born on the duke's land, and I cannot be disloyal. You may kill me yourself, if you like."

"No," he answered gravely, "that is not my *métier*."

Gervais laughed.

"Make me that offer, and I accept."

Yeux-gris turned to him with that little hauteur he assumed occasionally.

"You are helpless, my cousin. You have passed your word."

"Aye. I leave him to you."

His sullen eyes told me it was no new-born tenderness for me that prompted his surrender. Nor had I, truth to tell, any great faith in the sacredness of his word. Yet I believed he would let me be. For it was borne in upon me that, despite his passion and temper, he had no wish to quarrel with Yeux-gris. Whether at bottom he loved him or in some way dreaded him, I could not tell; but of this my fear-sharpened wits were sure: he had no desire to press an open breach. He was honestly ashamed of his henchman's low deed; yet even before that his judgment had disliked the quarrel. Else why had he struck me with the hilt of the sword?

"I leave him to you," he repeated. "Do as you choose. If you deem his life a precious thing, cherish it. When did you learn a taste for insolence, Étienne? Time was when you were touchy on that score."

"Time never was when I did not love courage."

"Oh, it is courage!" With a sneer he turned away.

"Gervais," said Yeux-gris, "have the kindness to unlock the door."

Gervais wheeled around, his face an angry question.

Yeux-gris answered it with cold politeness:

"That Félix Broux may pass out."

"By Heaven, he shall not!"

"You gave your word you would leave him to me. Did you lie?"

"I do leave him to you!" Gervais thundered. "I would slit his impudent throat; but since you love him, you may have him to eat out of your plate and sleep in your bosom. I will put up with it. But go out of that door till the thing is done, sang dieu! he shall not!"

"If he goes straight to the duke, what then? He will say he found us living in my house. What harm? We are no felons. Let him say it."

"And put Lucas on his guard?" returned Gervais. He was angry, yet he spoke with evident attempt at restraint. "Put Lucas on the trail? He is wary as a cat. Let him get wind of us here, and he will never let us catch him."

"Well," said Yeux-gris, reluctantly, "it is true. And though I will not have the boy harmed, he shall stay here. I will not put a spoke in the wheel. We will take no risks till Lucas is shent. The boy shall be held prisoner. And afterward—"

"I will come myself and let him out," said Gervais, and laughed.

I glanced at my protector, not liking to think of that moment, whenever it might be, "afterward." He went up to Gervais.

"My cousin, are we friends or foes? For, faith! you treat me strangely like a foe."

"We are friends."

"I am your friend, since it is in your cause that I am here. I have stood at your shoulder like a brother—you cannot deny it."

"No," Gervais answered; "you stood my friend,—my one friend in that house,—as I was yours. I stood at your shoulder in the Montluc affair—you cannot deny that. I have been your ally, your servant, your messenger to mademoiselle, your envoy to Mayenne. I have done all in my power to win you your lady."

A shadow fell over Yeux-gris's open face.

"That task needs a greater power than yours, my Gervais."

He regarded Gervais with a rueful smile, his thoughts of a sudden as far away from me as if I had never set foot in the Rue Coupejarrets. He shook his head, sighing, and said, with a hand on Gervais's shoulder: "It's beyond you, cousin."

Gervais brought him back to the point.

"Well, I've done what I could for you. But you don't help me when you let loose a spy to warn Lucas."

"He shall not go. You know well, cousin, you will be no gladder than I when that knave is dead. But I will not have Félix Broux suffer because he dared speak for the Duke of St. Quentin."

"As you choose, then. I will not touch a hair of his head, if you keep him from Lucas."

Once more he turned away across the room. My bewilderment was so great that the words came out of themselves:

"Messieurs, is it Lucas you mean to kill?"

Yeux-gris looked at me, not instantly replying. I cried again to him:

"Monsieur, is it Lucas or the duke?"

Then Yeux-gris, despite a gesture from Gervais, who would have told me nothing I might ask, exclaimed:

"Why, Lucas!"

He said it in such honest surprise and with such a steady glance that the heavy fear that had hung on me dropped from me like a dead-weight, and suddenly I turned quite dizzy and fell into the nearest chair.

A dash of water in the face made me look up, to see Yeux-gris standing wet-handed by me.

"Mon dieu!" he cried, "you were as white as the wall. Do you love so much this Lucas who struck you?"

"No," I said, rising; "I thought you meant to kill the duke."

"Did you take us for Leaguers?"

I nodded.

He spoke as if actually he felt it important to set himself right in my eyes.

"Well, we are none. We are no politicians, but private gentlemen with a grudge to pay. I care not what the parties do. Whether we have the Princess Isabelle or Henry the Huguenot, 't is all one to me; I am not putting either on the throne. So if you have got it into your head that we are plotting for the League, why, get it out again."

"But you are enemies to the Duke of St. Quentin?"

He answered me slowly:

"We do not love him. But we do not plot his death. He goes his way, unharmed by us. We are gentlemen, not bravos."

"And Lucas?"

"Lucas is my cousin's enemy, and, being a great man's man, skulks behind the bars of the Hôtel St. Quentin and will not face

my cousin's sword. So to reach him takes a little plotting. Do you believe me?"

I looked into his gray eyes, that had flashed so hotly in my defence, and I could not but believe him.

"Yes, monsieur," I said.

He regarded me curiously.

"The duke's life seems much to you."

"Why, monsieur, I am a Broux."

"And could not be disloyal to save your life?"

"My life! Monsieur, the Broux would not seek to save their souls if M. le Duc preferred them damned."

I expected he would rebuke me for the outburst, but he did not; he merely said:

"And Lucas?"

"Oh, Lucas!" I said. "I know nothing of him. He is new with the duke since my time. I do not owe him anything, save a grudge for that blow this morning. Mon dieu, monsieur, I am thankful to you for befriending me. Dying for Monsieur is all in the day's work; we expect to do that. But, my faith, if I had died just now, it would have been for Lucas."

At this moment a long groan came from the end of the room. We turned; the lackey was waking from his swoon, under the ministrations of Gervais. He opened his eyes; their glance was dull till they fell upon his master. And then at once they looked venomous.

Gervais kicked him into fuller consciousness.

"Get up, hound. It is time to meet Martin."

The wretch scrambled shakily to his feet, and stood clutching the door-jamb and eyeing Gervais, terror writ large on his chalky countenance. Yet there was more than terror in his face; there was the look you see in the eyes of a trapped animal that watches its chance to bite. Yeux-gris cried out:

"You dare not send that man, Gervais."

"Why not?"

"Because the moment he is clear of the house he will betray you. Look at his face."

"He shall swear on the cross!"

"Aye. But you cannot trust the oath of such as he."

"What would you? We must send."

"As you will. But you are mad if you send him."

Gervais pondered a moment, his slower wits taking in the situation. Then he seized the man by the collar, fairly flung him across the room into the closet, and bolted the door upon him.

"I will settle with him later. But you are right. We cannot send him."

Yeux-gris burst into laughter.

"My faith! we could not have more trouble if we were heads of the League than this little duel of yours is giving us. Why, what if we are seen? I will go."

Gervais started.

"No; that will not do."

"Eh, bien, then, what will you propose?"

But it was some one else who proposed.

I said to Yeux-gris:

"Monsieur, if all your purpose is against Lucas and no other, I am your man. I will go."

"What, my stubborn-neck, you?"

"Why, monsieur, I owe you a great debt. While I thought you meant ill to M. le Duc, I could not serve you. But this Lucas is another pair of sleeves. I owe him no allegiance. Moreover, he nearly killed me this morning. Therefore I am quite at your disposal."

"Now, I wonder if you are lying," said Gervais.

"I do not think he is lying," Yeux-gris said. "I trow, Gervais, we have got our messenger."

"You tell me to beware of Pontou, because he hates me, and then would have me trust this fellow?" Gervais demanded with some acumen.

I said: "Monsieur, you do not seem to understand how I come to make this offer."

"To get out of the house with a whole skin."

I had a joy in daring him, being sure of Yeux-gris.

"Monsieur," I said, "I should be glad to leave this house with my skin whole or broken, so long as I left on my own feet. But you have mentioned the very reason why I shall not betray you. I do not love you and I do not love Lucas. Therefore, if you and M. Lucas are to fight, I ask nothing better than to help the quarrel on."

He stared at me with an air more of bewilderment than aught else, but Yeux-gris's ready laughter rang out.

"Bravo, Félix! I am proud of you. That is an idea worthy of Cæsar! You would set your enemies to exterminate each other. And I asked you to be my valet!"

"Which do you wish to see slain?" demanded the black Gervais.

I answered quite truthfully:

"Monsieur, I shall be pleased either way."

I know not how he relished the answer, for Yeux-gris cried out at once:

"Bravo, Félix, you are a paragon! I have not wit enough to know whether you are as simple as sunshine or as deep as a well, but I love you."

"Monsieur," I answered, as I think, very neatly, "if I am a well, truth lies at the bottom."

"Well, Gervais?" demanded Yeux-gris.

Gervais bent his lowering brows on his cousin.

"Do you say, trust him?"

"Aye, I would trust him. For never yet did villain turn honest, nor honest man false, in one short hour. When he was asked to serve against the duke he showed his stuff. He was no traitor; he was no coward; he was no liar. I think he is not those now."

Gervais was still doubtful.

"It is a risk. If he betrays—"

"What is life without risks?" cried Yeux-gris. "I thought you too good a gambler, Gervais, to falter before a risk."

"Well," Gervais consented, "I leave it to you. Do as you like."

Yeux-gris said at once to me:

"This Lucas, as I told you, is too cowardly to meet my cousin in open fight. Since he got the challenge he has never stuck his nose out of doors without two or three of the duke's guard about him. Therefore we have the right to get at him as we can. We have paid a man in the house to tell of his movements. He is to fare out secretly at night on a mission on which M. le Duc purposes to send him with one comrade only. M. Gervais and I will interrupt that little journey."

"Very good, monsieur. And I?"

"You will meet our spy and learn the hour of the expedition. Last night, when he told us of the plan, it had not been decided."

"Then he will be the other man I saw in the window? I shall know him."

"You have sharp eyes and a sharp brain, youngster. But he will not know you. Therefore you can say you come from the shuttered house in the Rue Coupejarrets. You will meet him in the little alley to the north of the Hôtel St. Quentin. Do you know your way to the hôtel? Well, then, you are to go down the passageway between the house and M. de Portreuse's garden—you cannot mistake it, for on two sides of the house is the street, on the third the garden, and on the fourth the alleyway. Half-way down the alley is an arch with a small door.

In that arch our man, Louis Martin, will meet you. Do you understand?"

I repeated the directions.

"You have learned your lesson. You will ask him the hour—only that."

"And you will take oath not to betray us," commanded Gervais.

I took out the cross that hung on my rosary. I was ready to swear. Gervais prompted:

"I swear to go and come straight, and speak no word to any but Martin."

With all solemnity I swore it on my cross.

"That oath will be kept," said Yeux-gris. He held out a sudden hand for the cross, which I gave him, wondering.

"I swear that we mean no harm whatsoever to the Duke of St. Quentin." He kissed the cross and flung the chain back over my neck.

At last I saw the door unlocked. Yeux-gris even returned to me my knife.

"Au revoir, messieurs."

Gervais, sullen to the last, vouchsafed no answer, but Yeux-gris called out cheerily, "Au revoir."

VI. A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH.

NOTHING in life can be so sweet as freedom after captivity, safety after danger. When I gained the open street once more and breathed the open air, no one molesting or troubling me, I could have sung with joy. I fairly hugged myself for my cleverness in getting out of my plight. As for the combat I was furthering, my only doubt about that was lest the skulking Lucas should not prove good sword enough to give trouble to M. Gervais. It was very far from my wish that he should come out of the attempt unscathed.

But as I went along and had more time to ponder the matter, other doubts forced themselves into my reluctant mind. Put it as I pleased, the affair smacked too much of secrecy to be quite savoury. It was curious, to say the least, that an honest encounter should require so much plotting. Also, Lucas, coward and rascal though he might be, was Monsieur's man, doing Monsieur's errand, and for me to mix myself up in a plot against him was scarcely in keeping with my vaunted loyalty to the house of St. Quentin. My friend Gervais's quarrel might be just; his manner of procedure, even, might be just, and yet I have no right to take part in it.

And yet Monsieur had signified plainly enough that he was no longer my patron.

For my birth's sake I might never work against him, but I was free to do whatever else I chose. Monsieur himself had made it necessary for me to take another master, and assuredly I owed something to Yeux-gris. I had reason to feel confidence in his honour; surely I might reckon that he would not be in the affair unless it were honest. Lucas was like enough a scoundrel of whom Monsieur would be well rid. And lastly and finally and above all, I was sworn, so there was no use worrying about it. I had taken oath, and could not draw back.

I hurried along to the rendezvous, only pausing one moment at the street-corner to buy sausages hot from the brazier, which I crammed into my mouth as I ran. But after all was there no need of haste; the little arch, when I panted up to it, was all deserted.

No better place for a tryst could have been found in the heart of busy Paris. Only the one door opened into the alley; M. de Portreuse's high garden wall, forming the other side of the passage, was unbroken by a gate, and no curious eyes from the house could look into the deep arch and see the narrow nail-studded door at the back where I awaited the rat-faced Martin.

I stood there long, first on one foot and then on the other, fearful every moment lest some one of Monsieur's true men should come along to demand my business. No one appeared, either foe or friend, for so long that I began to think Yeux-gris had tricked me and sent me here on a fool's errand, when, all at once, a low voice said close to my ear:

"What seek you here?"

I jumped at finding a little, pale, sharp-faced man at my side—the man of the vision. He had slipped through the door so suddenly and quietly that I was once more tempted to take him for a ghost. He eyed me for a bare second; then his eyes dropped before mine.

"I am come to learn the hour," said I.

"Did you not hear the chimes ring five?"

"Oh, no need for disguise. I am come from the two in the Rue Coupejarrets. They bade me ask the hour."

He favoured me with another of his shifty glances.

"What hour meant they?"

I said bluntly, in a louder tone:

"The hour when M. Lucas sets out on his secret mission."

"Hush!" he cried. "Hush! Don't say names aloud—his or the other's."

"Well," I said crossly, "you have kept me

waiting already more time than I care to lose. How much longer before you will tell me what I came to know?"

He looked at me sharply for another brief instant before his eyes slunk away from mine.

"You should have a password."

"They gave me none. They told me to say I came from the shuttered house in the Rue Coupejarrets, and that would be enough."

"How came you into this business?"

"By a back window."

He gave me another suspicious glance, but making nothing by it, he rejoined:

"Eh, bien, I trust you. I will tell you."

He clutched my arm and drew me to the back of the arch, where the afternoon shadows were already gathered.

"What have you for me?" he demanded.

"Nothing. What should I have?"

"No gold?"

"No."

"He promised me ten pistoles to-day. He did not give them to you?"

"I tell you, no."

"You are a thief! You have them!"

He stepped forward menacingly; so did I. He then fell back as abruptly.

"Nay, it was a jest; I know you are honest. But he promised me ten pistoles."

"He did not give them to me," I said. "Perhaps he was not so convinced of my honesty. He will doubtless pay you afterward."

"Afterward!" he retorted in a high key. "By our Lady, he shall pay me afterward! The gutters will run gold then, will they? Pardieu! I will see that a good stream flows my way. But one cannot play to-day with to-morrow's coin. He said I should have ten pistoles when I let him know the hour."

"I cannot mend that. It lies between you and him. I have not seen or heard of any money."

Martin edged up close to the door of retreat and waxed defiant.

"Then all I have to say is, he may go whistle for his news."

Now, had I but thought of it, here was an easy road out of a bad business. If Martin would not tell the hour of rendezvous, Lucas was saved, Monsieur's interests not endangered, yet at the same time I was not forsworn. But touch pitch and be defiled. You cannot go hand and glove with villains and remain an honest man. I returned directly:

"As you choose. But M. Gervais carries a long sword."

He started at that and made no instant

reply, seeming to be balancing considerations. Then he gave his decision.

"I will tell you. But your M. Gervais is wrong if he thinks I can be slighted and robbed of my dues. I know enough to make trouble for him, and I know where to take my knowledge. He will not find it easy to shut my mouth afterward, except with good broad gold pieces."

"*Enfin*, are you telling me the hour?" I said impatiently. I was ill at ease; my only wish was to get the errand done and be gone.

He laid a hand on my shoulder and made me bend to him, and even then spoke so low I could scarce catch the words.

"They have fixed positively on to-night. They will leave by this door and take the route I described last night to M. Gervais. They will start as soon as the streets are quiet, sometime between ten and eleven. They must allow an hour to reach the gate, and the man goes off at twelve. In all likelihood they will not set out before a quarter of eleven; M. le Duc does not wish to be seen or recognized."

So they planned to kill Lucas at Monsieur's side? Yeux-gris had not dared to tell me that. But he had looked me straight in the face and sworn on the cross no harm was meant to M. le Duc. *Natheless*, the thing looked ugly. My heart leaped up at the next words:

"Also Vigo will go."

"Vigo!"

"Not so loud! You will have the guard on us! Yes, he is to go. At first Monsieur did not tell even him. He desired to keep this visit to the king so secret. But this morning he took Vigo into his confidence, and nothing would serve the man but to go. He watches over Monsieur like a hen over a chick."

"Then it will be three to three," I said. I thought of Gervais, Yeux-gris, and Pontou, for of course I would take no part in it.

"Three to two; Lucas will not fight."

Lucas must be a poltroon, indeed!

"But Vigo and Monsieur—" I began.

"Aye, they are quick enough with their swords. Your side must be quicker, that's all. If you are sudden enough you can easily kill the duke before he can draw."

Talk of words like thunderbolts! All the thunder of heaven could not have whelmed me like those words. Yeux-gris and his oaths! *It was* the duke, after all!

I could not speak. I looked I know not how. But it was dusky in the arch.

"It sounds simple," he went on. "But,

three of you as you are, you will have trouble with Vigo. That is all. I have told you all. I must get back before I am missed. Good luck to the enterprise."

Still I stood like a block of wood.

"Tell M. Gervais to remember me," he said, and opening the door, passed in. I heard him lock and bolt it after him, and his footsteps hurrying down the passageway.

Then I came to myself and sprang to the door and beat upon it furiously. But if he heard he was afraid to respond. After a futile moment that seemed an hour I rushed out of the arch and around to the great gate.

The grilles were closed as before, but the sentry's face, luckily, was strange to me.

"Open! open!" I shouted, breathless. "I must see M. le Duc!"

"Who are you?" he demanded, staring.

"My name is Broux. I have news for M. le Duc. Let me in. It is a matter of life and death."

"Why, I suppose, then, I must let you in," that good fellow answered, drawing back the bolts. "But you must wait here till—"

The gate was open. I took base advantage of him by sliding under his arm and shooting across the court up the steps to the house. The door stood open, and a couple of lackeys lounged on a bench in the hall.

"M. le Duc!" I cried. "I must see him."

They jumped up, the picture of bewilderment.

"Who are you? How came you here?" cried the quicker-tongued of the two.

"The sentry opened for me. Where am I to find M. le Duc? I must see him! I have news!"

"M. le Duc sees no one to-day," the second lackey announced pompously.

"But I must see him, I tell you," I repeated. I had completely lost what little head I ever had; it seemed to me that if I could not see M. le Duc on the instant I should find him weltering in his gore. "I must see him," I cried, parrot-like. "It is a matter of life and death."

"From whom do you come?"

"That's my affair. Enough that I come with news of the highest moment. You will be sorry if you do not get me quickly to M. le Duc."

They looked at each other, somewhat impressed.

"I will go for M. Constant," said the one who had spoken first.

Constant was Master of the Household;

M. le Duc had inherited him with the estate and kept him in his place for old time's sake. He was old, fussy, and self-important, and withal no friend to me.

"I had rather you fetched Vigo," I said.

"Oh, Vigo will not come. He is with Monsieur. If I bring M. Constant, it is the best I can do for you."

I had recovered myself sufficiently by this time to remember the nature of lackeys, and gave the messenger the last silver piece I had in the world. He regarded it contemptuously, but pocketed it and departed in leisurely fashion up the stairs.

The other was not too grand to cross-examine me.

"What sort of news have you? Do you come from the king?" he asked in a lowered voice.

"No."

"From M. de Valère?"

"No."

"Then who the devil are you?"

"Félix Broux of St. Quentin."

"Ah, St. Quentin," he said, as if he found that rather tame. "You bring news from there?"

"No, I do not. Think you I shall tell you? This news is for Monsieur."

"It won't reach Monsieur unless you learn politeness toward the gentlemen of his household," he retorted.

We were getting into a lively quarrel when Constant appeared on the stairway—Constant and the lackey who had fetched him, and two more lackeys, and a page, all of whom had somehow scented that something was in the wind. They came flocking about us as I said:

"Ah, M. Constant! You know me, Félix Broux of St. Quentin. I must see M. le Duc."

Constant's face of surprise at me changed to one of malice. He had suffered much at the hands of the pages, as a slow, peevish old dotard must. I had played many a prank on him, but I had not thought he would revenge himself at such a time as this. He looked at me with a spiteful grin, and said to the men:

"He lies. I do not know him. I never saw him."

"Never saw me, Félix Broux!" I cried, completely taken aback.

"No," maintained Constant. "You are an impostor."

"Impostor! Nonsense!" I cried out. "Constant, you know me as well as you know yourself. I say I must see the duke; his life is in danger!"

Constant was paying off old scores with interest.

"An impostor," he yelled shrilly, "or else a madman—or an assassin."

"That is the truth," said some one, laying a heavy hand on my shoulder.

I turned; two men of the guard had come up, my friend of just now and my foe of the morning. It was the latter who held me and said:

"This is the very rascal who sprang on Monsieur's coach-step in the morning. M. Lucas threw him off, else he might have stabbed Monsieur. We were fools enough to let him go free. But this time he shall not get off so easy."

"I am innocent of all thought of harm," I cried. "I am M. le Duc's loyal servant. I meant no harm this morning, and I mean none now. I am here to save Monsieur's life."

"He is here to kill Monsieur; he is an assassin!" screamed Constant. "Flog him, men; he will own the truth then!"

"I am no assassin!" I shouted, struggling in their grasp. "This is a foul lie! Let me go, villains, let me go! I tell you, Monsieur's life is at stake—Monsieur's very life, I tell you!"

They paid me no heed. Not one of them—save that lying knave, Constant—knew me as other than the shabby fellow who had acted suspiciously in the morning. They were dragging me to the door in spite of my shouts and struggles, when suddenly a ringing voice spoke from above:

"What is this rumpus? Who talks of Monsieur's life?"

The guards halted dead, and I cried out joyfully:

"Vigo!"

"Yes, I am Vigo," the big man answered, striding down the stairs. "Who are you?"

I wanted to shout, "Félix Broux, Monsieur's page," but a sort of nightmare dread came over me lest Vigo, too, should disclaim me, and my voice stuck in my throat.

"Whoever you are, you will be taught not to make a racket in M. le Duc's hall. By the saints! it's the boy Félix."

At the friendliness in his voice the guards dropped their hands from me.

"M. Vigo," I said, "I have news for Monsieur of the gravest moment. I am come on a matter of life and death. And I am stopped in the hall by lackeys."

He looked at me sternly.

"This is not one of your fooleries, Félix?"

"No, M. Vigo."

"Come with me."

VII. A DIVIDED DUTY.

THAT was Vigo's way. The toughest snarl untangled at his touch. He had more sense and fewer airs than any other; he saw at once that I was in earnest, and Constant's volatile protests were as so much wind. The title does not make the man. Though Constant was Master of the Household and Vigo only Equerry, yet Vigo ruled every corner of the establishment and every man in it, save only Monsieur, who ruled him.

He said no word to me as we climbed the broad stair; neither reproved me for the fracas, nor questioned me about my coming. He would not pry into Monsieur's business; and, save as I concerned Monsieur, he had no interest in me whatsoever. He led the way straight into an antechamber, where a page sprang up to bar our passage.

"No one may enter, M. Vigo, not even you. M. le Duc has ordered it. Why, Félix! You in Paris!"

"I enter," said Vigo; and, sweeping Marcel aside, he knocked loudly.

"I came last night," I found time to say under my breath to my old comrade before the door was opened.

The handsome secretary, whom I had taken for the count, stood in the doorway looking askance at us. He knew me at once and wondered.

"You cannot enter, Vigo. M. le Duc is occupied."

He made to shut the door, but Vigo's foot was over the sill.

"Nathless, I must enter," he answered unabashed, and pushed his way into the room.

"Then you must answer for it," returned the secretary, with a scowl that sat ill on his delicate face.

"You shall answer for it, if it turns out a mare's nest," said Vigo, in a low, meaning voice to me. But I hardly heard him. I passed him and Lucas, and flew down the long room to Monsieur.

M. le Duc was seated before a table heaped with papers. He had been watching the scene at the door in surprise and anger. He looked at me with a sharp frown, while the deer-hound at his feet rose on its haunches growling.

"Roland!" I said. The dog sprang up and came to me.

"Félix Broux!" Monsieur exclaimed, with his quick, warm smile—a smile no man in France could match for radiance.

I had no thought of kneeling, of mak-

ing obeisance, of waiting permission to speak.

"Monsieur," I cried, half choked, "there is a plot—a vile plot to murder you!"

"Where? At St. Quentin?"

"No, Monsieur. Here in Paris. In the streets to-night, when you go to the king."

Monsieur sprang to his feet, his hand on his sword. Lucas turned white. Vigo swore. Monsieur cried:

"How, in God's name, know you that?"

"You have been betrayed, Monsieur. Your plan is known. You leave the house to-night, near a quarter of eleven, to go in secret to the king. You leave by the little door in the alley—"

"Diable!" breathed Vigo.

"They set on you on your way—three of them—to run you through before you can draw."

"But, ventre bleu! Monsieur is not alone."

"No; he walks between you and M. Lucas."

Not one of them spoke. They stared at me as if I were something uncanny. I, a raw country boy, disclosing a perfect knowledge of their most intimate plans!

"How know you this?" Monsieur demanded of me. But he was not looking at me. His keen glance went first to Lucas, then to Vigo, the two men who had shared his confidence. The secretary cried out:

"You cannot think, Monsieur, that I betrayed you?"

Vigo said nothing. His steady eyes never left Monsieur's face.

"No," answered Monsieur to Lucas, "I cannot think it." And to Vigo he said: "I shall accuse you when I accuse myself. But none knew this thing save our three selves." And his gaze went back to Lucas.

"It is not likely to be he," I said, impelled to be just to him though I did not like him, "for they were going to kill him as well."

Lucas started, then instantly recovered himself.

"A comprehensive plot, Monsieur," he said, with a smile.

"Then who was it?" cried Monsieur to me. "You know. Speak."

"There is a spy in the house—an eaves-dropper," I said, and then paused.

"Aye?" said Monsieur. "Who?"

Now, the answer to this was easy, yet I flinched before it; for I knew well enough what Monsieur would do. He feared no man, and waited on no man's advice. And if he was a good lover, he was a good hater. He would not inform the governor, and await the tardy course of justice, that would prob-

ably accomplish—nothing. Nor would he consider the troubled times and the danger of his position, and ignore the affair, as many would have deemed best. He would not stop to think what the Sixteen would have to say to it. No; he would call out the guards and slay the plotters in the Rue Coupejarrets like the wolves they were. It was right he should, but—I owed my life to Yeux-gris.

"His name, man, his name!" Monsieur was crying.

"Monsieur," I returned, flushing hot, "Monsieur—"

"Do you know his name?"

"Yes, Monsieur, I know his name, but—"

Monsieur looked at me in surprise and frowning impatience. Quickly Lucas struck in:

"Monsieur, I have grave doubts of the boy's honesty."

"Doubts!" cried Monsieur, with a sudden laugh. "It is not a case for doubts. The boy states facts."

He seated himself in his chair, his face growing stern again. The little action seemed to make him no longer merely my questioner, but my judge.

"Now, Félix Broux, let us get to the bottom of this."

"Monsieur," I began, struggling to put the case clearly, "I learned of the plot by accident. I did not guess for a long time it was you who were the victim. When I found out that, I came straight here to you. Monsieur, there are four men in the plot, and one of them has stood my friend."

"And my assassin!"

"He is a black-hearted villain!" I acknowledged. "For he swore no harm was meant to you. He swore it was only a private grudge against Lucas. But when one of them let out the truth I came straight to you."

"That is likely true," said Vigo, "for he was ready to kill the men who barred his way."

"You were in a plot to kill my secretary!"

"Ah, Monsieur!" I cried.

"You—Félix Broux!"

I curled with shame.

"M. Lucas had struck me," I muttered; "I thought the fight was fair enough. And they threatened my life."

Monsieur's contemptuous eyes shrivelled me as flame shrivels a leaf.

"You—a Broux of St. Quentin!"

Lucas, who had watched me close all the while, as they all three did, said now:

"I believe he is a cheat, Monsieur. There

is no plot. He has learned of your plan through the eavesdropper he speaks of and thinks to make credit out of a trumped-up tale of murder."

"No," answered Monsieur, with a sudden smile. "You may think that, Lucas, for he is a stranger to you. But I know him. He was a fool sometimes, but he was never dishonest. You used to be fond of me, Félix. What has happened to make you consort with my enemies?"

"Ah, Monsieur, I love you. I have always loved you," I cried. "I am not lying now, nor cheating you. There is a plot. I learned it and came straight to you, though I was under oath not to betray them."

"Then, in Heaven's name, Félix," burst out Vigo, "which side are you on?"

Monsieur began to laugh.

"That is what I should like to know. For, by St. Quentin, I can make nothing of it."

"Monsieur," insisted Lucas, "whatever he was once, I believe him a trickster now."

Monsieur bent his keen eyes on me.

"No; he is plainly in earnest. Therefore with patience I look to get some sense out of this snarl of a story. Something is there we have not yet fathomed."

"Will Monsieur let me speak?"

"I have done naught but urge you to do so for some time past," he answered dryly.

"Monsieur, you know my father would not let me leave St. Quentin with you, three months back. But at length he said I should come, and I reached Paris last night and, since it was late, lodged at an inn. This morning I came to your gate, but the guard would not let me enter. I was so mad to see you, Monsieur, that when you drove out I sprang up on your coach-step—"

"Ah," said Monsieur, a new light breaking in upon him, "that was you, Félix? I did not know you; I was thinking of other matters. And Lucas took you for a miscreant. Now, I am sorry."

If I had been a noble he could not have spoken franker apology. But at once he was stern again.

"And because my secretary took you in all good faith for a possible assassin and struck you to save me, you turn traitor and take part in a plot to set on him and kill him! I had believed that of some hired lackey, not of a Broux."

"Monsieur, I was wrong—a thousand times wrong. I knew that as soon as I had sworn. And when I found it was you they meant, I came to you, oath or no oath."

"There spoke the Broux!" cried Monsieur,

with his brilliant smile. "Now you are Félix. Who are my would-be murderers?"

We had come round in a circle to the place where we had stuck before, and here we stuck again.

"Monsieur, I would tell you all before you could count ten—tell you their names, their whereabouts, everything—were it not for one man who stood my friend."

Monsieur's eyes flashed.

"You call him that—my assassin!"

"He is an assassin," I was forced to answer; "even Monsieur's assassin—and a perjurer. But—but, Monsieur, he saved my life from the other, at the risk of his own. How can I pay him back by betraying him?"

"According to his own account, he betrayed you."

"Aye, he lied to me," I said brokenly. "Yet, Monsieur, if it were your own case, and one had saved your life, were he the scum of the gutter, would you send him to his death?"

"To whom do you owe your first duty?"

"Monsieur, to you."

"Then speak."

But I could not do it. Though I knew Yeux-gris for a villain, yet he had saved my life.

"Monsieur, I cannot."

The duke cried out:

"This to me!"

There was a silence. I stood with hanging head, the picture of a shame-faced knave. Shame so filled me that I could not look up to meet Monsieur's sentence. But when I had remembered the good hater in Monsieur, I should have remembered, too, the good lover. Monsieur had been fond of me at St. Quentin. As I waited for the lightning to strike, he said with utmost gentleness.

"Félix, let me understand you. In what manner did this man save your life?"

Now, that was like my lord. Though a hot man, he loved fairness and ever strove to do the just thing, and his patience was the finer that it was not his nature. His leniency fired me with a sudden hope.

"Monsieur, there are four of them in the plot. But one cannot be as vile as the others, since he saved my life. Monsieur, if I tell you, will you let that one go?"

"I shall do as I see fit," he answered, all the duke. "Félix, will you speak?"

"Monsieur, if you will promise to let him go—"

"Insolence, sirrah! I do not bargain with my servants."

His words were like whips. I flinched

before his proud anger, and for the second time stood with hanging head awaiting his sentence. And again he did what I could not guess. He cried out:

"Félix, you are blind, besotted, mad. You know not what you do. I am in constant danger. The city is filled with my enemies. The Leagues hate me and are ever plotting mischief against me. Every day their mistrust and hatred grow. I did a bold thing in coming to Paris, but I had a great end to serve—to pave the way into the capital for the Catholic king and bring the land to peace. For that, I live in hourly jeopardy, and risk my life to-night on foot in the streets. If I am killed, more than my life is lost. The Church may lose the king, and this dear France of ours be harried to a desert in the civil wars!"

I had braced myself to bear Monsieur's anger, but this unlooked-for appeal pierced me through and through. All the love and loyalty in me—and I had much, though it may not have seemed so—rose in answer to Monsieur's call. I fell on my knees before him, choked with sobs.

Monsieur's hand lay on my head as he said quietly:

"Now, Félix, speak."

I answered huskily:

"Monsieur, would you have me turn Judas?"

"Judas betrayed his Master."

It was my last stand. My last redout had fallen. I raised my head to tell him all.

Maybe it was the tears in my eyes, but as I lifted them to M. le Duc, I saw not him, but Yeux-gris—Yeux-gris looking at me with warm good will, as he had looked when he was saving me from Gervais. I saw him, I say, plain before my eyes. The next instant there was nothing but Monsieur's face of rising impatience.

I rose to my feet, and said:

"Kill me, Monsieur; I cannot tell you."

"Nom de dieu!" he shouted, springing up.

I shut my eyes and waited. Had he slain me then and there it were no more than my deserts. I could not but open my eyes again.

"Monsieur," said Vigo, immovably, "shall I go for the boot?"

I opened my eyes then. Monsieur stood quite still, his brow knotted, his hands clenched as if to keep them off me.

"Monsieur," I said, "send for the boot, the thumbscrew, whatever you please. I deserve it, and I will bear it. Monsieur, it is not that I will not tell. It is something stronger than I. I cannot."

He burst into an angry laugh.

"Say you are possessed of a devil, and I will believe it. My faith! though you are a low-born lad and I Duke of St. Quentin, I seem to be getting the worst of it."

"There is the boot, Monsieur."

Monsieur laughed again, no less angrily.

"That does not help me, my good Vigo. I cannot torture a Broux."

"There Monsieur is wrong. The lad has been disloyal and insolent, if he is a Broux."

"Granted, Vigo," said M. le Duc. But he did not add, "Fetch the boot."

Vigo went on with steady persistence. "He has not been loyal to Monsieur and his interests in refusing to tell what he knows. And if he goes counter to Monsieur's interests he is a traitor, Broux or no Broux. He has no claim to be treated as other than an enemy. These are serious times. Monsieur does not well to play with his dangers. The boy must tell what he knows. Am I to go for the boot, Monsieur?"

M. le Duc was silent for a moment, while

the hot flush that had sprung to his face died away. Then he answered Vigo:

"Nevertheless, it is owing to Félix that I shall not walk out to meet my death to-night."

The secretary had stood silent for a long time, fingering nervously the papers on the table. I had forgotten his presence, when now he stepped forward and said:

"If I might be permitted a suggestion, Monsieur—"

Monsieur silenced him with a sharp gesture.

"Félix Broux," he said to me, "you have been following a bad plan. It is not possible for any man to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. You are either my loyal servant or my enemy, one thing or the other. Now, I am loath to hurt you. You have seen how I am loath to hurt you. I give you one more chance to be honest. Go and think it over. If in half an hour you have decided that you are my true man, well and good. If not, by St. Quentin, we will see what a flogging can do!"

(To be continued.)



"THE SUMMER SEEMED IMMORTAL."

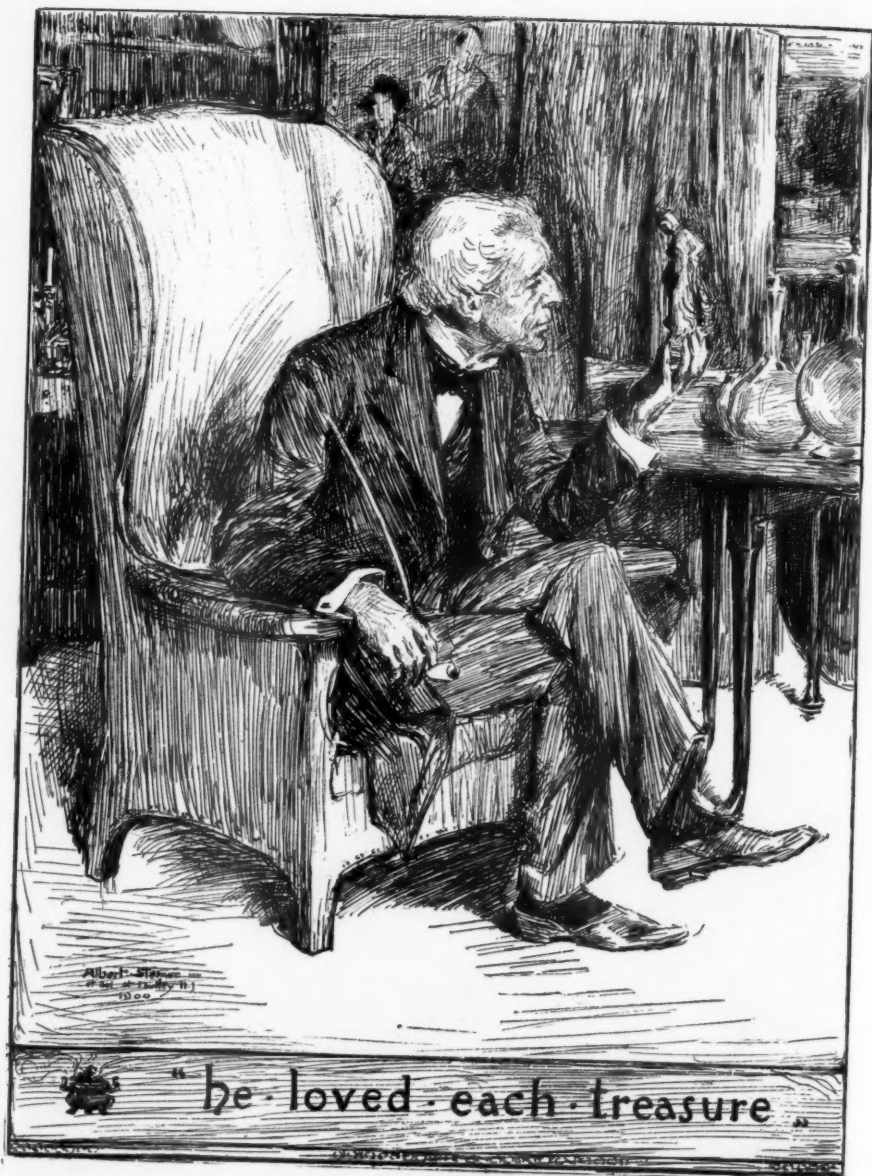
BY JOSEPH RUSSELL TAYLOR.

THE summer seemed immortal in its prime
 Upon the high hill-meadow, scenting air
 With its white frost of boneset, and its rare
 Incense of primrose in a golden clime:
 And through the silence of the cricket-chime
 The dove was like intoning memories
 In pregnant silence and Arcadian ease
 Deep in a mellow interim of time.
 But in the woods I felt a breath of change
 Through all that lotus-eating languor blow;
 I heard a gossiped word from oak to oak
 Sound, like the skirts of summer passing; and lo,
 Wandering Odysseus in my veins awoke,
 The seasons stepped, and all the world was strange.



ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF. PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDERICK HOLLVER.

EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE. I: MISS M. CAREY THOMAS, PRESIDENT OF BRYN MAWR COLLEGE. PAINTED BY JOHN S. SARGENT.



Albert Stone
1000



he loved each treasure

THE OLD COLLECTOR *by Beatrice Hanscom*

‘T IS strange to look across the street
And feel that we no more shall greet
Our middle-aged, precise, and neat,
Old-fashioned neighbor.
It seems, in his unlighted hall,
His much-prized pictures on the wall
Must miss his presence, and recall
His loving labor.

His manner was serene and fine,
Fashioned on some Old-World design.
His wit grew keener with the wine,
And kindlier after;
And when the revelry rang high,
No one could make more apt reply;
Yet, though they sometimes marked his sigh,
None heard his laughter.

He held as foolish him who dotes
On politics or petticoats;
He vowed he’d hear no talk of votes
Or silly scandals.
No journeys tempted him; he swore
He held his world within his door,
And there he’d dwell till life was o’er,
Secure from vandals.

“Why should I roam the world again?”
He said. “Domingo shows me Spain;
The dust of travel then were vain.
What springtime chances
To match my Corot there! One glance
Is worth a year of actual France.
The real ne’er equals the romance,
Nor fact our fancies.”

His walls were decked with maidens fair—
A Henner with rich auburn hair;
A Reynolds with the stately air
That fits a beauty;
There glanced a Greuze with girlish grace;
And yonder, with the strong, calm face,
The peasant sister of her race,
Whose life is duty.

He valued most the sunny day
Because it lighted his Dupré,
And showed his small Meissonier
In proper fashion.
And tender was the glance he bent
Upon his missal’s ornament,
Whereon some patient monk had spent
His artist passion.

I used to love to see him pass
His fingers o’er some rare old glass.
He never took delight *en masse*;
He loved each treasure:
The precious bronzes from Japan,
The rugs from towered Ispahan,
His rose-tint Sèvres, his famous fan—
Each had its pleasure.

And so he held that Art was all;
Yet when Death made the solemn call,
Before the desk in his long hall
They found him sitting.
Within the hands clasped on his breast
An old daguerreotype was pressed—
A sweet-faced, smiling girl, and dressed
In frills befitting.

Naught of his story can we know,
Nor whose the fault so long ago,
Nor with what meed of weal or woe
His love was blended.
Yet o’er his rare Delft mantel-tiles
Bellini’s sweet Madonna smiles
As though she knew the weary miles
For him are ended.





DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE BANK OF "THE POOL." LOOKING TOWARD TOWER BRIDGE.

THE RIVERSIDE OF EAST LONDON.

FROM LONDON BRIDGE TO ST. KATHERINE'S DOCKS.

BY SIR WALTER BESANT.

MY American readers may not know what and where is the city which we call East London, or sometimes the East End. It is a very large and populous city indeed; there are few cities of the world which are so populous. There is not one great city in the world which is so little known, or so little visited even by the citizens of that ancient and venerable city beside which it lies.

If you will look at the little map you will observe that the course of the Thames lies winding through a broad marsh on each side. You will observe also that there is a hill or cliff indicated on the north and on the south, and that where this cliff on the north comes down to the river the City of London was built. Two or three of the old roads are shown. All that part which lies to the east of the North Road we may call East London. The river Lea, on the east, is the natural boundary, but there have arisen on the other side of the Lea new suburbs with gardens and parks, and great industrial cities with populations reckoned by the hundred thousand.

You must not suppose that the marsh

still exists. The whole of it, except a small part within the Isle of Dogs, is now embanked, drained, and built upon. Along the banks lie a succession of "hamlets," as they have always been called; they are now contiguous towns. There is very little history of interest attached to this great area. The riverside began to be built upon only three hundred years ago; the inland part, with the exception of a few houses here and there, has been covered with houses in the last hundred years. There were one or two monastic houses, a bishop's palace, and one parish church, for the large parish called Stebenhithe (now Stepney), which covered the area north of the Thames. Farm-houses were scattered about; there were orchards and gardens, lovely woods, broad pastures, acres of waving corn. The citizens of London, though this place belonged to the bishop, had the right of hunting and fishing in its woods and over its low-lying levels. It was a right of the most valuable kind, for the marshes were full of wild birds, and the woods were full of creatures fit for man's food. In the year 1504 Sir Thomas More,

writing to his friend Dean Colet, then vicar of Stepney, says: "Wheresoever you look the earth yieldeth you a pleasant prospect, the temperature of the air fresheth you, and the very bounds of the heavens do delight you. Here you find nothing but bounteous gifts of nature and saint-like tokens of innocency."

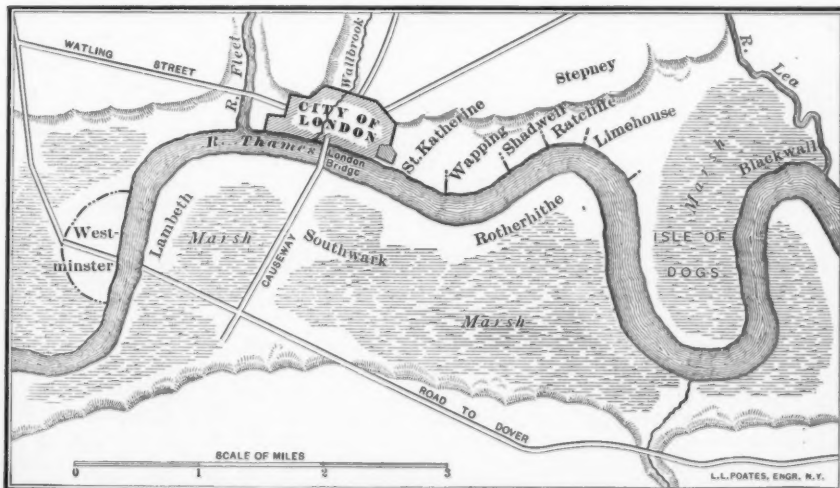
Such is the original situation, such the ground, on which East London has grown.

Most cities, excepting the new cities of the present century, such as Chicago or Melbourne, have a history, either a civic history or a local history, of their own. East London is remarkable for the fact that her history is entirely modern. Once, it is true, a parliament was held here. What it did, and why it was called, belong to the history of the country. There are deeds and documents in the Gildhall and the Record Office which yield for the antiquary notes of families and of manors and of names; to us these notes have no interest. A queen once built a bridge here, another queen founded a religious house here, and so forth. Two hundred years ago or thereabout begins the history of East London. It is a purely local history; it has no municipal significance. There was, indeed, no municipality. There are simply detached episodes which we shall find as we go along.

We must not expect to find in East London the usual attributes of a city. It has had no bond of union; no mayor, aldermen, or common council; no city hall, no cathedral, no civic institutions. Formerly it had

nothing but parishes and vestries; of late it has had its share in the London County Council and the London School Board. And now a new bill has given the place separate municipalities, and has mischievously and needlessly endeavored to divide what is one great city, which has grown up and spread quite naturally in all directions, into twenty artificial cities, not one of which can have any possible civic spirit. This, however, touches on the politics of the day.

East London, then, being so situated, consisted until yesterday of certain parishes. We need not inquire further into its local government or into its antiquities. It is with humanity, with the men and women of the place, that we are concerned. Nowhere else can we find men and women so crammed and crowded together as over this broad area. If you want a democracy pure and simple, go look for it in East London, where there is neither aristocrat nor gentleman. Hardly will you find a rich man living in the place, hardly any of the employers of this vast horde. Here they are all working-people. They range from the leaders of labor, the educated engineers, the firemen, the highly skilled hand, down to the casual laborer, the docker, and the factory girl. We may approach this mass of humanity either in despair, because it is what it is, or with admiration, because it is not what it might be. I shall endeavor to show you what the people are, and what are the forces and influences making them what they are. The contemplation of crowded life has always



ANCIENT LONDON AND ITS OUTLYING HAMLETS.

its sad side, but in East London it has an eminently hopeful side. To me it is not saddening at all, but stimulating, to walk about its streets, to watch the people, to talk with them, and to learn from those who work among them their record of the past and the prospects of the future. I do not say that an East-End laborer, because he is an East-End laborer, is more interesting than a West-End lord; but it will be admitted that he may be quite as full of interest, and there are so very many more of him. So also a factory girl may not be in herself more interesting than the daughter of a duke, but there are so very many more of her.

East London is a collection of new towns crammed with people; it is also a collection of industries. It is a hive of quiet, patient, humble workers. All its people live by their own labor. It is a busy port with a population of sailors and those who belong to sailors, together with those who make their livelihood out of sailors, and such as go down to the sea in ships. Its riverside is cut up with docks. In and about among the houses and the streets about the docks rise forests of masts. There is no seaport in the country, not even Portsmouth, which is so charged and laden with the atmosphere of ocean and the suggestions of things far off as this port of London and this riverside. The port and the river were here long before East London was begun. The port, however, was formerly higher up, just under London Bridge. It was one of London's sturdy mayors who bluntly reminded a king who threatened to take away the trade of London that, at least, he could not take away the river.

Let us walk quietly about this strange city, which has so little to show but people and work. We will begin with the riverside, the port, and the pool, and the hamlets which lie beside the river.

There is one place in London where, at any time of day, and all the year round, except in days of rain and snow, you may find a long line of people, men and women, boys and girls—people well dressed and people in rags; people who are halting here on their errands or their business, and people who have no work to do. They stand here side by side, leaning over the low wall, and they gaze earnestly and intently upon the river below. They do not converse with one another; there is no exchange of reflections; they stand in silence, and they gaze. The place is London Bridge. They lean against the wall, and they look down upon the pool,

that is to say, upon the reach of the river that lies below London Bridge. I have never crossed the bridge without finding that long line of interested spectators. They are not in a hurry. They seem to have nothing to do but to look on. They are not, apparently, country visitors. Most of them have the unmistakable stamp of London upon them. They never tire of the prospect before them; they tear themselves away unwillingly; they move on slowly; when one goes, another takes his place. What are they thinking about? Why are they all silent? Why do they gaze so intently? What is it that attracts them? They do not look as if they were engaged in mentally restoring the vanished past; I doubt, indeed, whether they know anything of any past. Perhaps their imagination is vaguely stimulated by the mere prospect of the full flood of the river and by the sight of the ships. As they stand there in silence, perhaps their thoughts go forth; on wings invisible they are wafted beyond the river, beyond the ocean, to far-off lands and purple islands. At least, I hope so; otherwise I do not understand why they stand there so long and are so deeply wrapped in thought.

To one who was ignorant of the fact that London is one of the great ports of the world, the sight of the pool would not convey that knowledge. What do we see? Nothing to suggest the trade which is carried on at this port. Just below us, on the left, is a long covered quay with a crane upon it. Bales and casks are lying about. Two steamers are moored beside the quay. Above them are ranged barges, three or four side by side, and about a dozen in all. One of them is alongside the farther steamer, receiving some of her cargo. On the opposite shore there are two or three steamers, with a great many more barges, mostly empty. Tugs fight their way up against the tide. Heavily laden barges with red sails, steered by long sweeps, drop down with the ebb; fishing-smacks lie close inshore, convenient for Billingsgate market; there is a two-masted vessel, of the kind that used to be called a ketch, lying moored in midstream—what is she doing there? All this is very well, but it does not suggest a great and busy port. The steamers are not the ocean liners; they are much smaller craft. They run between London and Hamburg, London and Antwerp, London and Dieppe. The ships which bring the treasures of the world to London port are all in the docks, where they are out of sight; there is no evidence to this group of spectators from the bridge of their presence



Phil May

A STREET ROW IN THE EAST END.

DRAWN BY PHIL MAY.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE WATER-GATE OF LONDON: TOWER BRIDGE FROM THE EAST SIDE OF THE TOWER.

at all, or of the rich argosies they bear within them.

You should have seen this place a hundred years ago. Try to carry your imagination so far back. Before you lie the vessels in long lines, moored side by side. They form regular streets with broad waterways between; as each ship comes up-stream it is assigned its place. There are no docks. The ships receive or discharge their cargo by means of barges or lighters, of which there are thousands on the river. There are certain quays at which everything is landed, in the presence of custom-house officers, landing-

surveyors, and landing-masters. All day long, and all the year round, except on Sunday, the barges are going backward and forward, lying alongside, loading and unloading; all day long you will hear the never-ending shouting, ordering, quarreling of the barges and the sailors. The pool is as full of noise as it is full of movement. Every trade and every country are represented in the pool. The rig, the lines, the masts of every ship, proclaim her nationality and the nature of her trade. There are the stately East and West Indiamen, the black collier, the brig and the brigantine and the schooner, the

Dutch galiot, the three-masted Norwegian, the coaster, and the multitudinous smaller craft—the sailing-barge, the oyster-boat, the smack, the pinnace, the snow, the yacht, the lugger, the hog-boat, the ketch, the hoy, the lighter, and the wherry, and always ships

and mysterious rig. They are short and broad and solidly built; they are not built for speed; they are high in the poop, low in the waist, and broad in the bow; they roll before the wind with their single mast and single sail; they are coasters laden with provisions;



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

dropping down the river with the ebb, or making their slow way up the river with the flow.

Steam is a leveler by sea as well as on land. On the latter it has destroyed the picturesque stage-coach and the post-chaise, and the berlin and the family coach; by sea it banishes the old sailing-craft of all kinds. One after the other they disappear. How many landmen are there who at the present day know how to distinguish between brig and brigantine, between ketch and snow?

I said that there is no history to speak of in East London. The pool and the port must be excepted. They are full of history, could we stop for some of it—the history of ship-building, the expansion of trade, the pirates of the German Ocean. When one begins to look back, the things of the past arise in the mind one after the other, and are acted again before one's eyes. You have seen the pool in 1800. Look again in 1400. The pool is full of ships, but they are of strange build

they are heavily built craft from Bordeaux, deep down in the water with casks of wine; they are weather-beaten ships, bringing turpentine, tallow, furs, skins, from the Baltic. And even while we look there comes sweeping up the river the stately fleet of long Venetian galleys rowed by Turkish slaves, with gilded masts and painted bows. They come every year, a whole fleet of them. They put in first at Southampton, they go on to Antwerp, they cross the German Ocean again to London. Mark the pious custom of the time. It is not only the Venetian custom, but that of every country. When the ship has reached her moorings, when the anchor is dropped, and the galley swings into place, the ship's company gather together before the mainmast, slaves and all, and so, bareheaded, sing a hymn of praise to the Virgin, who has brought them safe to port.

Of history, indeed, there is no end. Below us is the custom-house. It has always stood



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

THE WATER-GATE OF LONDON: TOWER BRIDGE LOOKING TOWARD ST. PAUL'S.

near the same spot. We shall perhaps see Geoffrey Chaucer, if we are lucky, walking about engaged in the duty of his office, and we may see, perhaps, Dick Whittington, the prentice lad newly arrived from the country. He looks wistfully at the ships; they represent the world that he must conquer. So much he understands already. They are to become somehow his own ships; they are to bring home his treasures—cloth of gold and of silver, velvet, silk, spices, perfumes, choice weapons, fragrant woods; they are to make him the richest merchant in all the city; they are to enable him to entertain in his own house the king and the queen, and to tear up the king's bonds, amounting to a princely fortune. You may see, later on, one Shakspeare loitering about the quays. He is a young fellow with rustic ruddiness of countenance, like David; he is quiet and keeps by himself; he looks on and listens, but says nothing. He learns everything,—the talk of sailors, soldiers, workmen, all,—and he forgets nothing. Later on, again, you may see Daniel Defoe, note-book in hand, questioning the sailors from every port, but especially those who know the ports of the American colonies and the plantations of Virginia. He, too, observes everything, notes everything, and reproduces everything. As to the pool and the port and their history one could go on forever. But the tale of London town contains it all, and that must be told in another place.

Come back to the pool of the eighteenth century, because it is there that we get the first glimpse of the people who live by the shipping and the port. They have always been the same: first, the sailors themselves; next the lightermen, stevedores, and porters; then the boat-builders, barge-builders, rope-makers, block-makers, ships' carpenters, mast-and-yard makers, shipwrights, keepers of taverns and ale-houses, dealers in ships' stores, and many others. Now, in the eighteenth century the shipping of London port increased by leaps and bounds. In 1709 there were only five hundred and sixty ships belonging to this port; in 1740 the number was multiplied by three. With this increase there was, naturally, a corresponding increase of the riverside population. Their homes were beyond and outside the jurisdiction of the city. They outgrew the inefficient county machinery for the enforcement of order and the prevention and punishment of crime. As years went on the riverside became more densely populated, and the people, left to themselves, grew

year by year more lawless, more ignorant, more drunken, more savage. There never was a time, there never was any other place, unless it might have been some short-lived pirate settlement on a West Indian key, where there was so much savagery as on the riverside of London, those hamlets marked on my map, toward the close of the eighteenth century. When one thinks of it, when one realizes the real nature of the situation and its perils, one is amazed that we got through without the rising and the massacre of the mob, not once only, as in the Gordon riots, but a dozen times.

The whole of the riverside population, including not only the bargemen and porters, but the people ashore, the dealers in drink, the shopkeepers, the dealers in marine stores, were joined and banded together in an organized system of plunder and robbery. They robbed the ships of their cargoes as they unloaded them; they robbed them of their cargoes as they carried them in the barge from the wharf to the ship. They were all concerned in it, man, woman, and child. They all looked upon the shipping as a legitimate object of plunder. There was no longer any question of conscience; there was no conscience left at all. How could there be any conscience where there was no education, no religion, not even any superstition? Of course the greatest robbers were the lightermen themselves; but the boys were sent out in light boats, which pulled out of sight under the stern of the vessels, and received small parcels of value tossed to them from the men in the ships. These men wore leathern aprons, which were contrived as water-tight bags, which they could fill with rum or brandy, and they had huge pockets concealed behind the aprons, which they crammed with stuff. On shore every other house was a drinking-shop and a fence or a receiving-shop. The evenings were spent in selling the day's robberies and drinking the proceeds. Silk, velvet, spices, rum, brandy, tobacco, everything that was brought from over the sea, became the spoil of this vermin. They divided the work; they took different branches under different names; they shielded one another. If the custom-house people or the wharfingers tried to arrest one, he was protected by his companions. It was estimated in 1798 that goods to the value of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds were stolen every year from the ships in the pool by the men who worked at discharging cargo. The people grew no richer, because they sold their plunder for a

song and drank up the money every day. But they had, at least, as much as they could drink.

Imagine, then, the consternation and disgust of this honest folk when they found that the ships were in future going to receive cargo and to unlade, not in the open river, but in dock, the new wet-dock, capable of receiving all; that the only entrance and exit for the workmen was by a gate, at which stood half a dozen stalwart warders; that the good old leathern apron was suspected and handled; that pockets were regarded with suspicion and were searched; and that the dockers who showed bulginess in any portion of their figure were ignominiously set aside and strictly examined. No more confidence between man and man; no more respect for the dignity of the workingman. The joy, the pride, the prizes of the profession, all went out as if at one stroke. I am sorry that we have no record of the popular feeling on the riverside when it became at last understood that there was no longer any hope, that honesty had actually become compulsory. What is the worth of virtue if it is no longer voluntary? For the first time these injured people felt the true curse of labor. Did they hold public meetings? Did they demonstrate? Did they make processions with flags and drums? Did they call upon their fellow-workmen to turn out in their millions and protest against enforced honesty? If they did we hear nothing of it. The riverside was, unfortunately, considered at that time beneath the dignity of the press. After a few unfortunates had been taken at the dock gates with their aprons full of rum to the chin; after these captives had been haled before the magistrate, tried at the Old Bailey, without the least sympathy for old-established custom, and then imprisoned, and even flogged with the utmost barbarity, I think that a general depression of spirits, a hitherto unknown dejection, fell upon the quarter and remained, a cloud that nothing could dispel; that all the traders became bankrupt; that the demand for drink went down, until it really seemed as if, from Wapping to Blackwall, the riverside was becoming sober.

Billingsgate, the great fish-market, is down below us, just beyond the first wharves and the steamers. This is one of the old harbors of London. It was formerly square in shape, an artificial port simply carved out of the Thames foreshore of mud, and kept from falling in by timber piles driven in on three sides. It was very easy to construct

such a port in this soft foreshore; there were two others much like this higher up the river. Of these one remains to this day—a square harbor just as it was made fifteen hundred—or was it two thousand?—years ago. Most of the old port of Billingsgate has now been filled up, and a convenient quay stands in its place. A new market has also been erected in place of the old sheds. With these improvements, it is said to be now the finest fish-market in the world. Without going round the whole world to prove the superiority of Billingsgate, one would submit that it is really a very fine market indeed. Formerly it was graced by the presence of the fishwomen, those ladies, celebrated in verse and in prose, who contributed a new noun to the language. The word “billingsgate” conveys the impression of ready speech and mother-wit, both speech and wit unrestrained, of rolling torrents of invective, of a rare invention in abuse, and of a give and take of charge and repartee as quick and as dexterous as the play of single stick between two masters of defense. The fishwomen of the market enjoyed the reputation of being more skilled in this language than any other class in London. The carmen, the brewers’ draymen, the watermen, the fellowship porters, were acknowledged as masters of billingsgate—in fact, they all practised daily; but none, it was recognized, none, in fullness and richness of detail, in decoration, in invention, could rise to the heights reached by the fishwomen of the market. They were also as strong physically as men, even men of their own class: they could wrestle and throw most men. If a visitor offended one of them she ducked him in the river. They all smoked pipes like men, and they drank rum and beer like men. They were a picturesque part of the market, presiding over their stalls. Alas! the market knows them no more. The fishwoman has been banished from the place. She lingers still in the dried-fish market opposite, but she is changed. She has lost her old superiority of language; she no longer drinks or smokes, or exchanges repartee. She is sad and silent. Alas! we have our little day, and it is too soon over.

If you would see the market at its best you must visit it at five in the morning, when the day’s work begins. The place is then already crowded. You will find bustle and noise enough over the sale of such an enormous mass of fish as will help you to understand something of hungry London. Hither

come all the fishmongers of London to buy up their daily supplies. If you try to connect this vast mass of fish with the mouths for which it is destined, you will feel the same kind of bewilderment that falls upon the brain when it tries to realize the meaning of millions.

Next to Billingsgate stands the custom-house, with its noble terrace overlooking the river, and its stately buildings. This is the fifth or sixth custom-house; the first of which we have any record, that in which Chaucer was an officer, stood a little nearer to the Tower. After keeping the king's accounts and receiving the king's customs all day, it was pleasant for him to sit in the airy chamber over the Gate of Ald, where the poet lived, and to meditate his verses, looking down upon the crowds below.

Next to the custom-house you see the Tower and Tower Hill. I once knew an American who told me that he had been in London three years and had never once gone to see even the outside of the Tower of London. There are, you see, two varieties of man; perhaps they are the principal divisions of the species. To the first belongs the man who feels himself compounded of all the generations which have gone before. He is, consciously, the child of the ages. In his frame and figure he feels himself the descendant of the naked savage who killed his prey with a club torn from a tree. In his manners, customs, laws, institutions, and religion he enjoys, consciously, the achievements of his ancestors. He never forgets the past from which he has sprung. He never tires of tracing the gradual changes which made the present possible. Like the genealogist, he is always engaged in establishing a connection. I am myself one of this school. I do not know any of my ancestors by sight, nor do I know whether to look for them among the knights or among the men-at-arms; but I know that they were fighting at Hastings and at Agincourt, beside Harold and beside Henry. If I consider the man of old, the average man, I look in the glass. When I sit upon a jury I am reminded of that old form of trial, when a prisoner's neighbors became his compurgators, and solemnly swore that a man with such an excellent character could not possibly have done such a thing. When I hear of a ward-election I remember the ward-mote of my ancestors. I think that I belong more to the past than to the present. I would not, if I could, escape from the past.

But then there is that other school whose

disciples care nothing about the past. They live in the present. They work for the present, regardless of either past or future. Their face is turned ever forward; they will not look back. They use the things of the past because they are ready to hand. They would improve them if they could; they would abolish them if they got in the way of advance. They are the practical men, the administrators, the inventors, the engineers. For such men the laws of their country, their liberties, the civic peace and order which allow them to work undisturbed, all are ready-made; they found them here; they do not ask how they came. If they come across any old thing and think it is in their way, they sweep it off the earth without the least remorse. They love a new building, a new fashion, a new invention. They are the men who see the Tower of London only by accident as they go up and down the river, and they think what a noble site for warehouses is wasted by that great stone place. This is a very large school; it embraces more than the half of civilized humanity. When we speak of the Tower, therefore, it is to the former school, the lesser half.

Three hundred years ago Stow wrote of the Tower of London in these words: "Now to conclude in summary. The Tower is a citadel to defend or command the city; a royal palace for assemblies or treaties; a prison of state for the most dangerous offenders; the only place of coinage for all England; the armory for warlike provision; the treasury of the ornaments and jewels of the crown; the general conserves of the most ancient records of the king's courts of justice at Westminster."

The history of the Tower would cover many sheets of long and gloomy pages. There is no sadder history anywhere. Fortunately, we need not tell it here. When you think of it, remember that it is still, as it always has been, a fortress; it has been, in addition, from time to time, a palace, a court, a mint, a prison; but it has always been a fortress, and it is a fortress still. At night the gates are shut. No one after dark is admitted without the password. To the lord mayor alone, as a compliment and a voluntary act of friendliness on the part of the crown, the password is intrusted day by day. The Tower was surrounded by a small tract of ground called the Tower Liberties. Formerly the city had no jurisdiction over this district. Even now the boundaries of the Liberties are marked out again every three years by a procession including the

major of the Tower and the chief officials, —among them the jailer with his ax of office, —and the school-children carrying white wands. They march from post to post. At every place where the broad-arrow marks the boundary, the children beat it with their wands. In former times they caught the nearest bystander and beat him on the spot, in this way impressing upon his memory, in a way not likely to be forgotten, the boundaries of the Tower Liberties. In such fashion, "by reason of thwacks," was the barber in "The Shaving of Shagpat" made to remember the injunctions which led him to great honor. In every London parish to this day they "beat the bounds" once a year with such a procession. I know not if the custom is still preserved outside London; but I remember such a beating of the bounds long years ago, beside Clapham Common, when the boys in the procession caught other boys, and, after bumping them against the post, slashed at them with their wands. We were the other boys, and there was a fight, which, while it lasted, was brisk and enjoyable.

There are two places belonging to the Tower which should be specially interesting to the visitor. These are the chapel called "St. Peter ad Vincula," and the terrace along the river. The history, my American friend, which this chapel illustrates, is your property and your inheritance as much as our own. Your ancestors, as well as ours, looked on while the people buried in the chapel were done to death. Look at those letters "A. B." They mark the grave of the hapless Anne Boleyn, a martyr perhaps, a child of her own bad age perhaps—who knows? Beside her lies her sister in misfortune, no martyr, if all is true, yet surely hapless—Catharine Howard. Here lies the sweetest and tenderest of victims—Lady Jane Grey. You cannot read her last words without breaking down; you cannot think of her fate without tears. Here lies Sir Walter Raleigh. Is there anywhere in America a monument to the memory of this illustrious man, who did so much and dreamed so much more for the American settlements? For the rest, come here and make your own catalogue. It will recall, as Macaulay wrote, "whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame."

The other place, the terrace along the river, is fit for the musing of a summer afternoon. In front you have life, the life

of the day; behind you have life, but it is the life of the past. Nowhere in England can you find such a contrast. Sit down upon this terrace, among the old useless cannon, among the children at play, and the contrast will presently seize you and hold you rapt and charmed.

It is also the best place for seeing the gray old fabric itself, with its ancient walls and towers of stone, its barbican, its ditch, its gates, its keep, and the modern additions in brick and wood that have grown up among the medieval work, incongruities which still do not disfigure. On the east of the Tower a new road has been constructed as an approach to the Tower Bridge. From this road another and quite a new view can now be obtained of the Tower, which from this point of view reveals the number and the grouping of its buildings. I have not seen represented anywhere this new side of the Tower.

I have said nothing all this time of London's new gate. Yet you have been looking at it from London Bridge and from the terrace. It is the new water-gate, the noblest and most stately gate possessed by any city, the gate called the Tower Bridge. It is briefly a bascule-bridge, that is, a bridge which parts in the middle, each arm being lifted up to open the way, like many smaller bridges in Holland and elsewhere, for a ship to pass through. It was begun in 1884 and finished in 1894.

It consists of two lofty towers communicating with each shore by a suspension-bridge. There is a permanent upper bridge across the space between the towers, access being gained from the lower level by lifts. The lower bridge, on the level of the two suspension-bridges, is the bascule, which is raised up by weights acting within the two towers, so as to leave the space clear.

The width of the central span is two hundred feet clear; the height of the permanent bridge is one hundred and thirty-five feet above high-water mark when open, and the lower bridge is twenty-nine feet above high-water mark when closed. The two great piers on which the towers are built are one hundred and eighty-five feet long and seventy feet wide; the side spans are two hundred and seventy feet in the clear.

The bascule may be described as a lever turning on a pivot; the shorter and therefore the heavier (six hundred and twenty-one tons) end is within the Tower. The bascule swings up about seventeen times a day, but the ships are more and more going into the docks below, so that the raising of the arms

is becoming every day a rarer event. It is a pleasant sight to see the huge arms rising up as lightly as if they were two deal planks, while the great ship passes through; then the arms fall back gently and noiselessly, and the traffic goes on again, the whole interruption not lasting more than a few minutes—less time than a block in Cheapside or Broadway.

Beyond the Tower are the docks named after St. Katherine. They are so named to commemorate an ancient monument and a modern act of vandalism, more disgraceful perhaps than any of those many acts by which things ancient and precious have been destroyed.

On the site of those docks there stood for seven hundred years one of the most picturesque and venerable of city foundations. Here was the house called St. Katherine's-by-the-Tower. Its first foundress was Matilda, queen of Stephen. She created the place and endowed it, in the spirit of the time, in grief for the loss of two children who died and were buried in the church of the Holy Trinity Priory, Aldgate. Later on Eleanor, queen of Edward I, added certain manors to the little foundation, which had hitherto been but a cell to the Holy Trinity Priory. She appointed and endowed a master, three brethren, three sisters, the beadswoman, and six poor clerks. Fifty years later a third queen, Philippa, wife of Edward III, increased the endowments. We should hardly expect this ancient foundation to survive to the present day, but it has done so. The house was spared at the dissolution; it was considered peculiarly under the protection of the queen consort, since three queens in succession had endowed it. Therefore, while all the other religious houses in the country were swept away, this was spared. It received a Protestant form; it was called a college, a free chapel, a hospital for poor sisters. The warden, who managed to appropriate to himself the greater part of the endowment, became a dignified person appointed by the queen; the brethren and sisters remained; the beadswoman remained; the six poor clerks became a school; the precinct became a liberty with its own officers, court, and prison; the buildings were retired and quiet, in appearance

like a peaceful college at Cambridge; the warden's house was commodious; the cloisters were a place for calm and meditation; there was a most beautiful church filled with monuments; there was a lovely garden, and there was a peaceful churchyard. Outside the precinct was anything but a place of peace or quiet. It was a tangle of narrow lanes and mean streets; it was inhabited by sailors and sailor-folk. Among them were the descendants of those Frenchmen who had fled across the Channel when Calais fell. One of the streets, called Hangman's Gains, commemorated the fact in its disguise, being originally the street of Hamme and Guisnes, two places within the English pale round Calais.

This strange place, medieval in its appearance and its customs, continued untouched until some eighty years ago. Then—it is too terrible to think of—they actually swept the whole place away. The venerable church was destroyed; the picturesque cloister, with the old houses of sisters and of brethren, the school, the ancient court-house, the churchyard, the garden, the streets and cottages of the precinct, were all destroyed, and in their place was constructed a dock. No dock was wanted; there was plenty of room elsewhere. It was a needless, wanton act of barbarity. They built a new church, a poor thing to look at, beside Regent's Park; they built six houses for the brethren and sisters, and a large house for the warden; they founded a school; they called the new place St. Katherine's. But it is not St. Katherine's-by-the-Tower, and East London has lost the one single foundation it possessed of antiquity. It has also lost the income, varying from ten thousand to fourteen thousand pounds a year, which belonged to this its only religious foundation.

In the modern chapel at Regent's Park you may see the old monuments, the carved tombs, the stalls, the pulpit, taken from the ancient church; it is the putting of old wine into new bottles. Whenever I stand within those walls there comes upon me the story of the last service held in the old church, where, amid the tears and lamentations of the people, who loved the venerable place, the last hymn was sung, the last prayer offered, before the place was taken down.



THE DECADENCE OF MANNERS.

BY AMELIA GERE MASON,
Author of "Women of the French Salons."



DO not speak of manners as an affair of dressing, and dining, and leaving cards, and sending invitations, as something beginning and ending with the etiquette of visiting and entertaining, the shading of formal courtesies, and the numberless details that belong to the grammar of polite society. All this may go quite well with very bad manners. If we have any doubt on such important questions it is not for lack of instruction. There are manuals galore which give us the latest modes of doing everything from giving a tea to writing a love-letter. We are told how to be confirmed in the most approved style, how to get married, and how to mourn in correct gradations. There are classes to teach young and old how to stand, walk, bow, enter a room, shake hands, and modulate the voice. If one is not "to the manner born," one can be molded, veneered, polished, and warranted as fit for all social emergencies; but somehow, in spite of it all, the essential spirit of good manners seems to be rapidly going out of the world.

In our rage for improving ourselves and everybody else, possibly we begin at the wrong end. If we have a courteous attitude toward individuals under all conditions, the courteous formulas of society easily follow; but if we begin with society, we build in the air. "Politeness is taking trouble for others," says Pascal. It constantly puts in practice, in minor matters, the much-talked-of theory of altruism, though it does not

call it by so fine a name. Perhaps we prefer our altruism in large instalments. It deranges one less, besides counting for more. To love people theoretically is comparatively easy. The elder Mirabeau wrote twenty volumes or so on philanthropy, but was so inordinately selfish that his own family could not live with him. It is one of the offices of politeness to smooth those little inequalities of temper, or hide them. Defining it commercially, it is the small change of the heart. "He who is not polite enough is not human enough," is the word of Joubert. No doubt it may be assumed, as all good qualities may be, but that only proves the value of the quality. If it does not always show what one really is, it shows what one ought to be, and sets up standards of social virtues.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when the words "gentleman" and "lady" stood for the best models in manners. The old ideal of a gentleman was drawn from the code of the knights of chivalry, which demanded not only courage and loyalty and a gallant bearing, but gentleness of heart, courtesy, chastity, protection of the weak, deference to women,

And love of truth and all that makes a man.

The lady must be brave, modest, loving, reverent, hospitable, kind, and true, ready to care for the sick and console the sorrowful. To these virtues she must add the gracious manners that gave them expression. In the natural course of things, forms varied. The refinements of one age are often the *gaucheries* of the next. It is true

also that people did not always live up to their codes of manners, any more than they have ever lived up to their codes of morals, but they gave birth to the modern type of gentleman and lady. Through all outward variations the essential quality remained the same. The words came to mean something distinctive that had grown out of generations of refined living, and designated a certain kind of man or woman formed more or less on these ideals. As the names implied a degree of superiority, they were quickly appropriated, in the breaking up of the old lines, by people without knowledge or discrimination, and applied to all men and women, each of whom claimed to be equal to every other in all things whatsoever. "Go and tell the woman in No. 14 that the wash-lady wishes to see her," said one office boy to another, not long ago, in a summer hotel of the best class. We have every sort of lady from the scrub-lady to the forelady, with the result that the generic term which includes the whole sex is quite as distinctive as the specific one which really belongs to a cultivated type, but, as popularly used to-day, has no special significance. So it is that these words have lost their fine flavor, and with it are fast going the gentle manners they represented. The old *noblesse oblige*, which used to have the force of a moral law, has ceased to count, since there is no *noblesse*, and that which takes the place of it assumes its power and state, without any of its obligations.

We are told that society is adjusting itself on a new basis, that the manners of the past were modeled upon the relative position of superior and inferior. Courtesy was patronage on one side and servility on the other. Now we are all equal and things are changed. The ideal of a democracy is quite another affair. Just why the graceful civilities that give life so much of its sweetness should be largely forgotten because we are equal in theory is not clear, but such is the fact. Of this we are left in no sort of doubt. It is forced upon us at every turn, in the family, in the street, at the theater, in the concert-room, wherever people meet, except in a few pleasant byways where the representatives of a better order of things still hold sway, though they are apt to be voted slow and old-fashioned by the new social dispensation. It is not simply that the stately manners of a century ago have gone out of vogue. These things are, to a certain point, matters of fashion and subject to change. But the

small courtesies that at all times grow out of respect to age, consideration for the weak, deference to women, and a general regard for the tastes and feelings of others, are not taking new forms: they are vanishing altogether. We have always claimed that our men are the most chivalrous in the world, but where will the next generation find them? People often fall short of their standards, but they never surpass them. When a young man forgets the little attentions that make so much of the charm of family life, treats his hostess with veiled if not open incivility in return for courtesies he may or may not accept, ignores the common amenities toward women under the flimsy pretext, so often heard, that "since they claim rights they must go without privileges," he has gone far toward losing the birthright of a gentleman. Perhaps this free-and-easy manner is a fashion, but so much the worse for the fashion. That is precisely the point we are considering.

It seems a trifle unjust to the clever and well-bred American girl to dwell upon a familiar type so much *en evidence* as to overshadow all the others and pass everywhere as representative, but it is a question of tendencies. This typical girl of the day puts on mannish airs with mannish clothes, spices her talk with slang, not always of the choicest, tosses her pretty head in proud defiance as she puts down her parents, her elders, and her superiors,—indeed, she admits no superiors, though this scion of equality does admit inferiors and snubs them without mercy,—pronounces a final opinion on subjects of which she does not know even the alphabet, shows neither respect for white hairs nor consideration for favors which she claims as a right, and calls all this "swell," or "smart," and a proper expression of her fashionable, or unfashionable, independence.

The same spirit runs through the entire social gamut. There is nothing more contagious than bad manners; it is so easy for the selfish instincts to come uppermost when the pressure of a law, written or unwritten, is removed. The insolence of servants is sufficiently emphasized. Even the shop-girl waits upon you with half-disguised impertinence, often impertinence without any disguise, and replies to your civil word with a lofty stare, as much as to say, "Since you are polite to me you cannot be of much consequence." Unfortunately, there are those who claim this rampant self-assertion to be a good thing, and an evidence that man

has come to the realization of his manhood and woman to the consciousness of her freedom. It is a protest against conventions, we are told. But pray, what keeps the world from plunging into chaos but conventions? Savages have very few, civilization has a great many. When they become so crystallized as to cramp the best individual life they need breaking. But why protest against good and wise ones that simply put a wholesome curb on human passions, cherish saving virtues, and make the wheels of life run more smoothly and pleasantly for all?

Then there is still a trace of the old Puritan notion that it is good to thrust your sharp corners into other people's faces, because it is frank and sincere. "You teach your children to be too polite; you will make them frivolous," said an estimable woman, not long ago, to a friend whose family relations were of the sweetest because no small courtesy was neglected. To be gracious, in her opinion, was to be light and worldly, not to say false and artificial; to be brusque and disagreeable, if so disposed, was to be sincere and genuine. No doubt temperament has much to do with manners. A warm heart is often hidden under a shy, cold exterior, as volcanic fires sleep under snows. So much the more reason for cultivating the art of expression and giving an outlet to kindly sentiments which nature has locked from a world they might gladden. We pride ourselves on our rugged virtues, and set them against the suave and facile manners of the Latin races with a comfortable sense of superiority, but does it follow that virtues must be set in thorns? It was a thoughtful Frenchman who said: "If virtue leads to good manners, so do they in their turn lead to virtue." There may be a "too much sweetness" that leads to enervation, but the Anglo-Saxon race is in no immediate danger of it.

To be sure, there is a saving remnant not included in the above category of men and women conscientious or otherwise. No faults of a people or a period are universal. But such is the general drift of things, and we all know what becomes of saving remnants when they run against the spirit of an age that is ruled by quantity rather than by quality. The delicate, subtle note of real distinction is disappearing in society as in literature. The loud-voiced throng looks for something of a more striking and tangible order.

The causes are not far to seek. A potent one is the rush and hurry of a life in which

everybody is intent upon doing the most in the least possible time. There is no leisure for small courtesies. It is a heterogeneous scramble for the loaves and fishes, in which the survival of the fittest resolves itself into a survival of the strongest. It is something akin to brute force that gains the prize, whether it be a seat in the car or a seat in Congress. Indeed, we claim, as a part of our national glory, the trait so well expressed by the word "push." It makes little difference what one pushes so long as it stands in the way. Men in the garb of gentlemen do not scruple to thrust aside delicate women who happen to be moving before them in the procession. Well-dressed women run over one another. It is the same spirit applied to the minor morals as that which prompts the Wall street magnate to walk over his weaker rival, and the laboring man who has organized in the name of freedom and human brotherhood to crush out of existence, if he can, his poorer neighbors who have not—the spirit of instinctive, though sometimes unconscious, selfishness, whether it be crudely clear or hidden under some high-sounding name. Nor is the fact without its significance that women, who are natural arbiters of manners as well as conservators of morals, have been driven by necessity into the hustling crowd. It is an alternative between struggling for a foothold in the world or sinking; and success, nine times out of ten, is the triumph of aggression. This in itself is fatal to the self-effacement which is so strong an element of good breeding, and tends toward a radical change in the habits and traditions of womanhood, which must react more or less upon society.

Another active source of bad manners may be found in the I-am-as-good-as-you-are notion, which is the corner-stone of the new era. It takes no longer the guise of religion or political conscience, as in the days of our forefathers, but is openly defiant, and sets up its men of straw for the express purpose of fighting them. Call it democracy, republicanism, the spirit of equality, or what you will, but in its essence it is a crude egotism without personal dignity. Precisely why I should feel called upon to emphasize the fact that I am as good as you are does not appear, since it proves quite conclusively that I am, at heart, so doubtful about it as to find it necessary to impress it upon you with a brutal self-assertion, in order to convince myself of it. In any case, whatever I may think, I am so far inferior, if you are courteous and I am not. No doubt

this spirit is much exaggerated by the fact that, since we have no defined class limits within which one may sit at his gracious ease and smile over the hard-and-fast barriers, in comparative security from too unwelcome intrusion, we are forced to canton our own social provinces, if we would have them, and set ourselves to the ungrateful task of keeping out those who are not of our special elect. As the shades of distinction are often quite invisible, except in the matter of accessories, the question resolves itself into a general offensive and defensive war between the I-am-better-than-you-are faction on one side, and the I-am-as-good-as-you-are faction on the other, extending from the servants' hall, the workwoman's club, or the more pretentious literary club, to the palaces of the American Mayfair, wherever that may be. The natural effect of this continuous, even though silent, contest is to foster an arrogant and assertive spirit, which is fatal alike to manners and character. Of all struggles, social ones are the most humiliating, not to say degrading.

Outside of causes that lie in the very nature of our institutions and the inevitable conditions of modern life, the lack of fine ideals in what is called polite society is responsible for a great deal which is to be deplored in the prevailing tone of manners. We have no unwritten code that has grown out of generations of culture until it has become a sort of grammar of refined living which is caught unconsciously in childhood with the language. Nor have we the advantage—or disadvantage, according to one's point of view—of a society that has adjusted itself to its duties and surroundings so far as to furnish consistent models. There is always the tendency to give an undue weight to externals and non-essentials, while ignoring the essentials. People naturally glorify the things that make for the realization of their own ambition, and since we have no confessed distinctions of rank, and distinction of intellect is not easily attained, even if its social influence, at this moment, were not largely theoretical, except so far as it may have a commercial value, it is evident that money is the most available substitute we have. To be sure, money is not the open sesame to polite society, but we know that it offsets many shortcomings both moral and esthetic. Besides, it is more and more difficult for self-respecting people of culture and refinement, without wealth, to maintain a position, even if they care to do so, in a

society based upon luxury, in which the individual counts for always less and the accessories for always more.

It is quite the fashion to rail at money as the source of all our social ills. We are told that it corrupts morals, ruins manners, makes us selfish and heartless and arrogant, hurts the feelings of the less fortunate who desire it, and sets up low ideals. It is, perhaps, a little in the nature of a platitude to say that all this depends upon the quality of the men and women behind the money. There are a great many who have suffered no such degeneracy, and we have to remember that the savages, who are remarkably free from this sort of corruption, cannot be quoted as models either of manners or of morals. If one must rail at things it is better to rail at the root of the evil. The societies in which manners have reached the dignity of a fine art have not been without wealth, but it was an instrument, not an end—a point which possibly it is not apt to reach until several degrees removed from its source and in a measure purified of its dross. It cannot be denied that ease and an independence that does not need to be struggled for have a great deal to do with softening the asperities of human nature. People who have the visible insignia of worldly position have no excuse for vulgar self-assertion. They can well afford to be modest and courteous; indeed, they can ill afford not to be so. This is by no means saying that they always are, or that numberless characters do not disintegrate under the unwonted weight of fortunes that they are neither mentally nor morally strong enough to carry. But it is necessary to discriminate between people who belong to their money and people whose money belongs to them. In one case the ideals are altogether low and material, in the other they may be fine and high, both as regards manners and morals. But when society itself becomes a commercial affair, ruled on commercial principles, however subtly veiled, the trouble begins. It is a shop for gain, like any other, whether it be in Mayfair or Bohemia. The difference is only in the scale of values.

And what are the ideals of polite society that present themselves to the youth of to-day? It means, first of all, life under the glare of chandeliers, with the rustle of costly draperies, the flash of gems, the perfume of flowers, the sound of music, and the grace of flying feet. The young girl sees the acme of happiness and the goal of ambition in the splendor of ceaseless functions that drug the

intellect and intoxicate the senses. The subtle harmony of mind and manners, that gives to society the dignity of a fine art and is at all times the measure of its value, is lost in the brilliancy of the pageant, the cost of the upholstery, the style of the appointments, the cut of a robe, and the fit of a glove. To be sure, this fascinating world includes a great deal that is fine and representative, but in its gayer phases it is less and less tempered by it; and it is of these we are talking, as they are the most salient and the most significant. There are circles within circles, of a thousand varying shades of refinement, culture, and *savoir-vivre*, ranging from the exclusive gatherings where choice spirits converse, wit sparkles, and the amenities reign, through a multitude of groups, to the point where the main thing is the gaiety and the gilding. But it is the dazzling externals of what is called society that appeal more and more to the new generation as its key-note. This new generation delights in vivid contrasts and glaring colors. It must have its strong sensations, or life is voted dull. Even its amusements are never simple; it is not fine enough. They are only spectacular. People are no longer expected to entertain one another save in the small coteries of which little is heard. It is too much effort to converse; perhaps it is too serious. To be serious is to be heavy. One does not go fast enough. So we call in a lion, if it is an amusing lion; art, if it is an amusing art and does not put too great a strain on the intellect; even literature, if sufficiently diluted and served with spiced sauces—in any case, something new and striking. The intellect craves, not food for the gods, but excitement; and invention exhausts itself to concoct stronger and always stronger spices, to find something more novel, more costly, or more piquant. Everything palls because everything is in excess. "Come, let us amuse ourselves together," might be translated into the significant words of the French king: "Come, let us bore ourselves together." Manners grow free and pronounced. Grace, dignity, delicacy, and gentle ways may be very fine in the abstract, but they are colorless and not imposing. To shine in a crowd, one cultivates the art of the scene-painter. The lines may be crude and the colors cruder, but if they are bold and conspicuous enough, they attract attention, which is the main thing. Is it strange that youth, which finds in this tense and swiftly moving life the spirit of its own age, is ready to assume even

the arrogance, the frank rudeness, and the not uninfrequent cruelty of a crude power often untempered by gentle traditions as "good form," and a mark of the social superiority that can afford to defy opinion?

Such are the social ideals held up by a conspicuous section of our so-called arbiters of manners, and accepted in the endless series of coteries that cluster round a central power of some sort, and are copies of copies to a hundredth degree removed, imitating the faults of a society based upon material splendor, without its possible charm of outward grace and beauty. For no one circle has a monopoly of the commercial spirit that is creeping like an octopus into the remotest corners of modern life, putting its deadly touch on literature as well as on society in all of its phases, and possibly more offensive, if less dangerous, when it is not smothered in roses.

The responsibility for these ideals rests largely upon women, and it is only women who can raise them. The societies that have passed into history as representative of the best that the ages have left us have been invariably led by women of too much intellect to be satisfied with simply amusing themselves and their friends. It was the talent, not the wealth, of Athens that made the circle of Aspasia famous. It was the culture of women and the deference paid to genius and learning that made the brilliancy of the Italian courts of the Renaissance. Florence had a commercial aristocracy, but at the zenith of its prosperity talent stood side by side with wealth as a social power; the poet and scholar held the place of honor above the money-changer. The low vices of a simply pleasure-loving court disgraced France until a clever woman sifted the wheat from the tares and created a new society in which talent was the central point, and luxury was tempered with learning. No doubt we should consider many of their ways of doing things barbarous to-day, as we have made a great advance in the arts of refined living. Their moral standards, too, were lower than ours; but certain points in their codes of manners are worthy of consideration. A lady of the best Italian society of the fifteenth century was expected to be not only graceful and affable, but discreet, tactful, and noble in bearing. Affectation, slander of her own sex, too elaborate dress, familiarity, noisy freedom of speech, display, and artifice, were forbidden. She must also be a good housewife, and capable of intelligent conversation on literature

and the fine arts. A Frenchwoman of the last century, who was an autocrat in social matters and gave her discriminating intellect and wide experience to the formulation of a code that has virtually ruled the world of fashion ever since,—though I am sorry to say that some of its best articles are now a dead letter,—maintained that manners must be based on noble sentiments, and that mutual consideration, gentleness, deference, courtesy, and respect to age are essential to civilization. She insisted that society should punish what the law could not attack, and banished the disloyal, the dishonorable, the aggressive, from good company, not only as an affair of morals, but as an affair of taste. Many of the women who formed themselves on this model might not be amenable to an ethical code, but they were to an esthetic one, and this excluded selfish passions that destroyed the general harmony. Arrogance, scandal, disloyalty, rudeness, were sins against good breeding. Politeness stamped the lady and the gentleman; the lack of it proclaimed the boor. Honor was a religion, and though often a superficial one, it was certainly better than no restraint at all. To betray a confidence, to be faithless to a friend, to stab publicly a rival's reputation, was not only bad morality, but bad form. To be agreeable, one must be kind. The canons of good taste demanded at least the semblance of amiable virtues. Perhaps it was not best to inquire too closely into the rivalries and enmities that might be hidden under a smile. I am not sure that it would always be safe to penetrate the heart of the man or woman who devoutly kneels before you at prayers, but that is no reason for ceasing to pray. Then, no one translates the little word or act of kindness into a vow of friendship. They are the current coin of good feeling, and express what ought to be the natural attitude of mind and heart. Why break open the music-box to see what makes the music?

That these women fell short of many of their aims is probable, but it was not the fault of the codes, which were founded on the best instincts of humanity, and would serve as an admirable basis of good manners in any age. They were the social leaders of their own time, and it is, after all, to the much criticized and often much maligned society woman of to-day that one must look for reforms in manners. Codes of morals usually spring from the middle or lower social strata; codes of manners in-

variably come from above, that is, from those who have the leisure to consider society as a fine art. They are the flower, not the root, of a civilization. There is always a large class of busy, toiling womanhood that accepts its codes ready-made or ignores them all. The club-woman is absorbed in improving her mind, in sociological conditions, or in things of more vital import. It is barely possible that she is apt to give too little heed to the flowers of life. But the society woman of talent and recognized position, with tact and discrimination, has the ability to combine her social elements and mold them into a power that shall make other than grossly material standards the fashion—and all the world follows a fashion, whether it will or not, through sheer momentum. By "society woman" I do not mean the type that first presents itself, the brilliant compound of style, daring, and Paris gowns, whose life begins and ends with entertaining and being entertained, who puts the fashion of a hand-shake, the porcelain and cut glass of the dinner-table, and the cost of an equipage above the simple graces and fine breeding which betray the choice life of generations, or the inborn taste and nobility that ask nothing from inheritance. I mean something that compares with it as the rare old lace compares with the machine-made imitation, as the rich and mellow tones of the cathedral window, which the light of centuries has tempered and softened, compare with the crude and garish coloring of its modern copy. There are society women upon whom the mantle of the old-time lady has fallen, through nature or heritage, whose social gifts are the sum of many gifts, the crown of many womanly virtues. One finds them everywhere, women who cherish the fine amenities, who are gracious, intelligent, tactful, kind, and active in all good works, who understand the art of elegant living, as well as the intrinsic value of things, and like to open their hospitable homes for the pleasure of their friends. It is such as these who represent the finest flower of our womanhood and help to preserve the traditions of gentle manners, which are in the way of being trampled out in the mad march of something we call progress. It is for these to ostracize vulgarity, to put up the delicate barriers which have been permitted to be let down between the pleasant comradeship of men and women, and the loud note of familiarity, to temper the sordid spirit of commercialism with the refinements of that

higher class of intellect which sees things not only as they are, but as they ought to be.

No doubt the best school of manners is the nursery, but to make it of value the mother must have right ideals. If her standards are low, the standards of the next generation are sure to be lower. So long as the *enfant terrible* is secure on his throne and innocently oblivious of the fact that there are any other rights in the world but his own, the kings and queens of the impertinences are likely to be secure on theirs. So long, too, as the school-girl finds herself in a miniature world where the mundane side of life is glorified at the expense of every other, where the distinction of culture, courtesy, and gracious ways is lost in the

petty rivalries and ambitions of dress and display, she is likely to come out old and worldly before her time, saturated with the conviction that the only desirable things are those which money can buy, and the only objects in life are fine draperies and a brilliant social career.

To be sure, we are in the transition state we hear so much about as an excuse for all our faults. It is sufficiently chaotic just now, but some of these days, when we are not so busy glorifying our manifold possibilities and potentialities, we may find time to think about these things. In the meantime is it worth while to go on sowing seeds of rank weeds and poisonous, though brilliant, flowers, while we wait for this Juggernaut of force to get ready to be polite?



IN THE WOODS WITH THE BOW.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON,

Author of "The Witchery of Archery," etc.



SOME person—a pessimist—said, just when I do not know, that the stories were all told before Homer's time. Another added the remark that there were only five stories to begin with. Art doubtless has limitations which confine strict originality to a very small space, but nature defies all peripheries: she browses at will up the slopes of countless Helicons. Her stories are in number as the sands of the sea, as the leaves of summer, as the changes on sky and clouds when the wind aloft is strong and the sun burns bonfires along the hills that notch the horizon. Books may be but variations of ancient monotonies, I do not deny it; men may have nothing new under the sun to think, to say, to write: the poor fellows, it is little that I care. Give me a fortnight of freedom in the woods of spring, and I will find a freshness infinitely changeable, an

originality varying with every puff of the breeze. Give me an outing: you may as well, for otherwise I shall take it by force; I must have it. And what is an outing in the green woods to him who bears not the longbow?

Now, if you ask why the longbow is to be lugged in, I answer—because. It goes, or I stay. I would rather delve at my desk, with the good yew unstrung standing there in the corner beside the ancient tall clock, than to undertake a ramble in the hill-country without that trusty monochord across my arm. We have been boon companions these many years, my bow and I, and it is now too late for a change of relations; we go together into green solitudes and find the places where Diana's footprints are yet almost visible, the spot, still warm, where Pan took his noonday nap.

I am usually in the low country of the South when a desire for the hilly region begins to stir in me. As the birds migrate, so do I. Where the palms and pines, the

magnolias and the live oaks flourish, there I go in winter. When a green wave of exploding buds and rapidly developing leaves rolls gently northward, beginning late in March



on the Gulf coast and reaching Indiana with the last days of April, I try to keep pace with the oscines. Steam and sleeping-cars aid me at need, when the springtide makes a flower-scented dash, or when the migrant songsters put on a spurt of speed here and there.

All the winter I have been entertained by the wild fowl of the sea, the shore birds, the waders, the divers, the long-legged inhabitants of marsh

and rushy swale. I have lost some valuable arrows in sloppy jungles and on miry bayou shores, where I shot at rare specimens and got them not. Even the big sea opened its mouth and swallowed a shaft or two, pile, feathers, and all; for the pelicans flew low over my boat, flapping lazily, fine targets to tempt the most saintly archer. The man at the helm looked askint at me and grinned when my purring missile went a handbreadth ahead of the pelican, causing it to back its vast wings and somersault rearward in ecstatic surprise.

But the arrow, how it slanted away on high to curve slowly and dart with accelerated speed down, far off, into the creaming whitecaps! Some men take wine to stimulate them, some take tobacco, some, like Coleridge and De Quincey, even opium; but

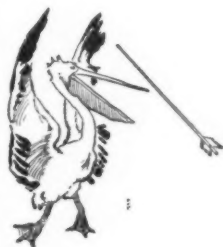
I take a bow-shot at a bird. Daniel Webster liked to play a fish; other great men have delighted in a roaring gun when the bevs rose from the stubble: for greatness, too,



takes a joy out of savage sport; still, for myself, in all humbleness be it said, let the solitude of a wilderness of wood or water

surround me, and let me hear my bow's one fine note followed by the long, low hiss of my arrow. Some have called this savagery, others have seen in it a dangerously attenuated estheticism; but heathen coarseness, or the last refinement of artificial ideality, be it whatever it is, I like it better than wine, tobacco, cards, the theater, or any other indoors excitement—yea, even far better than polo, golf, or tennis. But do not set me down as one who decries the taste of his brother. Go on, O friends, in the way you best enjoy. As for me, up from the breezy low country of the heron and the ibis, out of the plashy everglades, where skulk the gallinule and the limpkin, away from the coffee-colored streams, where the snake-bird dives and wriggles and where the least bittern croaks, I go my way once more to the greening hills of the Carolinas.

I have sent home an order to a certain deft whittler of arrow steles whom I know in Indiana, and he will forward a sheaf to meet me at a town in a valley not far from a mountain's toe, where a fretful, chill brook prances over smooth boulders on its journey to kiss a river. There, too, birds will join me; I imagine I can hear them now. But in fact it is yet a month before we shall be there.



Meantime I sail northwestward across the Gulf to the Terre Aux Boeufs for a few days' shooting; then to the Rigolets and the marshes of Borgne, where it is good for the bowman to stray; the next flight being by rail, through Mobile and Montgomery to the Sand Mountain's southern slope, whence, after three days given wholly to delight, away from the iron-mills of Birmingham I flash, clipping a corner off North Georgia, to come plump against old Yonah at the farther end of the Blue Ridge, where many well-heads bubble in lonely dells, and where the rhododendron in due season paints its cheeks to delight the wind.

Night had fallen when the train slowly curved into the little mountain village. A rickety trap bore me and my tackle to a forlorn hotel, which was perfumed with kerosene not unmixed with jowl and cabbage; but the room they gave me was airy, and the bed had sheets as clean and white as a water-

lily's petals. The young man who sported a rhinestone bosom-pin behind the office desk looked benignly upon me after I had registered, and presently he said:

"A package in our care for you."

It was my arrows from Indiana, a bundle to gladden my heart. Two or three commercial travelers eyed my bow in its green cover and my quiver tied up in its bag—



sized me up, as they would have expressed it, and yawned. They thought they knew me; but they were greatly mistaken: it was I who knew them, a jolly lot, each one trying to "figure up" his expense account so as to cover the cost of seeing Jefferson as *Rip Van Winkle* in Atlanta, and losses at billiards in Knoxville, with a reasonable certainty of

having it audited and passed at the home office.

Next morning I was up at the crack of dawn, having expressed my luggage forty miles by rail deeper into the hills, so that I could be foot-free to tramp with my tackle. Early risers who had come forth into the main clay street of the town looked at me as at some outlandish being, what time I strode rapidly past them, my bow uncovered, my quiver at my hip, my trousers inside my long stockings, and my little field-glass swung under my right arm. A big butcher, standing in a low door under the sign, "Meat Market," hitched up his white apron and gave me a carnivorous stare, while his heavy under-jaw lolled on his breast.

In the east the sun wavered amid a drifting purplish film, like a huge, cherry-red bubble shot with iridescent fire. It seemed slowly to wax hot and refulgent as I left the town behind me, and when presently the tilled fields opened on each hand, great beams flashed across them, the meadow-larks twinkling here and there like sparks flung up from the kindling ground. Some crows occupied fence-stakes in the distance, or walked in the newly opened corn-furrows with a peculiar wagging gait. It was poor soil the farmers were plowing; but it looked fresh and sent forth a pungent fragrance of



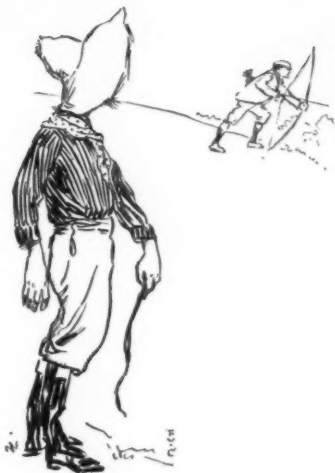
broken sassafras roots mixed with that subtle effluence which goes by the name of "outdoors air."

Under the spur of a desire to reach the wooded hills once more, I cast the little, meandering road behind me as if I had been unwinding it from a spool. One considerable frame farm-house, flanked by liberal barns, had a thrifty, generous look. There was a spring of crystal limestone water bubbling under the hill, down to which a path zig-zagged from the kitchen. A milk-house of rough masonry with a mossy roof nestled among willow-trees hard by. This farmstead,



however, was the last outpost of generous living and up-to-date comfort. The realm of log cabins and mountain civilization lay beyond. I felt the change when I heard a plowman sing out "Way hare!" to his lazy horse. The mountaineers all say "Way hare" for "Whoa haw" when driving their teams in the field; and some of them yell out a countrified oath, enforced with a mighty jerk of the single rope that serves as driving-line. You may smile, but to me there is something ineffably comforting and sweet in those bucolic sounds—the lowing of cows, the bleating of sheep, the crowing of cocks, and the "Gee-erp ther'—way hare!" of the lank and honest mountaineer.

Entering the foot-hills, I slackened my pace, looking about for an eligible place to make my headquarters. I noted with delight that the cabins were far apart, separated by wooded hills and hollows, where a fine vernal tenderness was spreading in many shades of green. In places violets grew so abundantly that the ground looked as if a bit of sky had fallen so hard that the impact had made froth of it; and these spots were sometimes offset by beds of rose-purple Claytonias. The road dwindled to a mere desultory cart-way, which finally led me to the cabin of one Thomas Shamly, who took me in and entertained me to the best of his ability, giving me a little room on the end of a lean-to veranda to sleep in, and next morning he hitched his little mules to his rickety wagon and carried me nine miles to the place of Simpson Jarvis, "over on the crick," as Mr. Shamly remarked, "an' ye kin feesh ther' consid'ble." He mistook my bow for a fishing-rod, and yet was not satisfied to rest upon that theory. While we jolted along the dim, stony, root-matted road, he made many indirect attacks upon my reticence; wherefore it pleased me at last to enlighten him by a practical, not to say spectacular, demonstration. He was a man fashioned with a stoop of the shoulders and a lank body topped off with a narrow, sandy head, which wore reddish throat-whiskers set on

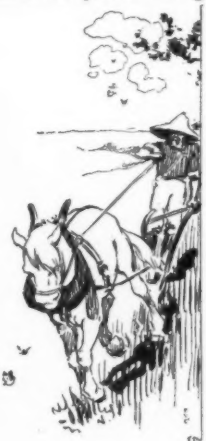


like a thin ruffle or ruche under the chin and jaws. When his little mules came to a ford in a small stream and were afraid to enter, he fell into a rage, stormed at them, belaboring them with a gad. The great noise he made startled a bird from a sand-bar to the left of us, and it flew a little way up the brook, where it dropped down again at the edge of a pool behind some stones.

At the first glimpse I knew it was not a bird usually found in the mountains, and I was so eager to secure it that, with a single compound motion, I slipped three arrows from my bag, flung myself over the sideboard to the ground, and braced my bow. Mr. Shamly was too busy basting his hydrophobic mules—lashing them with his tongue and slashing their backs with the gad—to observe my movement; and when at last the team plunged into the water, scarcely hoof-deep, and stopped to drink, none the worse for flogging or fright, I was sneaking in a curve to take cover behind a clump of low bushes. Then I saw Mr. Shamly looking at me and heard him say:

"Wall, dern sich a feller! They's no feesh in this yer crick."

I crept until I could peep around a fringe of the bushes. Yonder stood the bird, a fine, sheeny fellow, well poised on his sturdy legs, showing glints of reddish yellow, brown, black, gray, white, and ash. It was a canut sandpiper, doubtless a straggler blown there by some wind of accident. A most interesting bird, with an incomplete biography, to



which I hope in the long run to contribute some facts. Just now I wish to brag of a good shot.

Eighteen yards is a very short range, even for a bow, and at that distance the knot—the common name of our canut sandpiper—looked strikingly large; in reality its measurements were: length about eleven inches, extent twenty-one inches. It stood on a bit of wet sand beside a rock at the water's edge, and by certain swaying motions of its neck and body I knew that it would fly from the slightest noise. I knelt in order to shoot under some dangling twigs.

"Wall, I jes be dad burn!" commented Mr. Shamly, in the most approving accent, when I let go a blunt arrow, and saw it bowl the game over, knocking it clean from behind the rock into the field of Mr. Shamly's absolutely amazed vision.

"Ef he did n't kill it I'm er gourd!"

By this time I had crossed the stream at a riffle and was holding my bird high, gazing upon it triumphantly, as a fisherman does who exalts a two-pound bass and mutters, "Four pounds and a half if it's an ounce!" Then Mr. Shamly drove his mules with the clattering and dripping wagon through the stony ford. If possible, he was prouder than I of the successful shot. Throughout the rest of our journey together, he talked volubly; in the main he was telling me about his own prowess with the "bow 'n' arry" when he was a boy. He could hit a bird every time, and "ez fer squ'ls, they's my meat jes wenever I wanted 'em." By the time we had reached the trail where he was to leave me, Simpson Jarvis's place being over a hill not practicable for a wagon, I was well-nigh convinced that what I knew about archery had been forgotten by Mr. Shamly, and I bade him good-by on the verge of envy.

No sooner was I afoot and alone once more than I heard some oscine twitterings, and above all one welcome note. Almost immediately I was in pursuit of a specimen, —a blue grosbeak,—and the rattling of the Shamly vehicle died away in the distance while I clambered over rocks and bestrode bushes to keep the bird in sight until I could get a shot at it. In my notes the whole

grosbeak family would be complete if I should get this one. Your bird-student has his cupidities, and your archer backs them with his tackle. This mixing of ornithology with bow-shooting, however, has its limitations. If I had borne a gun the blue grosbeak would have been mine. As it was, I shot five or six shots and did not touch a feather; but the delight of it still haunts me.

Two miles of a walk over the hill, to avoid a roundabout wagon-drive of thirteen, proved exhilarating. Half the way I soared, by a winding, desultory path, and perched myself on a scarred and splintered rock, where I ate my luncheon of corn-bread and ham. It was a dry, bald spot, overlooking a fair valley, deep in the midst of which the little homestead of Mr. Jarvis seemed to slumber while I gazed. Just below me the forest was stunted and thin; but farther down a great show of greenery, with uplifted masses of variegated tree-tops, increased until the little river in the emerald trough could be seen only here and there shining up with great allurements.

When presently I began to swoop down the fell, there came up to meet me a flicker's merry call and the voice of a Baltimore oriole. The breeze, too, seemed puffing fragrantly slantwise toward the sky from out the depth of the valley. Soon enough I was under superb arches of oak, hickory, and pine, through which blue patches of sky gleamed brilliantly. Going down-hill proved tiring, however, and I was glad to rest on an old log near the verge of a cliff, which dropped almost vertically fifty or more feet, so that I could look with level gaze into tree-tops of immense size. Far below I saw my path sinking like an irregular stairway along the steep. It was a good place for lounging; just breezy enough to soothe, and yet not chill, a place given over to such solitude as the poets rhapsodize about. I hung one leg over the log, and felt too comfortable to be bothered with unbracing my bow. In this attitude I was sitting when a hoarse voice startled me, not with fear or surprise, but with a thrill of joy. It was a long-lost voice, —the croak of a raven,—and in a moment





the great black flash, if I may so call it, shot across a rift, with a fine swish of feathers shimmering blue-green over their intense inky darkness. A raven, and it lighted not more than forty yards away, a trifle above the level of my eyes, on a pine bough close to the tree's bole.

At the first note from that doughty bird I was ready for a shot; over-ready, indeed, with my heart shaking my jerkin and shortening my breath. When you shoot at a raven, let me tell you, you shoot in a hurry, for it has not the habit of posing as a target. Up went my bow, and away spun the arrow. Not carelessly, but without hesitation, and certainly in a very fever of desire to slay, I drove that shot, and with perfect aim. There is not a doubt that it would have been a center hit but for an insignificant twig, which turned the pile upward, so that it whacked on a pine-knot, the flintiest of all woods, that projected a foot above the raven's back.

It was meant for tragedy, but the twig made comedy of it. "Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'" My arrow went somersaulting sidewise to some distance and then fell down, from bough to bough, until at last, clear of the tree-tops, it righted itself feather uppermost, and so reached the path far below, sticking there slantwise in the

ground. Memorable to a degree was the glare of instantaneous amazement which shot from the raven's eyes, while the feathers on its throat stood out separately, and its wings jumped to their work with a thrashing sweep through the foliage. Gone like a sable ghost, or a plumed demon, *Corvus corax* was seen no more, heard no more, during all my stay in the hill-country. Doubting naturalists may suggest to me that it was, after all, only a crow—that the ravens are extinct in the Blue Ridge wilderness; but a raven it is in my notes, a raven it was, a raven it must stand. Maybe the botanists will no more credit me when I state that I found purple lupines on a sandy slant blooming above the violets and Claytonias. It was a sunny southeastern slope of warm, light, arenaceous soil, a place for precocious growth. The beautiful pea-like flowers nodded me a gentle welcome. I plucked a fine raceme, with which I decorated my cap, not without some impression that such a plume added a certain debonaire accent to my make-up, which Mr. Jarvis doubtless observed when he met me at his woodpile just outside the rickety fence in front of his cabin.

He looked at me a moment before he responded to my salute. A queer half-smile faltered in the corners of his tobacco-stained mouth. There was something dry and jocular in his countenance; indeed, the whole man somehow suggested an old leather poke full of desiccated conundrums. His head was a ball of wrinkles; even in his hair the skin showed a corrugated network, and his constricted neck, his hands, his wrists, and his chest, where the faded blue cotton shirt lay open, were of like structure. Out of his narrow, pale-gray eyes came a friendly twinkle.

"Howdy!" he drawled, kicking absently at a chunk of wood. "Wha' 'd ye come f'om anyhow?" He looked at me askew and chuckled vaguely.

This was a pretty free inquiry, I thought; but these mountaineers have their way; it is always best to be just as breezy to them as they are to you, and long acquaintance with their pe-



culiarities served my turn. I gave Jarvis as good as he sent, not dreaming that he knew me.

"I came from where I was at," I replied, "and I've got to where I want to be."

He spat sidewise.

"Ya-a-s," he drawled, "hit air not sich a bad place fer yer sort. Kem in, kem in."

"I air poo'ty nigh as good a sort as you," I responded; "but I 'm thirsty clean down ter my toes."

"Nary drap in the jug," he said with a husky sigh, "an' ain't been fer a week."

"It 's water I want. Is the well dry, too?"

"Got nary well. Spring 's all right. Go down thar, ye 'll find er gourd; help yerself."

He made a motion with his pungled head to indicate the direction, and when I went he

followed. After I had filled the parched vial in me, he leered, and said:

"Ye've forgot me. 'Member w'en I fiddled at Spivy Fuller's dance, an' ye was so crazy 'bout the little Widder Aikins?"

As if a screen in my brain had been shifted by his words, suddenly I recollected.

"Why, Jarvis, you old fraud! How did you ever get away up here?"

Through the hurly-burly of twenty years I harked back. The fiddling and the shuffling feet sounded amazingly real and near. In an instant I was squeezing Jarvis's hand, and we were grimacing at each other like two embarrassed boys. Meantime I heard him saying:

"An' ye still air a-shootin' the bow 'n' arry! Lawd, I 'r' glad ter see ye!"

He *was* glad to see me; the beam from his countenance and the timbre in his voice could not have been counterfeit. Moreover, Jarvis was not a man to feign delight. Nature's frankness and sincerity were his, likewise her economy of special favors.

And so I abode with him—the withered and queer old bachelor—in his ramshackle cabin beside the little river, through as gay a period as ever rounded itself. By day I had my will of the birds, and of evenings Jarvis fiddled and spilled his dry humor—it was all honey-sweet, a dripping comb of primitive joy.



Many a sojourn like that has been mine, and every fresh one seems, in the time of it, the best. Down in the Terre Aux Bœufs, years ago, when I outwitted a scarlet flamingo, that red-letter bird of all low-country sportsmen, and bagged it with a fine shot, the arrow stopping it short in air; over on the Rigolets, when I crept upon a great blue heron, under cover of a mere rush-wisp; deep in the Okefinoke; amid the Everglades; on the strange bosom of Okeechobee; beside the darkly lapsing flood of the Kanakakee; and in many another bowman's paradise, where I have gathered and garnered, there was something original; but not one spot in lowland or highland, from the Leelanau to the Kissimmee, excelled the region in which Jarvis was master. Here I had freedom in its purest form, and here I breasted the flood-tide of migrating song-birds, while spying upon all the resident species. Let my note-book, with its sketches jotted down on the spot, speak awhile in testimony of what happened:

"April 19. Struck the cabin of an ancient Georgian acquaintance here by accident. Fiddler, droll and peculiar; living alone in cabin of two bare rooms with open passage between. Shoots a flint-lock rifle to perfection. Makes shingles by hand—saws off the cuts, rives them and shaves them without help—ships them on a raft down the river. Happy as a child and strong as an ox."

"April 20. First day out from Jarvis's. Got up at daybreak. Coffee and bacon. Walked three miles beside the river, making list of birds. Saw wood-ducks on a backwater pond—breeding in hollow trees near by. Killed a fine specimen of the "least bittern" (*Ardetta exilis*), which I needed to complete a study. A time, indeed, I had with it—an hour's campaign! How many

of this species I have taken in the past few years, and still my study is not finished! Jarvis at my heels like a dog."

I give these as examples of notes made of evenings after a day's tramp. Actual field sketches, as I jotted them down, would be scarcely intelligible to the uninitiated reader. It must be easy, however, to catch the spirit of



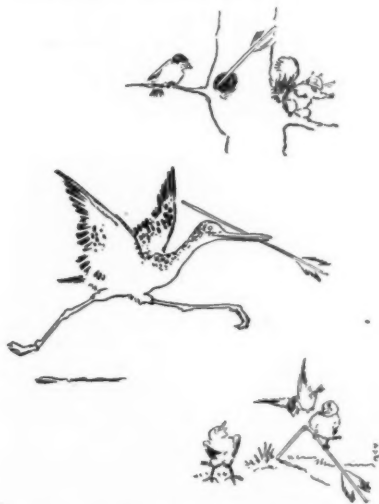
my outing from the hint about the killing of the heron. I recall the whole scene, or series of scenes, with every minute circumstance connected: indeed, I look back and see myself perform, or rather live, the incidents one by one; and the mountain air fans me, the incipient greenery curtains me about, the fragrance has not weakened, the bird-song is as wild and free as ever.

There is a part of sylvan archery which defies description,—a part almost equal to the whole, in fact,—and just there lies the subtle charm. To shoot a bow, or “in a bow,” as the old writers have it, demands next thing to impossibility; you are required to do with absolute exactitude twenty things at once, if the shot is to be good and true; and yet you so frequently approach this perfection that your failures, which are legion, count not at all. In my recorded scores afield there are sometimes thirty misses set down against one hit; yet here and there appears an entry like this: “Crept three hundred yards, sneaking from cover to cover, to get a shot at a hen-hawk. Finally had to take an almost hopeless chance. Hit him just as he lifted his wings to fly. Eighty paces to the root of the tree, where he fell from a bough sixty feet above.” But some of the misses, and here I cannot explain, are set down with as much unction as the hits.



close to the object aimed at—when the bird leaps aside and glares, or squats flat, or jumps stiff-legged straight up—there is a thrill from the bow-arm to the brain, a shock of delight not to be put into literature.

In the case of the little bittern, just mentioned, there was what tests an archer's training. I found it near the pond, in a place where last year's growth of cattail flags covered a bit of bog. It rose and flew twenty or thirty yards, dropping again into cover. The swale was narrow, with solid places here and there on which I could cross, and as nothing in the nature of the ground offered an obstacle to flight-shooting, I determined upon flushing the bird and trying to kill it on the wing. Jarvis, trudging behind me, commented on every detail of my work as it disclosed itself, growing more and more intensely critical when I missed shot after shot. Time and again I felt his breath on the back of my neck, so eager was he to give me raucously whispered advice. Usually the bird rose about twenty or thirty yards distant, and was fifteen or twenty feet up when I let drive. Shot at that angle, my heavy, broad-feathered arrows would not go far, and I usually marked each one down, and went and got it before shooting again. This wrought upon Jarvis until he was actually quivering with excitement, as almost every shaft appeared to clip so close that daylight was obscured between it and the bird—a simple illusion caused by the rapidity of both flying objects. And when at last the hit was made, he quit all restraint and let himself go into spasmodic antics, yelling meantime, and making comments upon the wonderful na-



The archer shoots for the enjoyment of the shot, perhaps, not for the pleasure of bagging a bird, and he can see his missile, can actually measure its course, from beginning to end of its flight. When the shot clips



ture of my shooting, in a voice and with a facial expression droll beyond description. I was glad to get rid of him presently when he had to return to his work. Your sylvan archer gets on better when absolute loneliness is the atmosphere he breathes. After the disappearance of Jarvis I felt free to turn myself loose and make a fine stir in Arcadia. The wildest shooting mood was upon me, and whatever moved became a target for my shafts. I am afraid to make a full record of an hour's business; the wood-pewees whined because of my activity, and the crested flycatcher whistled dolefully; but I laughed and shot and made notes. The ozone seemed almost too plentiful in that delicious mountain air.

My stay with Jarvis added a new note to experience, not so much on Jarvis's personal account as through the accidents of time and place. This genial little valley in the wild mountains, with a rivulet—the upper water of a beautiful river—flowing down its center, and bottom-lands, bordered with terraced and rock-littered fells, on each side, was a roadway over the Blue Ridge, up which at a leisurely pace these singing and chirruping migrants wended northward. Every morning I was out early to get the full benefit of their clashing medleys. Jarvis, finding out (in spite of my best efforts to conceal it) that I preferred solitude to company, cooked a simple breakfast every morning before sunrise and went to his work. I often heard his ax or saw ringing merrily as I crept silently through the woods and copses, or sat at the foot of some noble tree to reflect and make notes. Once he came upon me asleep at noonday, my bow and quiver leaning against the huge bole of a white oak, the buttressed roof of which served my head for pillow. His heavy footfalls awoke me, and my first glimpse of him connected him

vaguely with a half-remembered, fantastic dream of Arcadia, satyrs, and fluting, goat-skin-mantled youths. In a word, I had been reading Theocritus, according to an unalterable habit, when slumber shut down upon me. The little dog-eared book was to Jarvis a mystery. He could read; but "thet air do not 'pear like nothin' to me," he said. It was, indeed, Greek to him.

A pirogue, the most skittish craft that ever danced on water, was placed at my command by Jarvis. In it I made some interesting voyages up and down the stream to study the birds that haunted the banks and water.

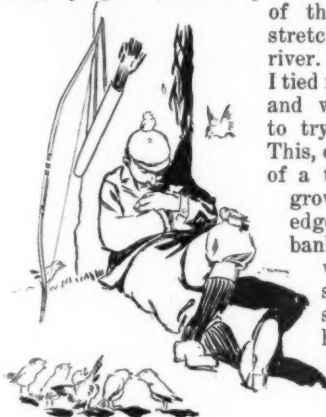


Nowhere else have I ever seen so many kingfishers. They checkered the air in places with the blue streaks of their flight, and their chuckling cries were almost constantly in my ears. Many wood-ducks, probably the same I saw about the back-water pond, flitted over me, or rose from the pools ahead of me. I was tired of Jarvis's eternal corn-bread and pork, hungry for a snack of game, and so I deliberately broke the rule against spring duck-shooting to the extent of bagging one beautiful pair, or rather two males, of those toothsome birds.

A negro tilled a part of Jarvis's little farm, a patch of ground on each side of the river, which here doubled on itself with a short curve. The land looked very rich, and the part cleared was planted in corn. The ducks, to avoid me, adopted the tactics of swinging



around the river's arc; and then when I came in sight of them they would cut across the field, flying low, and drop under the bank



of the opposite stretch of the river. So finally I tied my pirogue and went afoot to try creeping. This, on account of a thin brush growth at the edge of the banks, which were in some places steep and high, gave a better chance of success.

After an hour and a half of hard but exhilarating work, missing many shots and losing four good arrows, I killed my two birds and bore them in triumph to Jarvis's cabin. Here again I may take a page or two out of my note-book:

"Made a fine shot this P.M., killing a wood-duck under the bank diagonally across the river from where I stood full seventy yards. Had missed eleven shots, and gone miles back and forth, much of the time crawling from one reach of the stream to the other. It actually looked as if I could not do anything but shoot over a bird, or short of it, or to one side or the other. This sort of luck is hard on one's nerves. Found myself bathed in perspiration, mopping my face, as excited as though I had been stalking tigers. The ducks were not very shy at first, but shooting at them soon made them skittish. Killed my first one by an easy plunging shot—plumped a shaft almost straight downward upon its back from a bluff's edge. But the second one was memorable on account of the circumstances, which



I enjoy thinking about and recording while Jarvis snores on his bed in the corner, and the frogs somewhere sing a grating, underground song. I hear the sound of my shot, in spite of these noises, a sort of pervading sweet echo, going, as it were, from place to place in my brain, filling me with a savage yet delicate delight. I stood staring at my bird, just discovered under the farther bank



of the stream, where it evidently thought itself quite hidden. A ray of sunlight made its variegated side shine like a cluster of gems seen through a latticework of long, dry grass hanging down from the bank. Seventy yards was the range, as I reckoned it instantaneously while drawing the arrow up in the bow. I see now, just as I saw then, all the particulars of the landscape. The little field, the trees and height beyond, the narrow, shallow river lapsing with a gentle swash, the kingfishers streaking the amber air, the drooping sear grass, the wood-duck, and the cool cavern of the bluff beyond it—all that I saw, and yet my vision was focused steadfastly on the bright spot at the butt of the bird's gay wing. And smoothly slipped my shaft across my bow until I was aware of the pile's



end resting for the tenth part of a second almost even with the bow's back. *Scutch! siz-z-z! chuff!* The recoil first, the whisper



of the feather, a grayish line in the air, a low arch sprung from my eye to the bird, and then a puff of feathers."

These two ducks and one turkey were the only table comforts added by my archery to the menial comforts of the Jarvis cabin. I bagged the gobbler, with a shot not at all remarkable, from behind a huge tree. He had just made the exclamatory remark, "Pitt! pitt!" when I thumped him over at fifteen yards, his legs actually bent for a spring into the air that very moment. We feasted upon him until his bones were as clean as water-washed plane-tree roots. His wing-feathers I carefully plucked and saved for my arrows.

One day it rained so that going out was not practicable until four in the afternoon. Then the sun burst forth and the wood shook with the merriest explosion of bird-song far and near. A change in the direction and temperature of the wind was followed by a wonderful apparent intensification of the foliage in color and density of massing. No sooner were the boughs done dripping than I went abroad, not to shoot, but to stray and revel in the freshness. Some of my arrows had their feather-vanes fixed in place with a patent glue which the dampness of the air dissolved; wherefore when a squirrel tempted me sorely, lo! a featherless shaft lay across my bow, and my drawing-fingers were sticky with gum arabic. From distance to distance rattled the fine laughter of birds making glee at my discomfiture.

All periods, good and bad, joyous and sorrowful, come to an end. Jarvis had a load of shingles to haul by cart far down the river. He insisted upon having me keep house for him during his considerable absence, but I could not consent. Following a trail northeastward over a mountain spur, I found the highway—an atrocious pair of ruts winding among the rocky knobs—which would sometime lead me to a railway-station where my trunk and bags were awaiting me. And

it was a jolly tramp from cabin to cabin—not one mountain household turned me away—a slow and halting wander-week, with side excursions into bird-haunts and dreamy resting-spells. Spring went apace with me; the dogwood clumps began to flash their white blossoms; fragrance varied and strengthened each morning; new wild flowers sparkled beside the boulders and between the rusty roots of the wayside trees; while even on the highest cliff-fanged mountain-peaks spread a tender film of green.

A short paragraph in my notebook runs thus:

"Came to a pine wood thinly set on a level plateau. Heard red-cockaded woodpeckers at work. Went to get a specimen for study. They were high in the pine-tops, mostly hidden. Now and again I tried a shot at one far aloft, and had but the satisfaction of pounding a solid piece of wood or clipping off a green frond. The ground under the trees was lightly covered with pine-needles, and my arrows descending stuck upright, showing their gay feathers here and yonder clearly against the russet background. In the road a little way off a lank mountain boy sat on his mule astride of a grist-bag. He had been, or was going, to mill, and gazed at me long and vacantly."

Before I reached the town where I was to take the train for home and work, I sat

Upon a lofty peak, amid the clear blue sky, as Mrs. Hemans said it, and looked down into a wide, fertile, well-tilled valley, through which flowed that loveliest of mountain rivers, the far-famed French Broad. So clear was the atmosphere that with my glass I could almost see the separate bright leaves on the orchard trees embowering the cozy farm-houses. The



prospect sent up to me something like a shock of civilization, and I felt a breath of man's latest aspirations, while from far away behind me came the fading voice of freedom and the wilderness. I vaguely feared to turn and look back over my shoulder, lest I should be tempted beyond resistance and retreat before the countenance of thrift and traffic.

But down the airy slope I featly trod, soon reaching a genuine public highway, smooth and broad, with beautiful fields rolling off on each side in gentle billows of rich brown soil, over which the plows and harrows were trailing their sketchy lines, loosing an opulence of earthy odors as sweet as blossom-breath to my nostrils. Meadow-larks sang, in clear, lonesome tones, a haunting snatch, which might have been blown, as "sweet sleep" was blown, from the "lonesome-sounding reeds" (*έρημιαίους καλάμους*) of the unknown Greek poet. Then a long railway-train, with great billows of black smoke above it, hove in sight, coming around a mountain's knee to rush howling across the river into the village beyond a wooded ridge.

Not yet quite ended, however, was my archer's outing; its spirit flared up brightly once again before guttering and winking out. Where the road crossed a brook, I stood for a few minutes leaning on the wooden rail of the bridge, idly watching some minnows at play in the clear swirls below. Always nature offers temptations—a new charm, never exactly felt before, comes with every fresh combination. A little aquatic bird—you may certainly know the difference between water species and land species by their motions—flew under the bridge and passed on, just above the brook's current. A moment later another followed, and both neatly curved their line of movement to coincide with the stream, soon passing out of sight behind some bushes. It was compulsion; I could not even try to resist; and without fixed purpose I sprang down from the bridge and gave chase, not to the birds themselves,—the pursuit was of two shimmering phantoms, and they lured me on and on,—not with any particular desire to shoot, but only to go up

the stream, away from the road, into a new, untrodden place, where something indescribable, yet very real, something I liked beyond expression, lingered and wavered and shone.

I had proceeded up the way of the brook not more than two hundred yards when I saw my birds side by side on a little spit in the middle of the current. They were odd-looking forms—small bodies on long, stiffly set legs. Under them in the water stood inverted duplicates, and behind them sparkled the wavy reach of clear brook-bosom, which seemed to impart its tricky motion to their wings and necks. These aquatic birds certainly have peculiarities like those of water; the kinship of life and its habitat is one of nature's open secrets.

Instantly my dreamy spell dissolved, as ice in fire; up went my bow, and away sped the arrow. It was preposterous to expect a hit at that distance; but your archer always expects a hit; nor is his disappointment great when expectation ends as it ended then. For he has learned the sweet truth of that ancient saw: "Pursuit is more enjoyable than possession." One of the birds saw me getting ready to shoot, and flew. The other one, however, stood its ground, acting as if it spied something in the water that it meant to get. The distance was so great that I could not be sure; but I could have enthusiastically deposed that the shaft struck exactly between that doddler's feet in the sand. Certainly it knocked some pebbles hither and yon. And the bird was so scared by the stroke that, instead of flying, it lifted its wings, and, as it seemed to me, with its feathers all on end and its beak wide open, stared at the firmly planted missile, as at an apparition astonishing beyond endurance. Then it sprang into the air and zigzagged crazily away.

A sparrow-hawk next got my attention by wheeling about overhead, letting fall upon me a bickering shower of keen notes. When it lighted upon a tall dead tree I shot at it from behind a clump of pussy-willows. The sound



of my bow, although very slight, startled it, and it came near flying in the way of an arrow far out of line. Every once in a while a bird actually thus assists a poor shot and bags itself, so to say. I followed the little hawk from tree to tree, shooting at hopelessly long range, only to see the arrows fly, and to hear the long sighing note of the feathers swiftly diminish in the distance. It was leisurely exercise, suited to the cool yet sunny and dreamy weather.

I walked across some freshly plowed ground, where the young maize was out, twi-leaved and emerald-bright, in clusters of from two to five plants, in hills about three and a half feet apart. The tilth was fine, my boots sinking into it ankle-deep. Here I saw my first bluebirds of the season fluttering from stump to stump—the field had been recently cleared of a forest—and blowing their tender flute-phrases. Then I entered a piece of wooded pasture-land where the cows seemed to be finding food, although I saw little grass. Flickers darted up from the ground here and yonder, bounding away through the air, their line of flight showing a series of long undulations; and each bird whacked the bole of a tree and stuck there, a sheeny spot of brown and gold speckled with black.

I would not have wantonly killed one of those beautiful creatures for any price; but I shot at them from afar, just to drop an arrow somewhere close enough to them to startle them. At a hundred yards I could do this, and once it looked for a moment as if a miracle of accuracy or accident were to be compassed; for the shaft, flying beautifully, went curving over, with such steadiness, and in a line so marvelously true, that when it approached the bird I felt a compunction dart through my mind. I thought it a center shot until it struck. The flicker was a good hundred yards distant from me, and I could make it out only by its movements while pecking for grubs. The arrow appeared actually to fall upon it, but it was a miss. The leaves and dirt were flung up by the shaft's pile, and out of the little dust-jet rose the flicker like a spurt of dull flame. It was almost a duplicate of the shot at the doddler. I felt not a little relieved, glad that I had missed, but proud of the shot. And that was the closing incident of a memorable outing. A few minutes later I was again in the highway, briskly tramping toward the station, and that night I slept while rushing homeward at the rate of fifty miles an hour.



KNOWLEDGE.

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON.

I HAVE known sorrow—therefore I
May laugh with you, O friend, more merrily
Than those who never sorrowed upon earth
And know not laughter's worth.

I have known laughter—therefore I
May sorrow with you far more tenderly
Than those who never knew how sad a thing
Seems merriment to one heart's suffering.



DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST.

THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM, FORMERLY CASTLE GARDEN.

TREASURES OF THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.

BY CHARLES L. BRISTOL,

Professor of Biology, New York University.

THE life of the sea has never ceased to fascinate mankind; for sailors have always brought back tales of marvel, which story-tellers from the days of the "Arabian Nights" to the present have perpetuated. So it has happened that from childhood we have been filled with a desire to know more about the unseen inhabitants of the ocean. Nowhere else in the great capitals of the world may this desire be so completely gratified as in the New York Aquarium, and nowhere else may it be gratified without charge.

This is due, on the one hand, to the fact that New York is the only world-capital that is situated on the ocean's edge, and, on the other, to the generosity of the municipality in providing for the amusement and instruction of the people. The adjacent coast offers peculiar advantages for supplying the aquarium with abundant material for exhibition and not less valuable food-supplies, as well as with an unlimited amount of fresh salt water. This factor of a sufficient water-supply is wanting in the aquariums of Europe, and though much has been written about the advantages of using the same water over and over again, the fact remains that such a system has not produced an exhibit worthy to be compared with that in this city.

Another important factor in the estab-

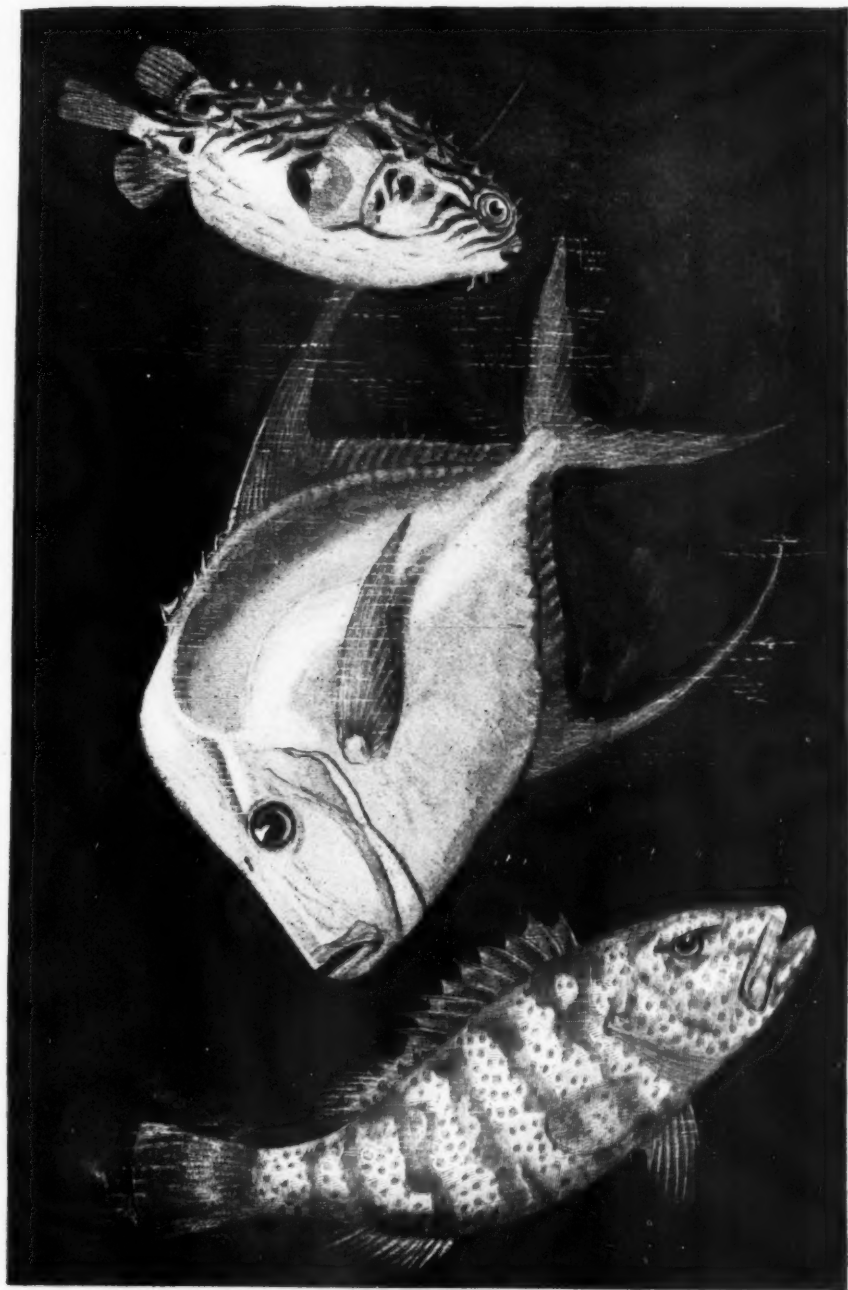
lishment of our aquarium was the fact that a suitable building, properly located, was already available in the historic building, Castle Garden, on the Battery, at the lower point of New York. The aquarium was opened to the public in December, 1896. It is in close touch with the ocean, and supplies the only place of amusement to that part of the city's population that lives below Canal street. Since it was thrown open to the public the attendance has constantly increased, until, for the year just ended, the daily average rose to 5045. On the last Sunday of March 10,000 people visited the aquarium, and on the following Sunday the number was 12,000, and this without any special novelty to attract the public attention. The largest attendance for any one day was 47,360, on August 20, 1898, when the return of Admiral Sampson's fleet drew an enormous crowd to the water-front. From the opening day to the 1st of May, 1900, the attendance has exceeded five and a half millions.

The circular form of the old fort lends itself easily to the needs of the aquarium. On the ground floor are six large pools surrounding a larger central pool. In these are the seals, the sturgeon, and a varied lot of fishes. The wall tanks are arranged in two tiers around the room, and are so planned



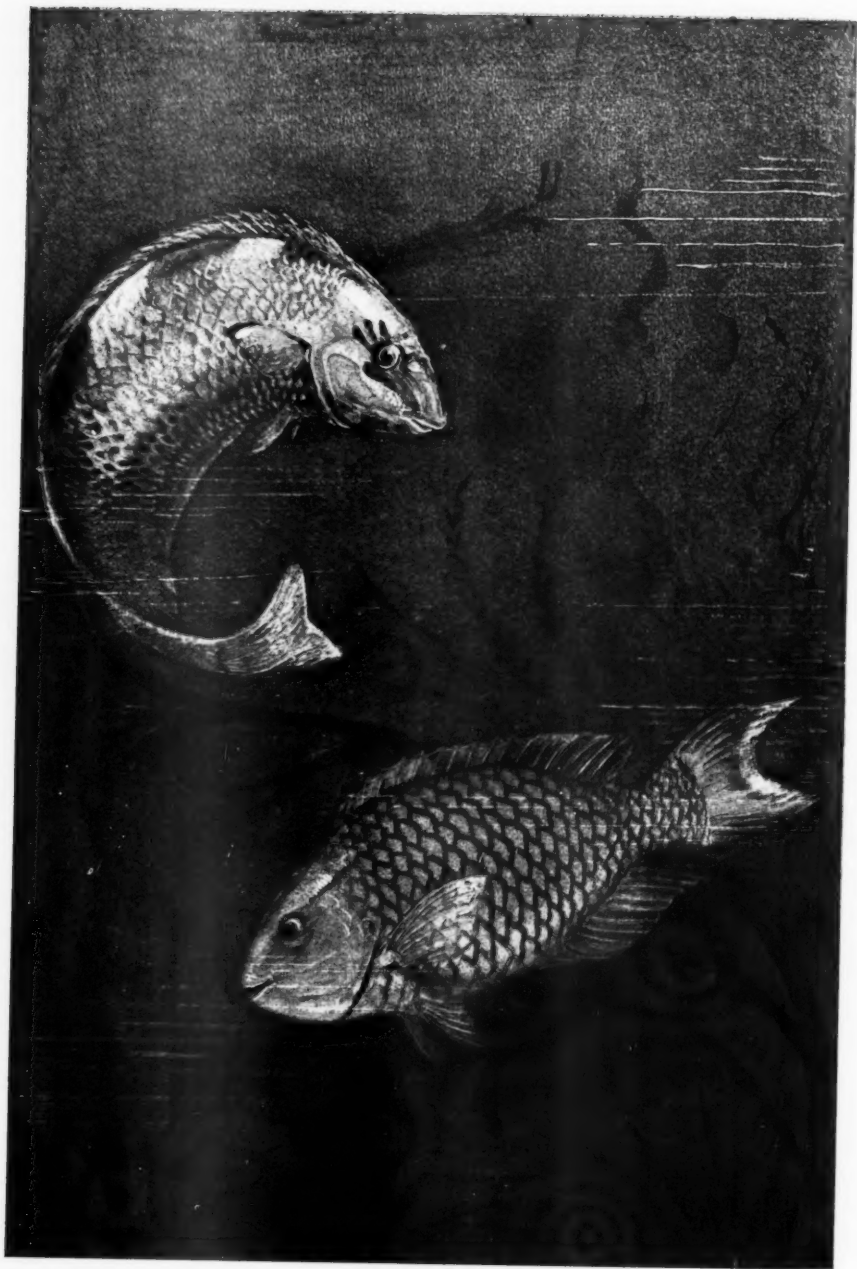
DRAWN BY JAMES C. BEARD.

COW TRUNK-FISH—ORANGE SEA-RAVEN—COMMON TRUNK-FISH.



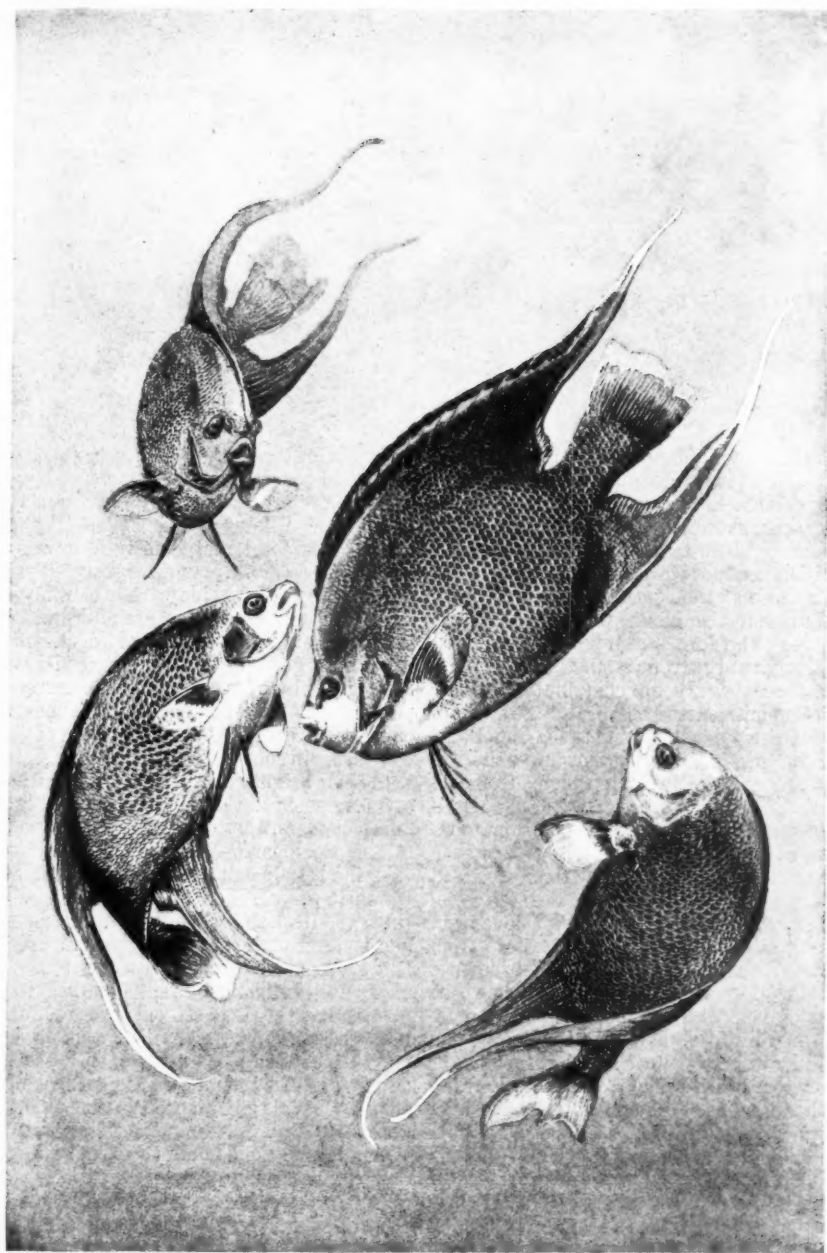
DRAWN BY JAMES C. BEARD.

BURR-FISH — MOON-FISH — SPOTTED HIND.



DRAWN BY JAMES C. BEARD.

PARROT-FISH.



DRAWN BY JAMES C. BEARD.

ANGEL-FISH.



DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST.

VISITORS AT THE

that the only light in them comes from behind and above. This allows the visitor to imagine that he is below the surface of the water, and shows off the fishes to the best advantage. The tanks on the north side of the room are devoted to fresh-water fishes, while those on the south side are given over to those that live in salt water.

Among the former the most notable display is that of the trout family. For the most part, these have been contributed by the Fish Commissioners of several States. From the Mississippi valley come the channel catfish, the garpike, and the bowfin, while the whitefish and the mud-puppy come from the Great Lakes. On the salt-water side is a well-selected display of the common food-fishes of the adjacent coast, together with many of the strange, uncanny forms not used for food, such as the toadfish, the sea-raven, the shy crevallé, and the weird moonfish. Among all the fishes, however, those from the tropics are conspicuous for their beauty, and no other aquarium has ever shown so many or such perfect specimens. Their presence in New York is due to the suggestion of General Russell Hastings that they might be procured in Bermuda, and the collecting and handling has been done by the New York University biological expeditions at its tropical biological station in Bermuda. The problem of transporting these warm-water fishes into the cool waters of this vicinity was successfully solved through the cordial coöperation of the Quebec Steamship Company and the keen interest of its officers and engineers.

These fishes from Bermuda are, for the most part, similar to those that abound in the waters of the West Indies. They dwell

among coral reefs, in clear, transparent water, under a blazing tropical sun, and their colors are in harmony with their surroundings. The sea-gardens, as they are called, of a coral reef display a surprising wealth of color. Great sea-fans of Tyrian purple grow side by side with others of gorgeous yellow. Here a clump of seal-brown sea-roids rises out of a crimson bed of seaweed. The bright green of the sea-lettuce vies with the pure white of some of the lime-secreting plants, while the corals and sea-anemones contribute patches of brilliant colors of various hues. In such environments these fishes, with their bright colors, move about without attracting notice, though they become highly conspicuous in the tanks.

The green parrot-fish resembles its namesake the bird in color, and feeds on shellfish, which it grinds, shell and all, in its powerful jaws. Its flesh is thought to be poisonous, and is never used for food. The squirrel-fish is a pugnacious, great-eyed scarlet fish of exceeding brilliancy. The hind-fish is so plentiful and so little esteemed for food that it is passed by with contempt, though it is one of the most beautiful of fishes. The angel is rightly named as far as looks go; for its lapis-lazuli color, the long golden streamers from its fins, and its graceful swimming motions combine to make it, *par excellence*, the show-fish of the place. In all other respects it is anything but angelic. It carries a long, sharp spur on each gill-cover, with which it rapidly and surely inflicts a fatal wound on any other fish that comes near it, and it will pester and tire out by continual chasing any other occupant of its tank too quick to allow it to come near enough to wound. The surgeon-fish is a



NEW YORK AQUARIUM.

solemn-looking fellow much the shape of a melon-seed, with two tangs, or lances, in its tail. Its color is a deep turquoise-blue. The trunk-fish and its near relative the cow-fish look like animated triangular boxes. The body of each is perfectly rigid, the little fins and tail being the only movable parts. It is another very meddlesome fish, not tolerating any other kind near it; but its odd motions and inquisitive looks make it a favorite with visitors. Another peculiar fish is the speckled moray, a species of eel of a bright-green color, flecked with numerous spots of vivid yellow. Lying huddled together in the tank they have a most ferocious look; but they are, in fact, quite tame. In their homes they lurk in caves and crevices, darting out upon their prey as it passes. A specimen of the great black moray, measuring over seven feet in length and two feet around its neck, was captured last summer, and is at present thriving in one of the tanks. This kind is justly feared by the native fishermen, for when this specimen was being transferred from the boat to a tank it bit a good-sized chunk off the edge of a hemlock plank an inch and a half thick. When one of the fishermen was asked to procure a specimen for the aquarium, he looked up in surprise, and said very seriously: "Do you know what I'd do if I saw a black moray coming up on my line over that side of my boat? Why, sir, I'd jump right over the other side!"

It is difficult to appreciate the continuous efforts necessary to maintain a large aquarium. To the present head, Colonel James E. Jones, and his able assistants, Messrs. L. B. Spencer and Washington Denyse, the continued success is largely due. A broken

pump, a sudden bursting of a pipe, a little carelessness in feeding, or one of many other contingencies, would quickly depopulate the tanks, yet since the building was opened to the public no accident has interrupted the exhibit.

At times the danger-line has been perilously near. During one winter a heavy snow-storm set in on a Friday, when the stock of coal is usually replenished. The dealer waited for the storm to pass by, but Saturday found the streets impassable and the cold intense. With the utmost economy the coal-supply gave out at midnight on Saturday. To stop the pumps meant death to the whole population, and all hands began to collect old lumber and boxes to keep the fires going. Soon after daybreak on Sunday the wood-supply gave out; but, fortunately, at this juncture a small load of coal was dragged to the door, and disaster was averted.

Many an anxious consultation is held over fishes that refuse to eat or that develop some disease and lose their wonted vigor. This one needs a salve for some wound, that one is suffering from some fungous growth. The latter is treated by hydropathy literally; that is, if it is a fresh-water fish, it is put into salt water, and vice versa, for the fungi that live in one kind of water cannot live in the other.

Sometimes a fish will refuse to eat for days, as did the large moray that came from Bermuda. At one time this great eel fasted for eighteen days, and at another time for twenty-seven, thus causing its caretakers the utmost anxiety. Eagerly they study the bill of fare provided for their patients. Now a live herring is offered, now a dead one;

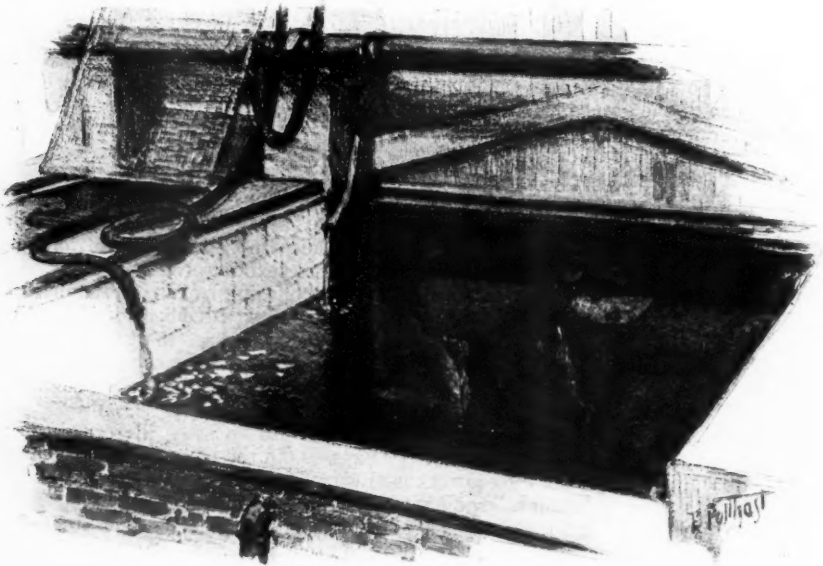
now a soft-shell clam in the shell, now a quahog minced fine; and so on through the list until the fasting animal is enticed to eat. The most attractive morsel to a moping fish seems to be a strip cut from a salted codfish and manœvered about on a long stick to give it the appearance of being alive.

The regular daily feeding of the animals is another source of care, not only in regard to the special diets of the various kinds of fishes, but also in the serving. The dietary is quite varied, as some fish are vegetarians, many carnivorous, and a few omnivorous. The vegetarians are few in number, and feed on soaked cereals or green plants in season. The carnivores have various tastes: some are fond of soft-shell clams alive in the shell, others will eat only quahogs or little-neck clams minced fine; some will eat only living fishes that they can capture, others thrive on fresh dead fishes from which the bones have been removed; some require a diet of live shrimps or small crabs; and almost all enjoy a bit of salted codfish as a delicacy. Besides the fishes there are the turtles, seals, lobsters, sea-anemones, and others to provide for, each requiring a special knowledge of its wants and habits through all the seasons. The number of mouths to be fed regularly exceeds three thousand, and the supply of food comes largely from Fulton Market; but the live

fishes and shrimps must be caught and handled by the attendants, who draw their supplies almost entirely from the near-by waters of Sheepshead and Gravesend bays.

Another matter of prime importance to the welfare of the inhabitants is the constant circulation of the water in ample volume. The regulation of the temperature also requires constant attention. Fishes are commonly called cold-blooded; they are, in fact, variable-blooded, and are keenly susceptible to fluctuations in the temperature of the water. In the aquarium, not less than in the open water, these sensibilities play an important part in the life of the fishes, and success in management means almost hourly attention to the regulation of the temperature. The New York Aquarium is furnished with a refrigerating-apparatus on the one hand, and a warming-apparatus on the other, so that salmon from the icy waters of Maine may feel at home, while the tropical fishes are comfortable in the neighboring tanks.

The crowning feature of our aquarium is the great diversity of its exhibits. In no other aquarium are the fishes drawn from so large an area. The waters of half a continent and its seaboard are laid under contribution for representative specimens; and though they bring with them widely different habits and peculiarities, they find congenial quarters, and thrive in them.



DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST.

LOOKING THROUGH A FISH-TANK FROM ABOVE AND BEHIND THE SCENES.

DR. NORTH AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL,

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Characteristics," etc.

PART SIX.

X.

ON Wednesday Clayborne came to tell me that we must take Sibyl and himself for a week, because of plumbers in his house. We were all well pleased, and none more than Alice, for on this Saturday there was to be a woman's convention in favor of female suffrage. Delegates were expected from States as remote as Florida and Montana, and many subjects of interest were to be discussed besides the main question. My wife was always attracted by such reformatory movements as were to end in fulfilling the prophet's words: "The Lord hath created a new thing in the earth, A woman shall compass a man." When it came to putting in practice certain of these reforms, she soon began to see so many difficulties that her brief enthusiasm by degrees faded away. To the ludicrous aspect of some of the changes advocated she was, perhaps, even too sensitive. Her friend Anne Vincent once said: "My dear, I hope I shall never present myself to you as laughable. A jest to you is what the sternest logic is to Mr. Clayborne." This was certainly clever, but was hardly true, and was only half meant. Indeed, a good deal of Mrs. Vincent's brilliant talk at times needed the gentle exegesis of friendly disbelief.

A week or two later we promised to go to the studio. St. Clair had been at work on a pedestal for Keats's vase, and desired us also to see the bust of Xerxes Crofter.

It was about 4 P.M. when we entered. Vincent was too busy to come early. We found Clayborne seated in a corner, deep in a book on Greek vases. Sibyl Maywood was in a chair in front of the vase, and to her St. Clair was reading with passionate emphasis the poem of Keats.

He paused as we came in, and greeting us, said: "I was just saying to Miss Maywood that in English there are but two, perhaps three, poems which deal with their

subjects as this does. It makes throughout an unusual claim on the imagination, and failing of this interpretive aid must seem pure nonsense. There are lines, passages, verses, which ask the same form of unreserved mental sympathy, but here the need runs through the whole poem. There is in it the undying springtime of joy and love. I never liked the last two lines. They lack relation to the rest of it. Truth may be, in a sense, beautiful; it is not beauty; and is beauty truth? I wish he had lived to alter the lines. I am self-assured he would have done so."

"How joyously extravagant it is!" said Mrs. Vincent. "I have no heart to quarrel with it. The other poem is, of course, Shelley's fantasy of the skylark; and the third?"

"No one has seen," said St. Clair, laughing. "Look at my pedestal."

It was of white, or rather of rose-gray, marble, square, and about two feet and a half high. Above was a wreath of grapes and leaves carried around all four sides. Below were lilies. In front he had set a noble relief of the dead face of Keats, and had given it a look such as I had never seen in a marble face.

"What is it gives such tenderness to the closed eyes?" I asked.

"Look; go nearer," he replied. "I have ventured to indicate by chisel touches on the lower lids the sweep of his eyelashes. I shall be told it is not good art. I don't care an etcetera. You like it?"

"Oh, yes, yes," said my wife. "Where have I seen that before? Oh, now I remember. It is on the tomb figure of Guidarello Guidarelli at Ravenna."

"Yes, that beautiful thing. I have succeeded, have I not? Now look at the two sides. At the back I have put a broken hour-glass."

On one of the two sides was a Greek youth in relief, and on the other side a girl's face. Seeing it, we looked at one another,

but made no remark. It was Sibyl. I do not think she recognized herself; indeed, I am sure she did not, a fact which surprised me.

My wife moved around to the front of the pedestal, and said: "Anne, the face of Keats has a look of 'lifelong struggle merged in peace'—rest, if you like. I see a line of verse beneath it. What is it? Ah, that is prettily used," and she read:

"When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain."

St. Clair suddenly threw a sheet over vase and pedestal, and turning away, said: "Here is my Xerxes. I have done him justice." He cast the cover off the marble and stood aside.

He had done him stern justice. All the features were strangely exaggerated. It was a brute, hard, inflexible, rapacious, and capable—a terrible likeness.

"The deuce!" exclaimed Vincent, coming up behind us, having just come in.

"Yes, he is the devil. I hope he will like it. All the man is there. I have taken vengeance for many. But, by George, it is Xerxes."

"Will he like it?" said I.

"Who cares? I would bet he will like it."

"He will not," said Mrs. Vincent. "It is justice without charity."

"He will like it," said Vincent. "What do you say, Sibyl?"

"Say? It is horrible. I cannot look at it any more. It is wicked, wicked," and she walked away.

"A very good likeness," said Clayborne; "rather too strongly—well—accentuated."

The artist had given the eyes a slight slant downward and inward. It was that which gave the look of Mephistophelian intelligence.

"Yet it is not a caricature," said St. Clair.

"No," said I. "There is here only an intensifying of all the worst expressions which belong to the man's face, as men must have seen it at different times. It excites no laughter in one who looks at it."

"But should a caricature always do that?" said my wife.

"Certainly not," replied St. Clair.

"Yours would be a dangerous art if you always used it to bring out on the face subtle confessions of all that is bad in the man," said I.

"Why not all that is good?" said Mrs. Vincent. "Your bust is uncharitable. You do not let us see that this man has, as Mr. Clayborne says, the virtue of fidelity to his

pledges. He is not a liar. He is not avaricious. He has courage. He keeps his word."

"That," laughed St. Clair, "must amazingly add to the difficulties of a career like his."

"Let us drop him," said Vincent. "He has been too long in decent society. Let me see the vase."

St. Clair said: "No; not to-day. You will find tea in the drawing-room."

Why he was unwilling I do not know. Vincent did not urge him.

As we went out, Mrs. Vincent detained him.

"Why," she asked, "did you put Sibyl's face on the pedestal and your own?"

"Oh, because her face has, like the girl's face on the vase, a history of joy which can never mature or be more than it is. And then, it is beautiful, and I wanted to do it."

"Do you always do what you want to do, Victor?"

"Generally."

"Without thought of consequences, Victor?"

When she called him Victor he knew, as he said, that he was vanquished.

"You sometimes make friendship difficult," he said.

"In order," she replied bravely, "to keep it from becoming impossible."

"What am I to do?"

"I do not know." She was vexed, annoyed, void of counsel. But she said, in her just anger: "It was a great liberty, and you put it there because she, too, is never to realize maturity of joy. Incredible, brutal, I call it."

"*Væ victis*," he groaned. "I will smash the whole thing. *Habet*," and he followed the indignant woman, who sat down to her tea in silent wrath.

XI.

THE winter went on, and, as several of us were busy, we met more rarely. Vincent was here and there trying cases. Mrs. Vincent was occupied with her many charities. My wife was struggling in the interests of the newly endowed university for women. She wished it to consist of a group of cottage homes where, besides the higher studies, there should be taught the art and the science of the one natural profession for which no college trains young women. She was having bad luck, and was seriously troubled by the possible loss of a noble opportunity. St. Clair was in one of his pro-

longed moods, which we had learned to forgive. He might be in the city, and yet never see us for a month, and then make up for it by bothering the busy with daily visits. Both Clayborne and I were writing books, and the scholar was twice absent on business in the West.

Mrs. North still tenderly cared for Sibyl, and now and then, when Clayborne was long absent, asked her to visit us for a week or more. Our daughter, who was now in her fifth year, had for Sibyl one of those passionate attachments seen at times in little girls for their elders. As usual, it was imitative. "I am Sibyl," she said one day, and began, to her mother's horror, to walk with an excellent simulation of the gait of Miss Maywood. When told not to do so, she said, "But I can't help it, mama. I am Sibyl." As for Miss Maywood, she loved the little one, related stories, and taught her songs in a clear, true voice of great sweetness and no great volume. It was a pretty love-affair, useful to the child, valuable to Sibyl.

One day, early in May, Mrs. Vincent asked me to call, as she desired to talk to me of Sibyl, who was then at Holmwood for a week during Clayborne's absence.

"Where have you been?" she asked. "I see Alice, but you men are invisible."

"Mr. Clayborne is off again. He is building a few miles of rail to connect his road with another main line. Xerxes declares this to be against their agreement. Clayborne says he made no such agreement, and is joyous over the chance of a lawsuit. Vincent is equally happy in the likelihood of having a shot at Xerxes."

"Really you men are a quarrelsome folk. But I want to talk about Sibyl. Do you know that Victor St. Clair, whom I never see, goes almost daily to visit her? He takes her flowers, he reads to her. You know, Owen, it is the old story. The only time I have seen him of late he raved about her beauty. He says she is like that broken marble head in Rome, in the museum of the Baths of Diocletian, is n't it? The one we agreed to call the 'sleeping vestal.'"

"Yes, I recall it," said I. "He is right."

"Oh, that man, Owen! He has left her face on the pedestal, although he promised he would not. That girl is susceptible of passion; she is sensitive to all forms of beauty; and we know how fatal this man's ways and looks have been. She was meant to love and to be loved. My God, Owen! How will it end? She is utterly unconventional. In a little while St. Clair will drop

her as he has done others. The analytic stage will come, of which we have talked so often, and after that— Ah, it is sad, sad! Some one must talk to him. I said so months ago. You thought me hasty."

"Will you do it now, Mrs. Vincent?"

"I must. I must, I suppose. Vincent sees it. He is greatly concerned. Bring the man to me. I have written to ask him to call. He made no answer. He has probably forgotten. Why do we all care for him? Why does Clayborne spoil him, and leave that girl alone? Really, friends add terribly to the responsibilities of life."

I drove at once to St. Clair's house. I found him lying on the lounge, gazing at Sibyl's profile. He had already begun to justify Mrs. Vincent's prediction.

"It is not as interesting as I thought," he said, as I entered. "The drop from the brow down the nose is not quite Greek. I altered it in the rilievo. The mouth is a trifle too large. It is too expressive. You may have noticed that. I saw it only last week. I am to take a mold of her hand. That is matchless. People do not observe hands. Clark told me last week that he had just painted three children for one of our freshly millioned men. One, a boy, had a beautiful right hand; his left was that of a peasant. But this boy was left-handed and expert with tools."

"That is curious," said I. "Did you get a note from Mrs. Vincent?"

"Yes, but I forgot—oh, here it is." It was unopened.

"Do you value that woman's friendship? You are near to the loss of it."

"I? What! I would give her or Vincent my life at need."

"Then give her an hour of it and make your peace. The people who would give a million and do not give a penny are not made for friendship. We do not want the million. We often want the penny."

"Hang your financial parables! I will go now—or—no—I will go to-night."

I made him dress and go with me at once. Pretending an engagement, I left him with the vexed woman. What passed I heard next day.

"Say? What did I say, Owen North? I said, 'Victor, you have neither heart nor conscience.'"

"That was a promising beginning. What next?"

"I said: 'You go to see Sibyl daily, even when Clayborne is absent. You take her flowers. You read to her. You take her

books. And you do it all merely to look at her. It is cruel. You could do no more if you meant to marry her.'

"Good heavens, marry her! I am not fit to open a door for her.'

"Do not dare to defend yourself.'

"But I do not—'

"Then do it. You are past endurance. Have you begun to see faults yet in her face?'

"St. Clair flushed. 'A girl in her condition, with that tormented frame, must know that for her love, marriage, is impossible. I have only made her life happier,' he said. 'I have not the vanity to presume—to dare to believe—'

"Victor, you have no right to exasperate me by adding fiction to folly. I have seen these little tragedies before. Usually I did not care for the victim. This time it is different. If Sibyl Maywood's body is crippled, her heart is not. It does not reason—'

"I wish you would not talk about her as crippled. It is a horrible word.'

"Nonsense. You will drop her of a sudden, and hurt us—through her. You are incapable of a quiet friendship for this dear child whom God has seen fit to afflict. You will only make life for her sadly difficult. I do not see why we all care for a man whose art makes him so selfish.'

"Nor I," said St. Clair. 'I'll be hanged if I see. What can I do?'

"It is humiliating to a woman to have to say these things. Make some excuse. Go away. God grant it may not be too late. Go somewhere. To any other man I should say, stay and amend your ways. You are good at excuses. Find one.'

"But I have engagements. I have—'

"I never before knew them to stand in your way.'

"I am sorry. I will go. But it does seem a little absurd. I really do not want to go now.'

"Victor, if you wish me ever to speak to you again, you will go at once. Let me add, dear friend, that Fred entirely agrees with me.'

"Oh, hang Fred! I can stand the women."

He was like a child. He took his story to my wife, and what she said I do not know.

"You will have your will," he said later. "I am going. And, confound it, do these women think I am going to kneel down and confess? I had far rather go. O Lord! they know, do they? They think they know everything. *N'importe*. Don't tell, but you

should have seen Anne Vincent's *mise en scène* for my trial. The room was twilight dark, and the dear lady was in some amazing black laces, and not a rose anywhere. Unluckily, Mrs. Leigh came, but the set was not for her. She sat down on the open piano. I was so sorry that woman could not swear. She went soon. I know her disaster contributed ferocity to the dismal after-scene."

"You do not seem much the worse for it," I said.

"No, perhaps not." He became grave. "My dear Owen, you have sometimes misunderstood me. It is really possible—no, I decline to explain, even to you. But try not to think too ill of me. While I am away, write me now and then, and do not be such an ass as to think it needful never to speak of Miss Maywood. You will want to know my plans. It is May. I am going to ride through the Virginia mountains. I do not know where else I may go. I think of going to live in Paris. I am never bad there. 'Not bad,' you say? 'Only thoughtless.' Yes, it requires a good deal of intelligence to be good. Do get these notes answered for me. There were a dozen or more. "I did not show you this. I have had it a month."

It was a telegram: "Bust first-rate. Make another for my house. Check by mail, \$2000. If not enough, wire. XERXES CROFTER."

"And you answered?'

"Yes. I wrote a copy of my reply on the back of this telegram. 'Can't do two busts. Busy. Consider pleasure of making bust sufficient pay. Can't accept money which is not your own. ST. CLAIR.'"

"And he? What did he say?'

"Here is his answer: 'Guess it was worth while to bust me. Don't understand what you mean about money. Check sent. CROFTER.' Then I wired: 'Check returned. ST. CLAIR.' I wrote 'Plunder' across the face of his check, and mailed it to Xerxes."

"Give me these telegrams. I want to show them to Vincent."

So far I had expressed no opinion. St. Clair was in a sensitive mood, dissatisfied with himself, vexed, and with as yet no more real conscience about the trouble his esthetic madness made than was provided for him unasked by the less eccentric morality of his friends. What mischief there was to be made out of the matter of this bust was already made. It was now useless to scold him. He returned to his packing business, while I stood re-reading these astonishing telegrams. Presently St. Clair looked up.

"Why the deuce don't you say something,

Owen? I seem to please no one just now, not even myself."

Thus challenged, I said: "Neither Vincent nor I will agree with you. You should not have replied as you have done. You should not have made that bust what you did. It was unfair. It was not the way to punish him."

"Confound it, Owen! It was the only way."

"Then no way were the better way. And there is no more to say. Xerxes is learning many things, some good and some bad. A little charity might—"

"I can't run a Sunday-school for brigands. Hang the fellow!"

"Yes, with pleasure. But, truly, it is not easy to deal fairly with a man like this, who is cultivating for the first time the decencies of life. Something between kicks and kisses seems to me the thing. I have obliged him, I have set him on his feet again, and I feel—"

"Yes, by George! Dr. Frankenstein; and you are welcome to the man you have remade. You are responsible for whatever beastly things he may do."

"And for all your sins, dear old boy, since I pulled you out of that typhoid scrape years ago."

"Quite true. It has kept me easy in mind ever since. Oh, here is the end of our correspondence. I did not finish. Here is his reply: 'My old doctor used to say, 'Foolitis is an incurable disease.' You have it badly. I have the bust. CROFTER.'"

"You come out pretty even."

"No; he has not yet seen the fun of it. He sent the bust to the New York spring exhibition. Here is what the 'Tribunal' says of it. Take it with you. Perhaps Mrs. Vincent will forgive me when she reads it."

I ran over the article as he resumed his task.

"There is one bust, 'X. C.' by Victor St. Clair, which is a strange and powerful work. It is No. 30. If the man is like it, we are sorry for him. It should be labeled, 'The Scapegoat.' Probably it will turn out to be a class-leader or a Sunday-school superintendent. The face looks as if it carried all the sins of the people. It is questionable whether an artist has a right to set out on a man's features all his worst attributes. A suit for defamation of character should be in order."

"You will hear from Xerxes yet, Victor, or you may never hear. He is said to have a good memory and to be unforgiving. No

one can say what he will do. I fancy him more likely to avenge material injuries, but, like Clayborne, he sometimes finds joy in battle, and fancies a trial of sharpened wits. I think him by nature good-humored."

"Well, so far I am the boy on top. Good-by."

"Ah, one thing more, Victor. Have you done anything about that bas-relief? You took a great liberty, and when you put your own face on the other side you did a worse thing."

"I altered my phiz on the vase and on the pedestal. I will not touch the other—never, never! Great heavens, it is beautiful! I shall keep the pedestal, and that is all I will do."

I felt that enough had been said. "Write me a line, Victor. Don't quite forget us. You have a mighty talent for neglect."

I went away thinking of the two men for whom I was so hopelessly responsible.

XII.

ST. CLAIR was gone seven weeks. He had the grace to write Miss Maywood that he had an errand in the South. When he came back he was at his best. "Was he forgiven?" he asked Mrs. Vincent. He had seen a woman in West Virginia; such a figure! But art was perilous among the mountain people. He had commented upon her figure to her husband, and been promptly asked what the blank was it his business. Mrs. Vincent said she was glad, and hoped the experience would prove of permanent value.

As it was now near to summer, we were all of us about to flit in different directions, and were to dine with Clayborne before we separated. On our way to Holmwood, in the train, Mrs. Vincent said to me:

"Sibyl is not looking well. I have arranged with Mr. Clayborne that she is to go with Fred and me. He has no idea that one can overuse a human machine. The girl is tired. I think I told you or Alice that we have taken a cottage on the bay at Bar Harbor. It is a pleasant wilderness. Few people go there. The anchorage for the yacht is good. You must come and see us, you and Alice and the maids. Alice says yes. St. Clair is behaving himself beautifully."

"Yes; his present love-affair is our little Mary. That, at least, can do no harm."

"I wish I thought the other matter had done none. Sibyl is changed. She is less simple. I came upon her in my drawing-

room yesterday looking at St. Clair's photograph. She put it down hastily and took up another."

"It may be," said I, "that our knowledge and our fears come too late. She is not strong. She has a weak, insufficient heart. But, then, time is a great doctor."

"Yes, soon or late he cures all human ills," she returned sadly.

It was, I think, late at this dinner that Mrs. Vincent, replying to some remark of St. Clair's, said: "I must see this man Crofter. Do ask him to dinner, Fred."

"Cheerfully, my dear. You will permit me to dine at the club that day."

"And," said I, "did he never show you any annoyance as to the extraordinary verdict you pronounced on him that night at Holmwood?"

"Not a sign," said St. Clair. "I think he considered me a kind of art-engine, and not as a subject for hostile remembrance. He may have changed his mind."

"Yes; he will remember," said Vincent. "The debt is doubled. He will collect it as surely as *Shylock*, and it will be from near your heart, Victor."

"I hope you will be careful," said Sibyl, simply.

"What nonsense, child!" exclaimed Mrs. Vincent.

By this time the dusk of the late June twilight was upon us. Candles with tall, old-fashioned glass shades were placed on the table with the fruit. While we discussed where the Keats vase should be set, the shadows deepened under the stars. The dim light, which is not star-given, but seems as if it were the return of radiance stored by day in the sunlit earth, lent to all things the tenderness of indistinct outlines. Fireflies flashed here and there. A gentle hint of silence was in the air. The talk fell away, and for a little while no one spoke. Then, of a sudden, St. Clair pushed back his seat, and began to sing. It was his way, and surprised none of us.

Come through the roses, dear;
Thy gentle kin are they.
The lilies share thy tender fear
Because the month is May.

Come through the shadows, come;
The dreamy hour is still.
The voice of toil is dumb,
On meadow, lake, and hill.

At the second verse, to my surprise, Sibyl's voice joined in. She must have known the song. She might before this

have sung it with St. Clair. The two voices rose pure and sweet in the evening quiet. Mrs. Vincent touched my arm with her fan. I understood. As they ceased, Sibyl said: "We must sing, now, 'The Holy Hour.' It is better than your song. Sing it; I want it now, at once."

She spoke with the eagerness of a child. I was struck of a sudden with the intimacy implied in her manner to St. Clair. It had in it a gentle assurance of trust, of some easy right to the imperative mood. Sibyl was still very natural. She was not yet at the point of self-confession as to her feeling for St. Clair. It might never come.

"He who wrote 'The Holy Hour,'" said St. Clair, "can write a song. Few can. The art is lost. I set it, but Miss Maywood thinks my music might be better."

Then again he began to sing, but Sibyl was silent.

This hour to thee! When as the sun
His course in the high heaven hath run,
And dew upon the earth doth fall,
And clouds their infant light recall,
May I in heart and spirit be

An hour with thee!

This hour be thine! As tender sweet
As to the heart returning feet
That timely come, and hands that bless,
And eyes that add their own caress,
So tender and so timely be

This hour to me.

This hour to thee! And if I weep,
Let hope her watches o'er me keep,
And build a rainbow for my tears
That 'neath this sullen cloud of years
Shall promise brightly I may be

More than an earthly hour with thee.

"Thank you," said my wife.

We had, as it were, a shock when Clayborne, rising, said: "We have had enough, I think. Did it take him long to write it, St. Clair, or did you do it?"

"I did not. I cannot. I wish I could. My heavens, it is so simple, so tender!"

"Stuff!" said the scholar. "Come into the garden and have your tobacco. Pick up those cushions, St. Clair."

Meanwhile Sibyl had disappeared into the house. We followed Clayborne through the roses into the garden beyond, where, in the pallid light, the worn Greek capitals and the sacrificial altar were gray blurs in the evening shade. We sat down at the far side on the marble bench. Vincent stretched himself out on a cushion at our feet, while St. Clair walked to and fro. As we talked

of our summer schemes, I chanced to observe that St. Clair was standing still at the end of the long garden walk. His pipe was out. He was leaning on the altar. A firefly flashed beside him, and I noticed that he was looking at the sky. Again half a dozen of these winged lanterns lighted up his face. He was very quiet. At this moment I saw Sibyl at the upper entrance, a white figure moving with accustomed slowness down the garden walk. She paused, came on, paused again, and, I supposed, would turn into the cross-walk which led to our seat. When I saw that she did not, but went on toward St. Clair, I rose and stepped across a bed of flowers so as to meet her. I felt some vague uneasiness.

"Sibyl," I said softly.

She made no reply.

"Sibyl!"

She still moved on. I was struck with the fact that she appeared not to notice me, and that she did not, as usual, halt in her gait. She moved slowly, but seemed free from awkwardness of motion. Again I spoke, and louder. As she still did not seem to hear me, I took her arm, and said, "This way, Sibyl." We were now near to St. Clair.

She said softly, "Where am I?" and then very low, but in a voice of ecstasy, "My love, I am coming, coming," and instantly became rigid from head to foot as I caught her falling form.

I cried: "Don't be alarmed. She has fainted."

It was really a hysterical attack. Clayborne was troubled. St. Clair, who heard her, was far more plainly disturbed. She was carried to the house and put to bed. My wife and I remained all night. Before morning the girl was clear in mind, but very weak, and quite unable to recall this unpleasant little drama.

"Something happened at dinner," she said. "Did we sing? I went indoors, I think—I forget. Did I faint? Mr. Clayborne was cross."

"People do faint," I said. "No; no one is to blame for fainting. You have been working too hard."

"It must be that, I suppose," she said wearily.

Clayborne was worried, and could not see

how work could hurt any one. The women were wiser. My wife, who hears everything she ought not to hear, said to me: "Hysterics! Yes, and something else. Owen, I have learned to love this girl, and she is so frail and so tender. She gives out her love as a flower gives its odor, asking no return. Was it St. Clair's fault? Anne Vincent will not talk of it. But what to do? She does not love him, Owen, I am sure of that."

"Perhaps not; but if not," said I, "how explain that scene in the garden? In some way he disturbs her, but whether consciously to her or not I cannot say."

My wife was silent a moment, and then replied, "If Sibyl were two people I could comprehend it."

I had seen enough of the double consciousness of some hysterics not to feel surprise at this flash of feminine insight.

"That is not impossible," I said. "I will think about it."

This time Victor was hard hit. Sibyl's rapid emergence from childhood interested him; her freshness, the unexpected way in which her mind worked, were attractive. Her great beauty of face appealed to him. He knew not what had happened. As he did everything in excess, now he told Anne Vincent that he loved the girl.

"It is not true," she said, indignant. "You do not. You cannot."

"No, I don't!" he cried. "I do not know. Why did Mrs. North tell you what she said? As to loving her, I said I did not."

"Then why do you lie about it?"

"Sometimes I must," he said, "and, indeed, I am greatly troubled."

"The girl is very weak, very sick, Victor. At least, so says Owen North. If—if she should die, you would not be blameless."

"I know," he cried, "I know!" and went away, fleeing like a scared bird that has no resort but flight.

He had a human inclination to get away from a place where anything unpleasant had occurred. No one asked him to go. He had behaved well of late. I saw no reason why he should go.

This time he was gone until September. He wrote to me, and spoke of all of us except Miss Maywood, and meanwhile we had scattered for the summer.

(To be continued.)





WAR.

BY F. B. F.

I.

TWO men on thrones, or crouched behind,
With cunning words the world would blind.
With faces grave, averse from spoils,
They weave their thieving, cynic toils.
One thing they mean, another speak;
Bland phrases utter, tongue in cheek.
Stale truths turn lies on velvet lips;
The candid heavens are in eclipse;
From crooked minds, and hearts all black,
Comes WAR upon its flaming track,
And reeking fiends in happy hell
Shout, "All is well!"

II.

Then lives surprise!
While not a devil dares to shirk,
But all his hellish malice plies—
The angels, too, begin their work.
Now every virtue issues forth
And busy is from south to north:
Self-sacrifice, and love, and pity,
Tramp all the rounds in field and city;
Mercy beyond a price, sweet ruth,
Courage and comradeship and truth,
And gentlest deed and noblest thought,
Into the common day are brought.
Man lives at heaven's gate, and dies
For fellow-man with joyful cries.

III.

And all the while hell's imps are free
To work their will with fearful glee.
The beast in man anew is born;
Revenge and lust and pride and scorn,
And glory false and hateful hate,
All join to desecrate the State.



MEMORIES OF A MUSICAL LIFE.

BY WILLIAM MASON.

SECOND PAPER.

MOSCHELES.



HE playing of Moscheles was in a direct line of descent from Clementi and Hummel, and just preceded the Thalberg school. Moscheles was fond of quoting these authorities and of holding them up as excellent examples for his pupils. He advocated a very quiet hand position, confining, as far as possible, whatever motion was necessary to finger and hand muscles; and by way of illustration he said that Clementi's hands were so level in position and quiet in motion that he could easily keep a crown-piece on the back of his hand while playing the most rapid scale passages. I was not much surprised at the accomplishment of this feat, for I knew it had been said of Henry C. Timm of New York, an admirable pianist of the Hummel school, that he could play a scale with a glass of wine on the back of his hand without spilling a drop. I, boy-like, could not resist the temptation to repeat what I had heard. There was a curious expression upon the face of our good teacher, which gave the impression that he thought it a pretty tall story, and my fellow-pupils put it down as a big yarn prompted by a desire on my part to get ahead of Moscheles. Among these was Charles Wehle of Prague, of whom I saw a good deal. Some years later, after I had left Weimar for America, Wehle happened to visit Liszt. My name was mentioned, and Wehle asked, "Did you ever hear his wonderful tale about Timm, the New York player?" Then he repeated the anecdote, but changed the glass of wine to a glass of water. Liszt shook his head incredulously, and said, "Mason never said anything about a glass of water all the time he was in Weimar."

Moscheles was an excellent pianist and teacher, but he was already growing old, and his playing of *sforzando* and strongly accented tones was apt to be accompanied by an audible snort, which was far from musical. However, as a Bach-player he was especially

great, and it was a delight to hear him. One evening, after my lesson, he began playing the preludes and fugues from the "Well-tempered Clavier," and I was enchanted with the finish, repose, and musicianship of his performance, which was without fuss or show. I have never heard any one surpass him in Bach.

Paderewski's Bach-playing is much like that of my old teacher. Several years ago, in company with Adolf Brodsky, the violinist, I attended one of Paderewski's recitals given in this city. After listening to compositions of Bach and Beethoven, Brodsky said: "He lays everything from A to Z before you in the most conscientious way, and through delicacy and sensitiveness of perception he attains a very close and artistic adjustment of values." Thoroughly in accord with Brodsky, I vividly recall the similarity of Paderewski's interpretation to that of Moscheles, both being characterized by perfect repose in action, while at the same time not lacking in intensity of expression. The modern adaptations and alterations from Bach are not here referred to, but the music as originally written by the composer. In Paderewski's conception and performance, like that of Moscheles, each and all of the voices received careful and reverent attention, and were brought out with due regard to their relative, as well as to their individual, importance. Nuances were never neglected, neither were they in excess. Thus the musical requirements of polyphonic interpretation were artistically fulfilled. Head and heart were united in skilful combination and loving response.

While I was in Leipsic, Moscheles celebrated his silver wedding, and one of the features of the occasion was odd and interesting. I forget whether I had the story direct from him or from one of my fellow-students. It is as follows: At the time Moscheles was paying attention to the lady who afterward became his wife he had a rival who was a farmer. What became of the farmer after Moscheles carried off the prize history does not make clear. A friend of Moscheles, an

artist of ability, conceived a unique idea of commemorating the joyous anniversary, and, putting it into act, he painted two portraits of Mrs. Moscheles, one representing her as she appeared on the interesting occasion, and the other giving his idea of how she would have looked after twenty-five years of wedded life had she married the farmer.

JOSEPH JOACHIM.

"LEIPSIK, Wednesday, September 19, 1849." Under this date I find in my diary a note to the effect that Joachim the violinist made me a friendly call at half-past ten o'clock. I had previously called on him to present a letter of introduction which I had received in Hamburg from Mortier de Fontaine.

Joachim made a marked impression upon me as being genial and unassuming in manner. He very cordially invited me to come to his room, saying, "We will play sonatas for violin and pianoforte together." This afforded a fine opportunity to a young piano-student, and, coming as it did without solicitation or expectation, was all the more appreciated. Less than two weeks later, on September 30, I heard him play the Mendelssohn violin concerto at the first Gewandhaus concert of the season, and was enchanted with his musical interpretation of the beautiful composition. A little further on in the diary it is written that the second Gewandhaus concert was given on October 7. The Schumann "Symphony in B Flat Major, No. 1," was played, and "I never before experienced such a thrill of enthusiasm." On Thursday, October 18, the third Gewandhaus concert took place, the symphony being by Spohr, "No. 3, C Minor." An item of special interest regarding this concert is that I heard here for the first time the fine violoncellist Bernhard Cossmann, with whom, in later years, I became intimately acquainted. He was then in the Weimar orchestra and the Ferdinand Laub String Quartet, and was one of our "Weimarische Dutzbrüder."

CARL MAYER.

FROM LEIPSIK I went to Dresden in March, 1850, and stayed there a few months with some American friends who were studying the pianoforte under Carl Mayer, whose very beautiful and finished playing was more adapted for the salon than for the concert-hall. Although I took no lessons of him, I constantly enjoyed his society, frequently

heard him play, and in this way profited much from the association.

I wished, however, to get to work in the more advanced and modern methods, and so decided to go to Alexander Dreyschock in Prague. My departure from Dresden was somewhat delayed because, upon going to the Austrian consul's to get his visé, he refused to give it to me. This was owing to the political disturbances which had taken place in Europe a year or two before. Thereupon I wrote to Dreyschock for his assistance, and he, being on friendly terms with the Austrian minister at Dresden, easily accomplished the desired result.

DREYSCHOCK.

ALEXANDER DREYSCHOCK was one of the most distinguished pianoforte virtuosos of his time, and his specialty was his wonderful octave-playing. Indeed, he acquired such fame in this particular that the mention of "octave-playing" at once suggested the name of Dreyschock to his contemporaries. He was also celebrated on account of his highly trained left hand, so much so that Saphir, the famous Vienna critic, paid tribute to the fact, and wrote a stanza which obtained wide circulation, and which runs as follows:

Welchen Titel der nicht hinke
Man dem Meister geben möchte,
Der zur Rechten macht die Linke?—
Nennt ihn, "Doctor beider Rechte."

An anecdote, related to me by one of his most intimate friends not long after my arrival in Prague, is interesting in this connection, as well as instructive to piano-students. Tomaschek, his teacher, was in the habit of receiving a few friends on stated occasions for the purpose of musical entertainment and conversation. One evening the rapid progress in piano-technic was being discussed, and Tomaschek remarked that more and more in this direction was demanded each day. A copy of Chopin's "Études," open at "Étude No. 12, C Minor," happened to be lying on the piano-desk. It will be remembered that the left-hand part of this étude consists throughout of rapid passages in single notes, difficult enough in the original to satisfy the ambition of most pianists. Tomaschek, looking at this, remarked, "I should not wonder if, one of these days, a pianist should appear who would play all of these single-note left-hand passages in octaves." Dreyschock, overhearing

the remark, at once conceived an idea which he proceeded next day to carry into execution. For a period of six successive weeks, at the rate of twelve hours a day, he practised the étude in accordance with the suggestion of Tomaschek. How he ever survived the effort is a mystery, but, at any rate, when the next musical evening at Tomaschek's occurred he was present, and, watching his opportunity for a favorable moment, sat down to the pianoforte and played the étude in a brilliant and triumphant manner, with the left-hand octaves, thus fulfilling the prediction of Tomaschek. Upon a subsequent occasion he repeated this feat at one of the Leipsic Gewandhaus concerts. Mendelssohn, as I am told, was present, and was very demonstrative in the expression of his delight and astonishment. I will add, for the benefit of those of my readers, should there be any, who are inclined to try the experiment, that certain adaptations are necessary in various parts of the étude in order to get the required scope for the left-hand octaves. Thus, the opening octave passage in the beginning must be played an octave higher than it was originally written.

At the time of which I write (1849-50) very little seems to have been known of the important influence of the upper-arm muscles and their very efficient agency, when properly employed, in the production of tone-quality and volume by means of increased relaxation, elasticity, and springiness in their movements. About the winter of 1846-47 there was a teacher in Boston, comparatively little known, and whose name I cannot now recall, who considered limber wrists as of great importance in octave-playing, and so instructed his pupils. From one of these I learned his manner of application, and immediately putting it into practice, succeeded in accomplishing the most desirable results, and thereafter, as a matter of ease and economy, I never played in any other way. I afterward found that this was one of the main principles of the Tomaschek method as regards octave-playing and as taught and carried into act by Dreyschock, but nothing was said as to the application of the principle to the training of the muscles of the fore and upper arm and shoulder. The direction to the pupil was solely and simply to keep the wrists loose. To be sure, this could not be altogether accomplished without some degree of arm-limberness, but no specific directions were given for cultivating the latter. So far as wrist-motion is concerned, Leschetitsky's manner of playing octaves has much

in common with the Tomaschek-Dreyschock method, if the former may be judged from the playing of most of his pupils, who seem to pay but little attention to the upper-arm muscles. This is quite natural when it is remembered that Leschetitsky was in some sense an assistant of Dreyschock when the latter was at the head of the piano department in the Conservatory of Music at St. Petersburg. The Leschetitsky pupils, however, have a manner of sinking the wrists below the keyboard which was not in accordance with Dreyschock's manner of playing. It seems to me that the latter's method of level wrists is more productive of a full, sonorous musical tone.

I remained with Dreyschock for over a year, taking three lessons a week and practising about five hours a day. I played also in private musicales at the houses of the nobility and at the homes of some of the wealthy Jews, two classes of society which were entirely distinct from each other, never mingling in private life. I met and became well acquainted with Jules Schulhoff, whose compositions for the pianoforte were very effective, but more appropriate to the drawing-room than to the concert-hall.

PRINCE DE ROHAN'S DINNER.

It was customary in Prague to give once a year an orchestral concert of high order, the pecuniary proceeds of which were for the benefit of the poor, and on one of these occasions I played with orchestra a brilliant composition of Dreyschock's entitled "*Salut à Vienne*." It was also the custom, in concerts of this order, to use the name of some nobleman—the higher the better—as patron. On this occasion the name used was that of the Prince de Rohan, a French nobleman who, expatriated, had lived for some time in Prague in a palace of the old Austrian Emperor Ferdinand, who, shortly before the time of which I write, had abdicated in favor of his nephew, the present emperor. A few days after the concert, while I was practising in my modestly appointed room, there was a loud knock at the door, and immediately there entered a servant of the prince in gorgeous livery, who, advancing to the middle of the room and straightening himself up, announced in stentorian tones, "His Highness Prince Rohan invites you to dinner," at the same time handing me a large envelop with a big seal on the back. Without waiting for a reply, he made a low obeisance and left the room.

It turned out that all the principal artists who had taken part in the concert had been invited to the dinner, and on the appointed day one of these, an opera-singer of distinction, came to my room and asked if he might go with me. Never having been to a prince's house, and not knowing what ceremony might be considered appropriate to such an occasion, he conceived the idea of securing a chaperon. The incongruity of his selecting a green American youth for this purpose greatly amused me, but I said, "Come along; they won't hang us for anything we are likely to do." Arriving at the palace five or ten minutes before the hour, the porter at the outer gate refused us admission, saying we were too early. This untoward reception somewhat unsettled us for the moment, but there was nothing for us to do but to walk about until the appointed time. On presenting ourselves again at the gate at precisely the right moment, we were promptly admitted. After passing through the hands of several servants, we were finally ushered into the presence of the prince. He was not an imposing man in appearance, neither was he as well dressed as several of the four or five guests who arrived later, my companion and I being the first-comers. The prince offered me his arm, and led me through the picture-gallery adjoining the reception-room, pointing out the portraits of his ancestors, whose names were mostly familiar to me from French history. As all formality in his manner had passed away, I found the occasion intensely interesting.

Dinner being announced, we proceeded to the dining-room, and, on being seated, the prince said that he would first greet us with a glass of Schloss Johannisberger Cabinet wine, which he had just received from his friend Prince Metternich, the owner of that world-renowned vineyard. As is well known, this Cabinet wine is never on the market, and can be bought only at an administrator's sale, and then commands the highest price. It is not unusual for tourists to pay a large price for this wine on the spot, even then not getting the genuine thing, for the space where the Cabinet wine grows is very small as compared with the rest of the vineyard. Several kinds of red and white wines were served, and various kinds of German beer, as well as English and Scotch ale. Finally, after seven or eight courses, a single glass of champagne—no more—was poured out for each guest. Liquid refreshments, however, did not end there, for we afterward adjourned to the library, where we found a roaring wood

fire in a vast stone chimney-place, where cigars, liqueurs of many kinds, and finally coffee and tea with rum were served. There was no music.

CHOPIN, HENSELT, AND THALBERG.

I HAD always looked forward to taking lessons of Chopin at some period during my sojourn in Europe, but this was not accomplished, on account of his death, which took place in Paris on October 17, 1849. Neither did I ever hear him play. One of Droyschok's anecdotes about him is interesting as well as instructive, for it conveys an idea of one of the principal characteristics of his style. Droyschok told me that, a few years before, Chopin gave a recital of his own compositions in Paris, which he, Droyschok, attended in company with Thalberg. They listened with delight throughout the performance, but on reaching the street Thalberg began shouting at the top of his voice.

"What's the matter?" asked Droyschok, in astonishment.

"Oh," said Thalberg, "I've been listening to *piano* all the evening, and now, for the sake of contrast, I want a little *forte*."

Droyschok spoke of Chopin's extremely delicate and exquisite playing, but said that he lacked the physical strength to produce forte effects by contrast in accordance with his own ideas. This is illustrated by another anecdote which I heard many years afterward from Korbay. A young and robust pianist had been playing Chopin's "Polonaise Militaire" to the composer, and had broken a string. When, in confusion, he began to apologize, Chopin said to him, "Young man, if I had your strength and played that polonaise as it should be played, there would n't be a sound string left in the instrument by the time I got through." I have doubts as to the truth of this story, but give it for what it is worth. It serves to illustrate a principle. However, the distinguishing characteristic of Chopin's piano-playing was his lovely musical and poetic tone, his warm and emotional coloring, and his impassioned utterance. In those days one was not afraid to play with a great deal of sentiment, although pianists who were capable of doing this poetically were rare. In modern times it has become the fashion to ridicule any tendency toward emotional playing and to extol the intellectual side beyond its just proportion. It seems to me that there should be a happy combination and a delicate and well-proportioned adjustment

between the temperamental and intellectual, with a slight preponderance of the former.

An anecdote of Adolf Henselt, also related to me by Dreyschock, is entertaining as well as suggestive, especially to pianoforte-players, who are constantly troubled with nervousness when playing before an audience. Henselt, whose home was in St. Petersburg, was in the habit of spending a few weeks every summer with a relative who lived in Dresden. Dreyschock, passing through that city, called on him one morning, and upon going up the staircase to his room, heard the most lovely tones of the pianoforte imaginable. He was so fascinated that he sat down at the top of the landing and listened for a long time. Henselt was playing repeatedly the same composition, and his playing was also specially characterized by a warm emotional touch and a delicious legato, causing the tones to melt, as it were, one into the other, and this, too, without any confusion or lack of clearness. Henselt, too, was full of sentiment, but detested "sentimentality." Finally, for lack of time, Dreyschock was obliged to announce himself, although, as he said, he could have listened for hours. He entered the room, and after the usual friendly greeting said, "What were you playing just now as I came up the stairs?" Henselt replied that he was composing a piece and was playing it over to himself. Dreyschock expressed his admiration of the composition, and begged Henselt to play it again. Henselt, after prolonged urging, sat down to the pianoforte and began playing again, but, alas! his performance was stiff, inaccurate, and even clumsy, and all of the exquisite poetry and unconsciousness of his style completely disappeared. Dreyschock said that it was quite impossible to describe the difference; and this was simply the result of diffidence and nervousness, which, as it appeared, were entirely out of the player's power to control. Pianoforte-players frequently experience this state of things. The only remedy is freedom from self-consciousness, which can best be achieved by earnest and persistent mental concentration.

ANTON SCHINDLER, "AMI DE BEETHOVEN."

AFTER finishing my studies with Dreyschock, I went to Frankfort, not to study under any particular master, but in order to enjoy the opera and the musical life there. Moreover, two or three of my old Boston friends were temporarily settled there, pursuing their musical studies.

Anton Schindler, one of the well-known

musical characters of the day, and who had been Beethoven's most intimate friend during the latter years of the great composer's life, lived at Frankfort, and, being members of the same club, the Bürger Verein, I often enjoyed the pleasure of his society, and heard much concerning Beethoven. Schindler had written a life of Beethoven, and was naturally very proud of his close association with the great master. During his residence in Paris, some years previous to the time of which I am writing, he caused to be printed on his visiting-cards, "Anton Schindler, Ami de Beethoven."

He worshiped his idol's memory, and was so familiar with his music that the slightest mistake in interpretation or departure from Beethoven's invention or design jarred upon his nerves—or possibly he made a pretense of this. He held all four-hand pianoforte arrangements of works designed and composed for orchestra as abominations. Extreme sensitiveness is a rôle sometimes assumed by men in no wise remarkable, in order to enhance their own importance in the eyes of others. Schindler's attitude as to the undesirability of orchestral pianoforte arrangements will meet with the approval of many, but he certainly carried his sensitiveness in regard to the interpretation of Beethoven's works to amusing extremes.

Every winter a subscription series of orchestral concerts was given in Frankfort, each program of which included at least one symphony. The concerts took place in a very old stone building called the "Museum," and on the occasion here referred to the symphony was Beethoven's "No. 5, C Minor." It so happened that, owing to long-continued rains and extreme humidity, the stone walls of the old hall were saturated with dampness, in fact actually wet. This excess of moisture affected the pitch of the wood wind-instruments to such a degree that the other instruments had to be adjusted to accommodate them. Schindler, it was noticed, left the hall at the close of the first movement. This seemed a strange proceeding on the part of the "Ami de Beethoven," and when later in the evening he was seen at the Bürger Verein and asked why he had gone away so suddenly, he rather gruffly replied, "I don't care to hear Beethoven's 'C Minor Symphony' played in the key of B minor."

SCHINDLER AND SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE.

ANOTHER story current in Frankfort at this time further illustrates Schindler's peculiarity. Among the noted musicians living

in Frankfort was a theoretician, Swiss by birth, named Schnyder von Wartensee, who was of considerable importance in his day. Schindler and Von Wartensee had lived in Frankfort, but had never met each other, although common friends had at various times made ineffectual efforts to bring them together. They were both advanced in years, and, as it seemed, ought to have been genial companions. Possibly the failure to arrange a meeting had been due to Wartensee's being older than Schindler, and thus in a position to expect the latter to call first, while Schindler, being "Ami de Beethoven," felt it beneath his dignity to make the first move. However, some time previous to my arrival another plan for an interview was contrived, and as so many previous ones had failed the outcome of this was watched with interest.

By the exercise of considerable diplomatic tact Schindler was persuaded to agree to call upon Wartensee and to fix a time for the visit. The friends of the gentlemen had all been looking forward with much interest to the result of this meeting, hoping thereby to hear a great many musical reminiscences, and a committee was appointed to watch Schindler and make sure that he kept the appointment. After a while the committee returned to the Bürger Verein and reported that they had seen him almost reach Wartensee's house, then pause for a moment, and suddenly turn and hurry away. Later Schindler himself came in, and being questioned concerning the interview, exclaimed, "Bah! as I got near the house I heard them [Wartensee and his wife] playing a four-handed piano arrangement of the 'Eroica.'"

FIRST LONDON CONCERT.

IN January, 1853, my stay in Frankfort was brought to an end by a letter from Sir Julius Benedict asking me to come to London to play at one of the concerts of the Harmonic Union at Exeter Hall. I accepted the engagement, and made my first appearance in London under Benedict's conductorship, playing Weber's "Concertstück." Last year, an account having been published in a London paper of the very delightful celebration of my seventieth birthday by my pupils, past and present, and by many of my friends, I received an inquiry from an old lady living in London, asking whether I was the same William Mason whom she had heard in

Exeter Hall nearly half a century ago. I accepted only one other engagement to play in public, though I remained near London for more than two months, just to look about.

I was much impressed with the extent to which Mendelssohn's influence prevailed in English musical matters. I met a great many excellent musicians there, especially several fine organists; but a large majority, both in their ideas and in their style of playing and composition, were nothing but Mendelssohns in "half-tone," and to some extent this is still true of England.

LISZT IN WEIMAR: "DIE GOLDENE ZEIT."

AFTER my London visit I was obliged to return to Leipsic to transact some business, and I decided to call on Liszt in Weimar en route. My intention was to make another effort to be received by him as a pupil, my idea being, if he declined, to go to Paris and study under some French master.

I reached Weimar on the 14th of April, 1853, and put up at the Hotel zum Erbprinzen. At that time Liszt occupied a house on the Altenburg belonging to the grand duke. The old grand duke, under whose patronage Goethe had made Weimar famous, was still living. I think his idea was to make Weimar as famous musically through Liszt as it had been in literature in Goethe's time.

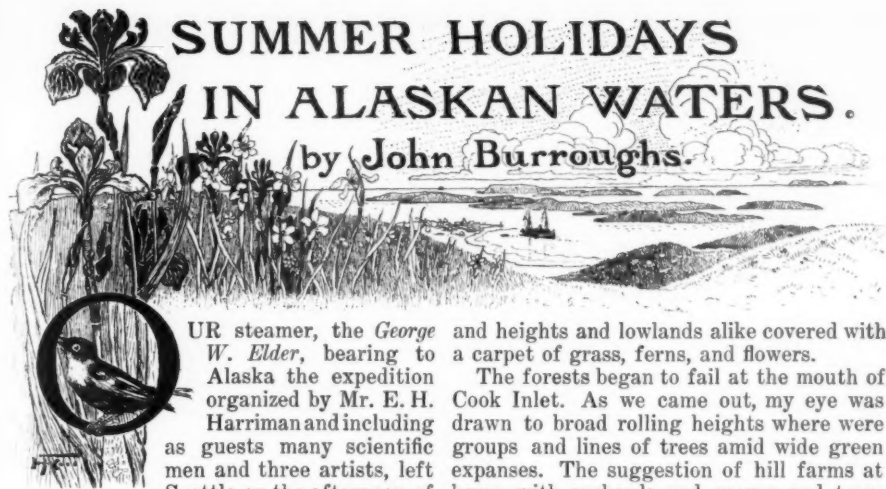
Having secured my room at the Erbprinzen, I set out for the Altenburg. The butler who opened the door mistook me for a wine-merchant whom he had been expecting. I explained that I was not that person. "This is my card," I said. "I have come here from London to see Liszt." He took the card, and returned almost immediately with the request for me to enter the dining-room.

I found Liszt at the table with another man. They were drinking their after-dinner coffee and cognac. The moment Liszt saw me he exclaimed, "Nun, Mason, Sie lassen lange auf sich warten!" ("Well, Mason, you let people wait for you a long time!") I suppose he saw my surprised look, for he added, "Ich habe Sie schon vor zwei Jahren erwartet" ("I have been expecting you for two years"). Then it struck me that I had probably wholly misinterpreted his first letter to me and what he said when I called on him during the Goethe festival. But nothing was said about my remaining, and though he was most affable, I began to doubt whether I would accomplish the object of my visit.

(To be continued.)

SUMMER HOLIDAYS IN ALASKAN WATERS.

(by John Burroughs.)



OUR steamer, the *George W. Elder*, bearing to Alaska the expedition organized by Mr. E. H. Harriman and including as guests many scientific men and three artists, left Seattle on the afternoon of May 31, 1899. The first two weeks were spent in the inland waters of British Columbia and southeastern Alaska, threading fiords and channels, visiting mining towns and glaciers, and following the usual tourist course in this region. After a few days at Sitka we turned north over the open Pacific, and entered and explored Yakutat Bay and its continuation into Russell Fiord, which is like a long arm thrust through and behind a part of the St. Elias range of mountains. We passed five days here, and then turned northwest again over the open sea for Prince William Sound. In the waters of this great bay we cruised another five or six days, finding many new and unnamed glaciers, and a large unknown inlet which, with the glacier at its head, was named for Mr. Harriman. Some glaciers were named Yale, Harvard, Radcliffe, Smith, Bryn Mawr, Vassar, and Wellesley, and the narrow inlet that received them was called College Fiord.

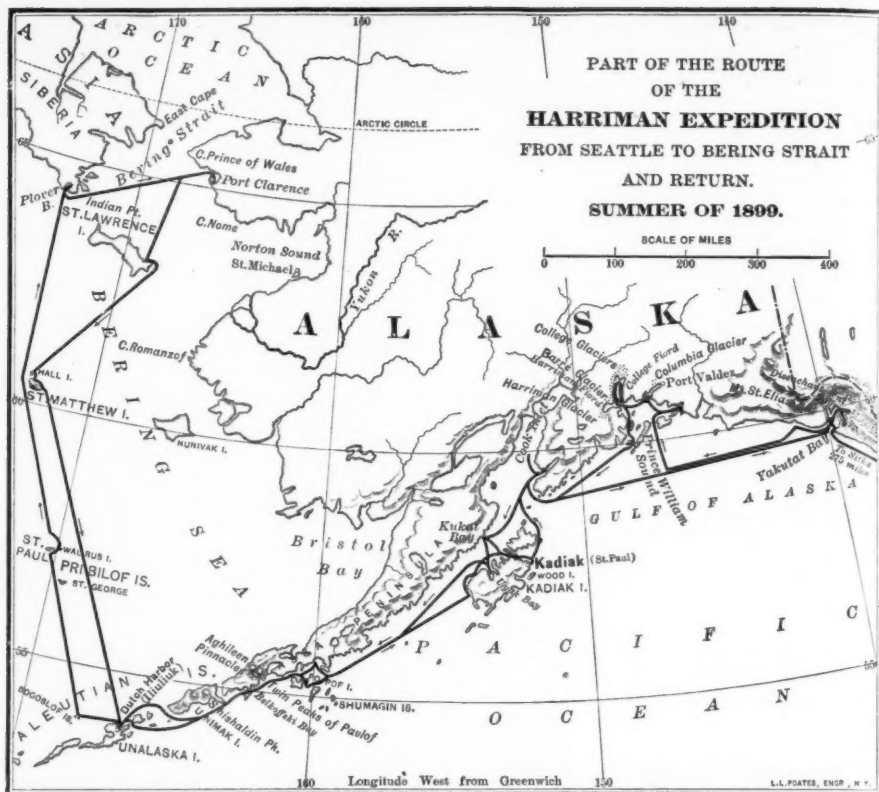
From Prince William Sound we steamed to Cook Inlet, where we made only a brief stop, and were then off for the island of Kodiak, a hundred miles to the southwest. We were now about to turn over a new leaf, or indeed to open a new book, or to enter upon an entirely different type of scenery—the treeless type. Up to this point, or for nearly two thousand miles, we had seen the mountains and valleys covered with unbroken spruce, cedar, and hemlock forests. Now we were to have two thousand miles without a tree, the valleys and mountains as green as a lawn and to the eye as smooth, chiefly of volcanic origin, many of the cones ideally perfect, the valleys deepened and carved by the old glaciers,

and heights and lowlands alike covered with a carpet of grass, ferns, and flowers.

The forests began to fail at the mouth of Cook Inlet. As we came out, my eye was drawn to broad rolling heights where were groups and lines of trees amid wide green expanses. The suggestion of hill farms at home, with orchards and groves and trees along the fences, was very strong, but one looked in vain for the houses and barns of the farmers. We were going into a milder climate, too. During nearly all the month of June, despite our extra winter clothing, we had suffered with cold. In Prince William Sound and in Yakutat Bay we were in vast refrigerating chests. The air had all been on ice, and the sunshine seemed only to make us feel its tooth the more keenly. With benumbed fingers I wrote to a friend from those waters in this strain: "Amid your genial weather do think of us in our wanderings, a-chill on these Northern seas, exiled from summer and from home, beleaguered by icebergs, frowned upon by glaciers, and held as by some enchantment in a vast circle of snow-capped mountain-peaks. Are your hands and feet really warm? Is it true that there is no snow upon the mountains?"

But balmy skies awaited us; the warmer currents of the Pacific, flowing up from Japan and the Southern seas, were soon to breathe upon us. That pastoral paradise Kodiak was soon to greet us.

All the afternoon we steamed along the coast over smooth seas, in full view of lofty snow-covered mountains, with huge glaciers issuing from out their heights. Late at night, when off Kodiak Bay, we put ashore a party of five or six men who wished to spend a week collecting and botanizing on the mainland. It looked like a perilous piece of business, the debarkation of these men in the darkness, in an open boat on an unknown coast, many miles from shore. Might they not miss the bay? Might they not find the surf run-



ning too high to land, or might not some other mishap befall them? But after a hard pull of several hours they made the shore in a suitable landing-place, and their days spent there were in every way satisfactory.

On the morning of July 1 we woke up in Uyak Bay, on the north side of the island of Kadiak. The sky was clear and the prospect most inviting. Smooth, treeless green hills and mountains surrounded us, pleasing to the eye and alluring to the feet. Two large salmon-canneries were visible on shore, and presently a boat came off to us with fresh salmon. Here we left a party of six men heavily armed, bent on finding and killing the great Kadiak bear—the largest species of bear in the world, as big as an ox. They had been making up their mouths for this monster all the way, and now they were at last close to his haunts. In two or three days we were to return and pick them up and hoist their game aboard with the great derrick. But I may say here that when we returned at the appointed time we

found them as bearless as we had left them. In the delicious sunshine we steamed out of Uyak, bound for Kadiak village, on the east end of the island, one hundred miles away. Kadiak Island lies nearly south of Cook Inlet, about fifty miles from the mainland. It is one hundred and fifty miles long and one third as broad. It would just about fill up Cook Inlet, out of which it may have slipped sometime, for aught I know. It is treeless except upon the east end, which faces toward the great Alaska forests, from which the tree-infection may have come.

Beautiful and interesting were the shores that we passed that day, smooth, rounded hills as green and tender to the eye as well-kept lawns, recalling the hills we had seen in May upon the Snake River, as we crossed the continent; natural sheep-ranges such as one sees in the north of England, but with not a sign of life upon them.

I warn my reader here that I shall babble of green fields continually. There was no end to them. We had come from an arboreal



DRAWN BY THOMAS MORAN, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MERRIAM. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

THE "COLLEGE GLACIERS" OF PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND.

Order of Glaciers from left: 1, Wellesley; 2, Vassar; 3, Bryn Mawr; 4, Smith; 5, Radcliffe; 6, Harvard; 7, Yale.

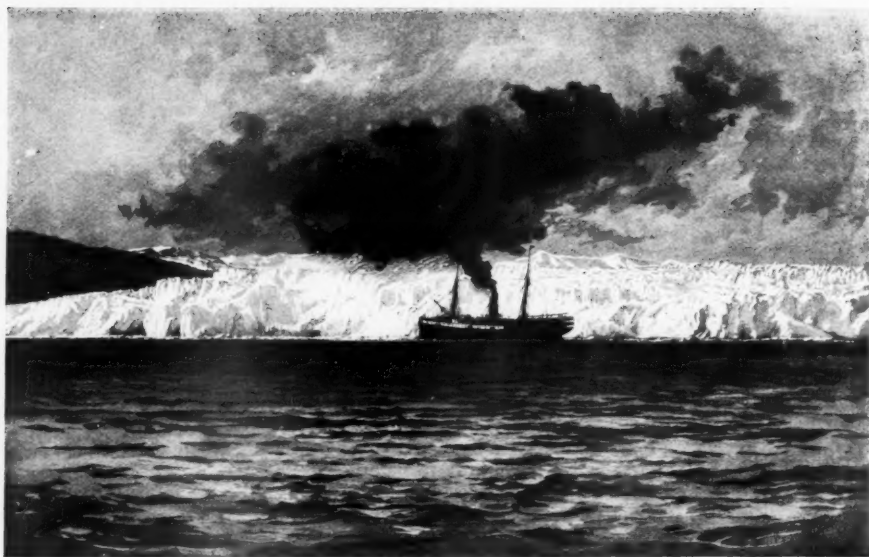
wilderness to a grassy wilderness, from a world of spruce forests to a world of emerald heights and verdant slopes. Look at the map of Alaska, and think of all the peninsula from Cook Inlet, and all the adjacent islands, and the long chain of the Aleutians, sweeping nearly across to Asia, as being covered with an unbroken carpet of verdure. It must needs be the main feature of my description. Never had I seen such beauty of greenness, because never before had I seen it from such a vantage-ground of blue sea. Trees, I have said, are found only upon the eastern end of the island. We had not been many

hours out of Uyak that afternoon when we began to see a few scattered ones, then large patches of forest in the valley bottoms; but they seemed to set off rather than to hide the grassy expanses. At one point we passed near a large natural park. It looked as if a landscape-gardener might have been employed to grade and shape the ground and plant it with grass and trees in just the right proportion. Here were cattle, too, and how good they looked, grazing or reposing on those smooth, long vistas between the trees! To eyes sated with the wild, austere grandeur of Prince



DRAWN BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

MOUNT ST. ELIAS FROM YAKUTAT BAY, ALASKA.



DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. G. K. GILBERT. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

VIEW OF COLUMBIA GLACIER, PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND, SHOWING THE "GEORGE W. ELDER."

William Sound the change was most delightful.

Our course lay through narrow channels, over open bays sprinkled with green islands, past bold cliffs and headlands, till at three o'clock we entered the narrow strait, no more than twice the ship's length in width, upon which is situated the village of Kadiak, called by the Russians St. Paul, altogether the most peaceful, rural, Arcadia-like place we had yet found. We could see the wild flowers upon the shore as we passed along, barn-swallows twittered by, a magpie crossed the strait from one green bank to another, and as we touched the wharf a song-sparrow was singing from the weather-vane of a large warehouse—a song-sparrow in voice, manners, and color, but in form twice as large as our home bird. The type of song-sparrow changes all the way from Yakutat Bay to the Aleutian Islands, till at the latter place it is nearly as large as the cat-bird; but the song and the general habits of the bird change but little. How welcome the warmth, too! We had stepped from April into June; the mercury was in the seventies, and our spirits rose accordingly. How we swarmed out of the ship, like boys out of school, longing for a taste of grass and of the rural seclusion and sweetness! That great green orb, or half-orb, of a mountain that shone down upon us from

just back of the town, the highest point in its rim at an altitude of fifteen hundred feet, how our legs tingled to climb that! And the green vale below, where the birds were singing and many rare wild flowers blooming; and the broad, gentle height to the north, threaded by a grassy lane, where groves of low, fragrant spruces promised a taste of the blended sylvan and pastoral; or the smooth rounded island opposite, over which the sea threw blue glances; or the curving line of water sweeping away to the south toward a rugged mountain wall, streaked with snow; or the peaceful, quaint old village itself, strung upon paths and grassy lanes, with its chickens and geese and children, and two or three cows cropping the herbage or ruminating by the wayside: surely here was a tempting field to ship-bound voyagers from the chilly and savage glacial regions.

The town had a population of seven or eight hundred people, Indians, half-breeds, and Russians, with a sprinkling of Americans, living in comfortable log and frame cottages, generally with a bit of garden attached. The people fish, hunt the sea-otter, and work for the trading companies. We met here an old Vermonter, a refined, scholarly-looking man, with a patriarchal beard, who had married a native woman and had a family of young children growing up around him. He liked the climate better than that of New Eng-

land. The winters are not very cold, seldom below zero, and the summers are not hot, rarely up to eighty. There were no horses or wheeled vehicles in the town, and the streets were grassy lanes. Such a rural, Arcadian air I had never before seen pervading a town upon American soil. There is a Greek church near the wharf, and its chime of bells was in our ears for hours at a time. The only incongruous thing I saw was a building with a big sign on its ridge-board, "Chicago Store." I went in and asked for some fresh eggs. They did not have any, but directed me to a cottage near the beach. There I found a large Russian woman, who had the eggs, for which, after consulting with a younger woman, she wanted four "bits." The potatoes in her garden had tops a foot high, and her currant-bushes were just in bloom.

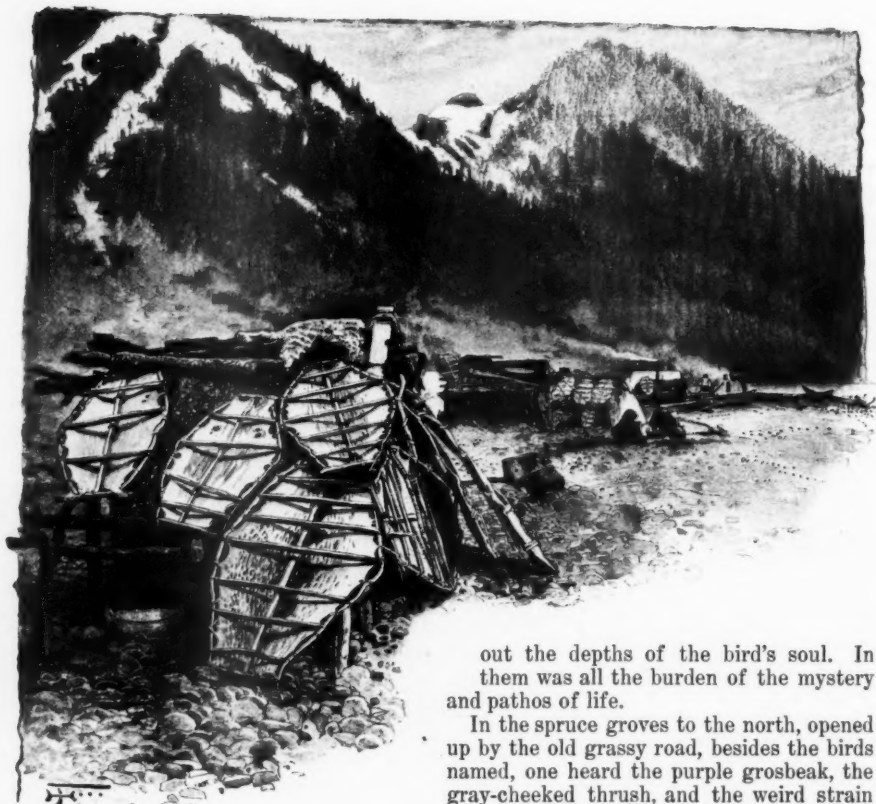
Our stay of five days in this charming place was a dream of rural beauty and repose. Warm summer skies above us, green flower-strewn hills and slopes around us, our paths were indeed in green pastures and beside still waters. One enticing path left the old Russian road half a mile north of the village, and led off northwest across little mossy and flowery glens,

through spruce groves, over little runs, up a shoulder of the mountain, and then down a couple of miles into a broad, green, silent valley which held a fine trout-brook. The path was probably made by the village anglers. In looking into such a peaceful, verdant sweep of country, one almost instinctively searched for the farm-houses, or for flocks and herds and other signs of human occupancy. But they were not there. One high mountain that cut into the valley at right angles had a long, easy ridge, apparently as sharp as the ridge-board of a building. I marked it for my own and thought to set my feet upon it, but the way was too beguiling, and I never reached it. It looked as if it had just had a priming coat of delicate green paint.

But we all climbed the mighty emerald billow that rose from the rear of the village, some of us repeatedly. From the ship it looked as smooth as a meadow, but the climber soon found himself knee-deep in ferns, grasses, and a score of flowering plants, and now and then pushing through a patch of alders as high as his head. He could not go far before his hands would be full of flowers, blue predominating. The wild geranium here is light blue, and it



PHOTOGRAPH BY CURTIS. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. H. HARRISMAN.
HEALING CREVASSES IN COLUMBIA GLACIER.



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YAKUTAT INDIAN CAMP.

tinged the slopes as daisies and buttercups do at home. Near the summit there were patches of most exquisite forget-me-nots, of a pure, delicate blue with a yellow center. They grew to the height of a foot, and a handful of them looked like something just caught out of the sky above. Here, too, were a small, delicate lady's-slipper, pale yellow striped with maroon, and a pretty dwarf rhododendron, its large purple flower sitting upon the moss and lichen. The climber also waded through patches of lupine, and put his feet upon bluebells, Jacob's-ladder, iris, saxifrage, cassiopes, and many others. The song-birds that attracted our notice were the golden-crowned sparrow and the little hermit-thrush. The golden-crown had a peculiarly piercing, plaintive song, very simple, but very appealing. There were only three notes, but they were from

out the depths of the bird's soul. In them was all the burden of the mystery and pathos of life.

In the spruce groves to the north, opened up by the old grassy road, besides the birds named, one heard the purple grosbeak, the gray-cheeked thrush, and the weird strain of the Oregon robin. This last bird was very shy and hard to get a view of. I reclined for two hours one day upon the deep, dry moss under the spruces, waiting for the singer to reveal himself. When seen, he looks like our robin in a holiday suit. His song was a long, tapering note or whistle, at times with a peculiar tolling effect.

TO THE OREGON ROBIN IN ALASKA.

O VARIED thrush! O robin strange!
Behold my mute surprise.
Thy form and flight I long have known,
But not this new disguise.

I do not know thy slaty coat,
Nor vest with darker zone;
I'm puzzled by thy reclusive ways
And song in monotone.

I left thee 'mid my orchard's bloom,
When May had crowned the year;
Thy nest was on the apple-bough,
Where rose thy carol clear.

Thou lurest now through fragrant shades,
Where hoary spruces grow;

Where floor of moss infolds the foot,
Like depths of fallen snow.

Loquacious ravens clack and croak,
Nor heed me in my quest;
The purple grosbeaks perch and sing
Upon the cedar's crest.

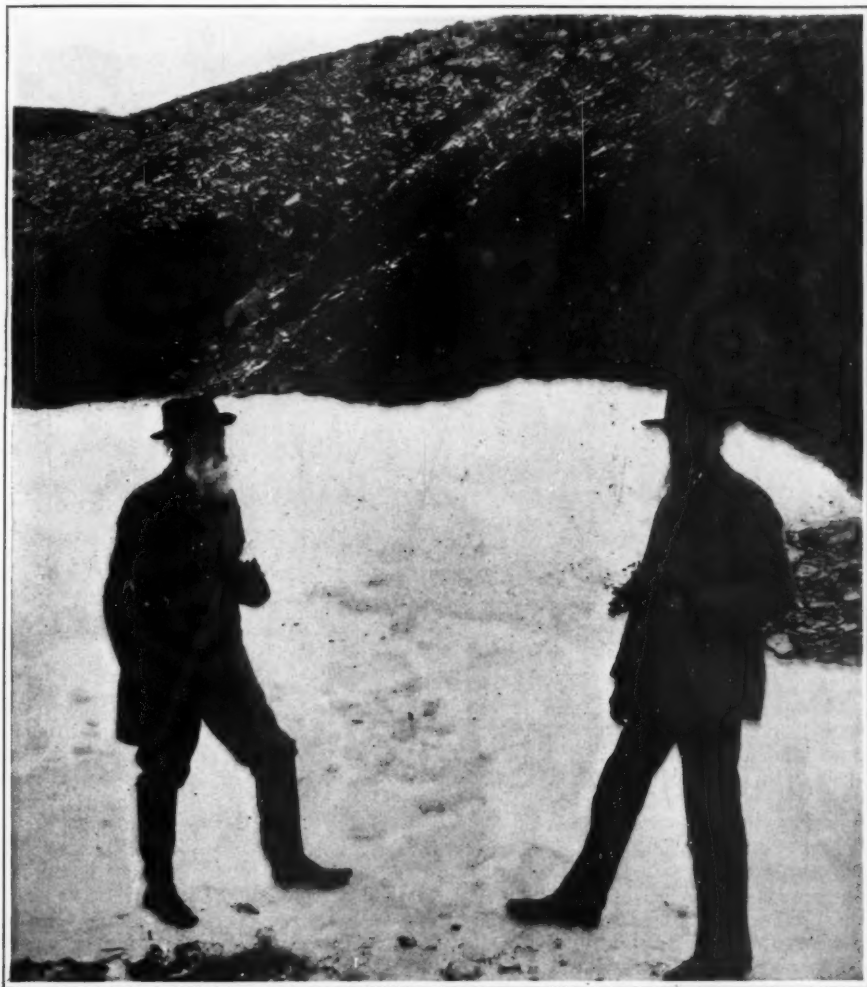
But thou art doomed to shun the day,
A captive of the shade;
I only catch thy stealthy flight
Athwart the forest glade.

Thy voice is like a hermit's reed
That solitude beguiles;

Again 't is like a silver bell
Adrift in forest aisles.

Throw off, throw off this masquerade
And don thy ruddy vest,
And let me find thee, as of old,
Beside thy orchard nest.

While here Mr. Harriman had the luck to kill the long-expected Kadiak bear, a mother and cub. He and his guide found her grazing in true bovine fashion near the snow-line on the mountain-side, about ten miles to the south. The animal was eating grass like a cow, Mr. Harriman said, and in killing her he



PHOTOGRAPHED DURING THE HARRIMAN EXPEDITION BY CURTIS. COPYRIGHT, 1909 BY E. H. HARRIMAN.

JOHN BURROUGHS AND JOHN MUIR.

felt almost as if he were shooting a cow. She was a large animal, but much below the size of the traditional bear. Her color was a faded brown. A much larger one was seen far off, across a difficult valley.

On July 3, which was bright and warm, a number of us visited Wood Island, a few miles to the east, where the North American Commercial Company has its Kadiak headquarters, and where are large old spruce woods

moss; they were upholstered, the ground was padded ankle deep, and under every tree was a couch of the most luxuriant kind.

The Fourth of July found us, as it usually finds Americans, wherever they are, full of patriotism, and overflowing with bunting and gunpowder hilarity. Our huge graphophone played very well the part of a brass band. Professor Brewer of Yale, upon the hurricane-deck, discharged admirably the duties



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HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. M. NORTHCOTE.

THE VILLAGE OF KADIAK.

and lakes of fresh water. Mr. Charles Keeler and I heard, or fancied we heard, voices calling us from out of the depths of the woods; so we left our companions and betook ourselves thither, and lounged for hours in the mossy, fragrant solitudes, eating our lunch by a little rill of cold water, listening to the birds and ravens, and noting the wood flowers and moss-draped trees. Here we heard the winter wren at our leisure, a bubbling, trilling, prolonged strain like that of our own species, but falling far short of it in melody and in wild lyric penetration. It was the same song, sung by a far inferior voice. These woods were not merely carpeted with

of the orator of the day, followed by Mr. Keeler, who shaded a little the picture the speaker had drawn by a stirring poem touching upon some of the nation's shortcomings. Songs and music, followed by a boat-race and general hilarity, finished the program.

Kadiak, I think, won a place in the hearts of us all. Here our spirits probably touched the highest point. If we had other days that were epic, these days were lyric. To me they were certainly more exquisite and thrilling than any before or after. I feel as if I wished to go back to Kadiak, almost as if I could return there to live, so secluded, so remote, so peaceful; such a

mingling of the domestic, the pastoral, the sylvan, with the wild and the rugged. Such emerald heights, such flowery vales, such blue arms and recesses of the sea, and such a vast green solitude stretching away to the west, and to the north, and to the south! Bewitching Kadiak! the spell of thy summer freshness and placidity is upon me still.

On the 5th, still under clear, warm skies, we left this rural paradise, and steamed away to Kukat Bay, on the mainland, to pick up the party we had left there on the night of the 30th. It was a relief to find they had had no misadventures and were well pleased with their expedition. They described one view they had witnessed that made the listeners wish they had been with them. They had climbed to the top of a long green slope back of their camp, and had suddenly found themselves on the brink of an almost perpendicular mountain wall, through a deep notch in which they had looked down two thousand feet into a valley beneath them, invaded by a great glacier that swept down

from the snow-white peaks beyond. The spectacle was so unexpected and so tremendous that it fairly took their breath away. From the deck of the ship the slope up which their course lay looked like a piece of stretched green baize cloth.

An event of this day's cruising which I must not forget was the strange effects wrought for us by that magician Mirage: islands and headlands in the air; long, low capes doubled, one above another, with a lucid space between them; a level, snowy range standing up slightly above a nearer rocky one, drawn out and manipulated till it suggested a vast Grecian temple crowning a rocky escarpment—fantasy, illusion, enchantment, trick played with sea and shore on every hand that afternoon.

When we put our heads out of our windows on the morning of the 7th, we were at anchor at Sand Point Harbor, a bay in Popof Island, one of the Shumagin group, about half-way down the Alaska peninsula. On the one hand we saw a low, green, treeless slope, almost



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. C. HART MERRIAM. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

LUPINES ON WOOD ISLAND, NEAR KADIAK.



DRAWN BY J. M. GLEESON.

THE GREAT KADIAK BEAR.

within stone's throw, from which came many musical bird voices; the lesser hermit-thrush, the golden-crowned sparrow, the fox-sparrow, the large song-sparrow, the yellow warblers, the rosy finch, were all distinguishable

from the ship's deck. It is a novel experience to wake up in the morning on an ocean steamer and hear bird-songs through your open window. But this was often our experience on this trip. On this grassy hill

were some curious volcanic warts, or excrescences, that gave a strange effect to the scene.

On the other hand, the blue waters of the harbor stretched away many miles to low, alder-clad shores, from which rose a range of bare volcanic mountains, among them one perfect cone, probably two thousand feet high. Still farther away rise two other cones, one of them absolutely symmetrical, wrapped in mantles of snow, and attaining a height of about eight thousand feet. We could see vapor issuing from the top of one of them. Most of the Alaska peninsula, many of the islands off it, and the islands in Bering Sea and the Aleutian group, are of eruptive origin. Some of the embers of the old fires are alive in our day, as we had proof. Since our visit there has been other proof in the shape of a severe earthquake shock felt all along the Alaska coast, in some places disastrously.

In the Shumagins four men elected to leave the ship to dredge the sea and study the volcanic formation of the land. We promised to pick them up on our return ten days hence. At ten o'clock our anchor was up and we were off to the westward for Unalaska, the shores of the Alaska peninsula eight or ten miles away on our right.

The event of this day was the twin volcanic peaks of Pavlof, rising from the shore to an altitude of seven or eight thousand feet, one of them a symmetrical cone with black, converging lines of rock cutting through the snow like the ribs of an umbrella;

the other more rugged and irregular, with many rents upon its sides and near its summit, from which issued vapor, staining the snow like soot from a chimney. Sheets of vapor were also seen issuing from cracks at its foot near the sea-level. We were specially fortunate in seeing these grand mountains under such favorable weather conditions.

There was no sign of human habitation on the verdant shores or mountains till we saw Belkoffski, a cluster of buildings, two or three dozen brown roofs grouped around a large, white, green-topped building, probably a Greek church. The settlement seemed carefully set down there in the green solitude like a toy village on a shelf. The turf had not anywhere been broken; not a mark, a stain, was on the treeless landscape. Above it ran a high, smooth, barren mountain, which swept down in green slopes to a broad emerald plain upon which the hamlet sat.

Still I babble of green fields. Vast, grassy solitudes open before us, all the lower slopes and valleys green and smooth, not a tree, not a sign of animal or human life. Now a long headland comes down to the water's edge with its green carpet; then again it is cut off sharply by the sea, or cut in twain, showing sheer pyramidal walls two hundred feet high. Then a succession of vast, smooth emerald slopes running up into high, gray, barren mountains, pointed, conical, carved, now presenting a mighty bowl, fluted and scalloped, and opening on one side through a sweep of valley to the sea, then a creased



DRAWN BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

TWIN VOLCANIC PEAKS OF PAVLOF, ALASKA PENINSULA.

and wrinkled lawn at an angle of forty-five degrees, and miles in extent. Green, white, and blue are the three prevailing tints all the way from Cook Inlet to Unalaska—blue of the sea and sky, green of the shores and lower slopes, and white of the lofty peaks and volcanic cones. They are mingled and contrasted all the way.

One day we were for hours in sight of what we thought were the Aghileen Pinnacles, which have such a strange architectural effect amid the wilder and ruder forms that surround them, as if some vast, many-sided cathedral of dark-gray stone were going to decay there in the mountain solitude. Both in form and color they seem alien to everything about them. Now we saw them athwart the crests of smooth green hills, then rising behind naked, rocky ridges, or fretting the sky above lines of snow. Their walls were so steep that no snow lay upon them, while the pinnacles were like church spires.

Before nightfall we passed two more notable volcanic peaks, Shishaldin, penetrating the clouds at an altitude of nearly nine thousand feet, and Isanotski, about the same height. These are on Unimak Island, at the end of the peninsula. Our first glimpse was of a rounded black point far above a heavy mass of cloud. It seemed buoyed up there by the clouds. There was nothing visible beneath it to indicate the presence of a mountain. Then the clouds blotted it out. But presently the veil was brushed aside again, and before long we saw both mountains from base to summit, and noted

the vast concave line of Shishaldin, that swept down to the sea and that marks the typical volcanic form.

On the morning of the 8th we were tied up at the Udahta pier in beautiful Dutch Harbor, Unalaska Bay, amid a world of green hills and meadows like those of Kadiak. We tarried here nearly a day, taking in coal and water, visiting the old Russian town of Iliuliuk, a couple of miles away at the head of another indentation in the harbor, strolling through the wild meadows or climbing the emerald heights. One new bird attracted our attention here, the Lapland longspur, which in color, flight, and song suggested our bobolink. As we came "across lots" over the flower-besprinkled, undulating plain from the old town to the new, this bird was in song all about us.

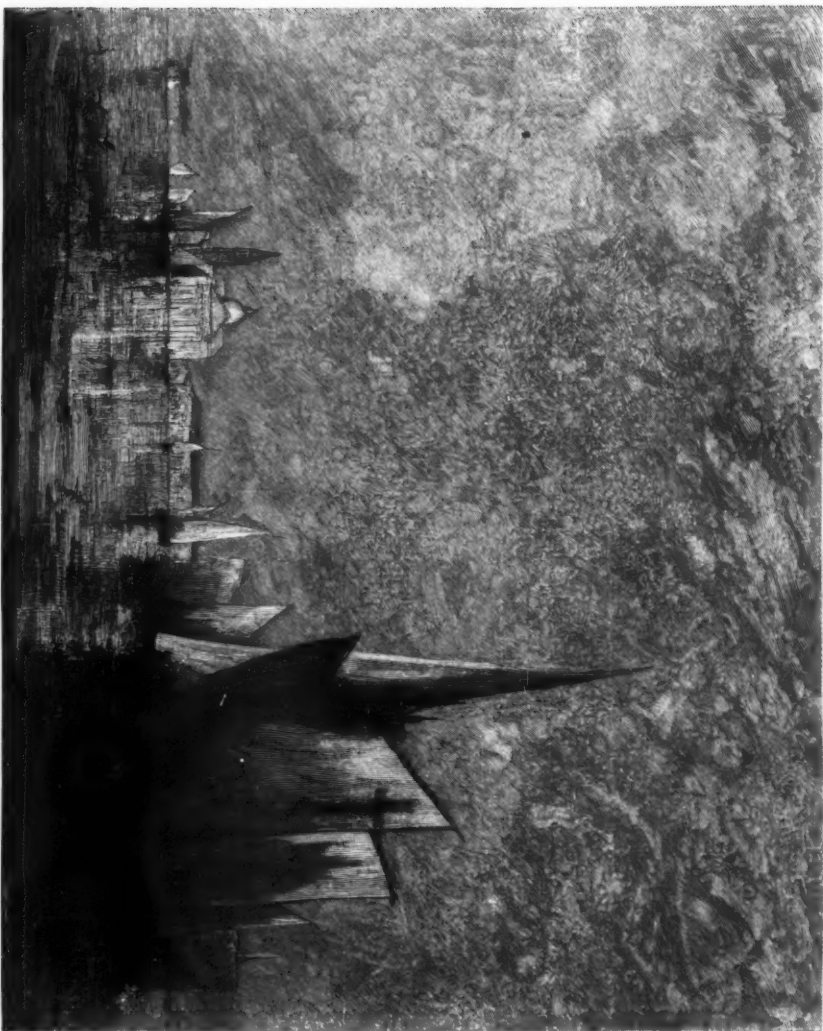
On the higher paths, amid lingering snow-banks, Mr. Ridgway found the snow-bunting and the titlark, nesting. Unalaska looked quite as interesting as Kadiak, and I longed to spend some days here in the privacy of its green solitudes, listening to the longspur, following its limpid trout-stream, and climbing its lofty peaks. I had seen much, but had been intimate with little; now if I could only have a few days of that kind of intimacy with the new nature which the saunterer, the camper-out, the stroller through fields in the summer twilight has, I should be more content; but in the afternoon the ship was off into Bering Sea, headed for the Seal Islands, and I was aboard her, with wistful and reverted eyes.

"THE E'ENIN' BRINGS A' HAME."¹

BY TORQUIL MACDONALD.

LORD, I have worshiped thee with many a rite,
 In many a land, and found thee everywhere:
 Where bells from ivied church towers call to prayer;
 By pleasant primrose paths, or hedges white
 With may; 'mid Gothic cities' frowning might;
 And by the yellow Tiber, where the air
 Is haunted, and from streets and gardens stare
 The gods that fell with Pan thine advent night.
 But now, at eve, I for all rites am fain
 To fold my hands and look up to the skies—
 Wistful to see once more with childhood's eyes.
 And while I breathe my mother's prayer again,
 And sing a Scottish psalm,—her simple strain,—
 Mute Palestrina on the organ lies.

¹ Scotch proverb.



BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM T. EVANS.

SAN GIORGIO, VENICE. BY W. GEDNEY BUNCE.

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF.

SEE "THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES" IN "OPEN LETTERS."

OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

TENTH PAPER.

XXX. THE BREAKING OF THE LONG PARLIAMENT.



THE military revolution of 1653 is the next landmark after the execution of the king. It is almost a commonplace that "we do not know what party means, if we suppose that its leader is its master"; and the real extent of Cromwell's power over the army is hard to measure. In the spring of 1647, when the first violent breach between army and Parliament took place, the extremists swept him off his feet. Then he acquiesced in Pride's Purge, but he did not originate it. In the action that preceded the execution of the king it seems to have been Harrison who took the leading part. In 1653 Cromwell said: "Major-General Harrison is an honest man, and aims at good things; yet, from the impatience of his spirit, he will not wait the Lord's leisure, but hurries one into that which he and all honest men will have cause to repent." If we remember how hard it is to fathom decisive passages in the history of our own time, we see how much of that which we would most gladly know of the distant past must remain a surmise. But the best opinion in respect of the revolution of April, 1653, seems to be that the Royalists were not wrong who wrote that Cromwell's authority in the army depended much on Harrison and Lambert and their fanatical factions; that he was forced to go with them in order to save himself; and that he was the member of the triumvirate who was most anxious to wait on the Lord's leisure yet longer.

The immediate plea for the act of violence that now followed is as obscure as any other of Cromwell's proceedings. In the closing months of 1652 he once more procured occasions of conference between himself and his officers on the one hand, and members of Parliament on the other. He besought the Parliament men by their own means to

bring forth of their own accord the good things that had been promised and were so long expected—"so tender were we to preserve them in the reputation of the people."

The list of "good things" demanded by the army in the autumn of 1652 hardly supports the modern exaltation of the army as the seat of political sagacity. The payment of arrears, the suppression of vagabonds, the provision of work for the poor, were objects easy to ask, but impossible to achieve. The request for a new election was the least sensible of all.

When it was known that the army was again waiting on God and confessing its sinfulness, things looked grave. Seeing the agitation, the Parliament applied themselves in earnest to frame a scheme for a new representative body. The army believed that the scheme was a sham, and that the semblance of giving the people a real right of choice was only to fill up vacant seats by such persons as the House now in possession should approve. This was nothing less than to perpetuate themselves and their influence. Cromwell and the officers had a scheme of their own: that the Parliament should name a certain number of men of the right sort, and these nominees should build a constitution. The Parliament, in other words, was to abdicate, after naming a constituent convention.

On April 19 a meeting took place in Oliver's apartments at Whitehall with a score of the more important members of Parliament. There the plan of the officers and the rival plan of Vane and his friends were brought face to face. What the exact scheme of the Parliament was, we cannot accurately tell, and we are never likely to know. Cromwell's own descriptions of it are vague and unintelligible. The bill itself he carried away with him under his cloak when the evil day came, and no copy of it survived. It appears, however, that, in Vane's belief, the best device for a provisional government—and no other than a provisional government was then possible—was that the rem-



DRAWN BY MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"TAKE AWAY THAT BAUBLE."

nant should continue to sit, the men who fought the deadly battles at Westminster in 1647 and 1648; the men who had founded the Commonwealth in 1649; the men who had carried on its work with extraordinary energy and success for four years and more. These were to continue to sit as a nucleus for a full representation, joining to themselves such new men from the constituencies as they thought not likely to betray the Cause. On the whole, we may believe that this was perhaps the least unpromising way out of difficulties where nothing was very promising. It was to avoid one of the most fatal of all the errors of the French Constituent Assembly in 1791, which excluded its own members from office, and from seats in that Legislature to whose inexperienced hands it was intrusting the destinies of France. To blame its authors for fettering the popular choice was absurd in Cromwell, whose own proposal, instead of a legislature to be partly and periodically renewed (if that was really what Vane meant), was now for a nominated council without any element of popular choice at all. The army, we should not forget, were even less prepared than the Parliament for anything like a free and open general election. Both alike intended to reserve parliamentary representation exclusively to such as were godly men and faithful to the interests of the Commonwealth. An open general election would have been as dangerous and probably as disastrous now as at any moment since the defeat of King Charles in the field, and a real appeal to the country would only have meant ruin to the Good Cause. Nobody, then, neither Cromwell nor Lambert nor Harrison, nor any of them, dreamed that a Parliament to be chosen without restrictions would be a safe experiment. The only questions were what the restrictions were to be; who was to impose them; who was to guard and supervise them. The parliamentary remnant regarded themselves as the fittest custodians, and it is hard to say that they were wrong. In judging these events of 1653, we may look forward to events three years later. Cromwell had a Parliament of his own in 1654; it consisted of four hundred and sixty members. His first step was to

prevent more than a hundred of them from taking their seats. He may have been right, but why was the Parliament wrong for acting on this same principle? He had another Parliament in 1656, and again he began by shutting out nearly a hundred of its elected members. At least this much is certain, that whatever failure might have overtaken the plan of Vane and the Parliament, it could not have been more disastrous than the failure that overtook Cromwell's plan.

Apart from the question of the constitution of Parliament, and perhaps regarding that as secondary, Cromwell quarreled with what, rightly or wrongly, he describes as the ultimate ideal of Vane and his friends. "We should have had fine work," he says five years later—a Council of State and a Parliament

of five hundred men executing arbitrary government, and continuing the existing usurpation of the duties of the law courts by legislative and executive. Undoubtedly "a horrid degree of arbitrariness" was practised by the Rump; but some allowance was to be made for a government in revolution, and if that plea be not good for the Parliament, I know not why it should be good for the no less horrid arbitrariness of the Protector. As for the general character of the constitution here said to be contemplated by the Rump, it has been compared to the French Convention of 1793; but a less odious and a truer parallel would be with the Swiss Confederacy to-day. However that may be, if dictatorship was indispensable, the dictatorship of an energetic parliamentary oligarchy was at least as hopeful as that of an oligarchy of soldiers. When the soldiers had tried their hands and failed it was to some such plan as this that after years of turmoil and vicissitude Milton turned. At worst it was no plan that required or excused violent deposition by a file of troopers.

The conference in Cromwell's apartments at Whitehall on April 19 was instantly followed by one of those violent outrages for which we have to find a name in the dialect of Continental revolution. It was agreed that the discussion should be resumed the next day, and meanwhile that nothing

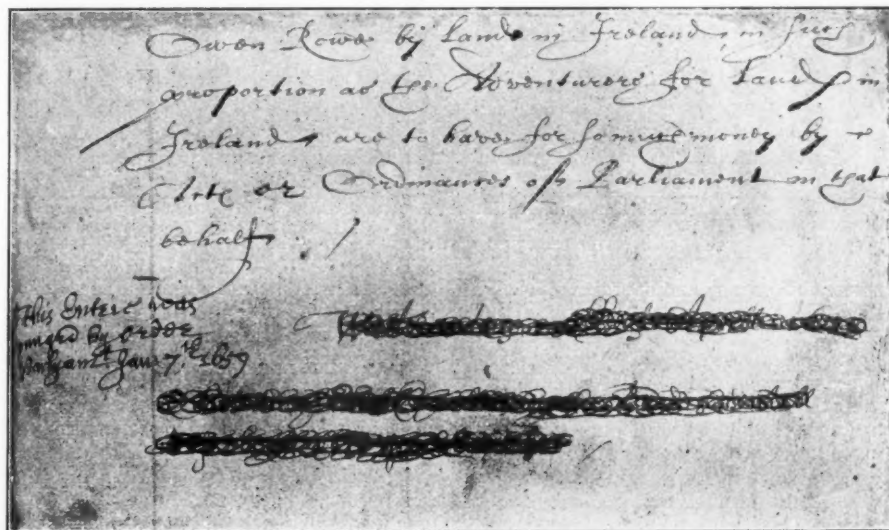


FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.
MEDAL DISTRIBUTED AMONG THE OFFICERS AND
SOLDIERS ENGAGED IN THE BATTLE OF DUNBAR.

should be done with the bill in Parliament. When the next morning came, news was brought to Whitehall that the members had already assembled, were pushing the bill through at full speed, and that it was on the point of becoming law forthwith. At first Cromwell and the officers could not believe that Vane and his friends were capable of such a breach of their word. Soon there came a second messenger and a third with assurance that the tidings were true, and that not a moment was to be lost if the bill was to be prevented from passing. It is perfectly possible that there was no breach of word at all. The parliamentary probabilities are that the news of the conference excited the jealousy of the private members, as arrangements between front benches are at all times apt to do, that they took the business into their own hands, and that the leaders were powerless. In astonishment and anger, Cromwell, in no more ceremonial apparel than his plain black clothes and gray worsted stockings, hastened to the House of Commons. He ordered a guard of soldiers to go with him. That he rose that morning with the intention of following the counsels that the impatience of the army had long prompted, and finally completing the series of exclusions, mutilations, and purges by breaking up the Parliament altogether, there is no reason to believe. Long premeditation was never Cromwell's way. He waited for the indwelling voice, and more

than once in the rough tempests of his life that daimonic voice was a blast of coarse and uncontrolled fury. Hence came one of the most memorable scenes of English history. There is a certain discord as to details among our too scanty authorities, some even describing the fatal transaction as passing with much modesty and as little noise as can be imagined. The description derived by Ludlow, who was not present, from Harrison, who was, gathers up all that seems material. There appear to have been between fifty and sixty members present.

"Cromwell sat down and heard the debate for some time. Then, calling to Major-General Harrison, who was on the other side of the House, to come to him, he told him that he judged the Parliament ripe for a dissolution, and this to be the time for doing it. The major-general answered, as he since told me, 'Sir, the work is very great and dangerous; therefore I desire you seriously to consider of it before you engage in it.' 'You say well,' replied the general, and thereupon sat still for about a quarter of an hour. Then, the question for passing the bill being to be put, he said to Major-General Harrison, 'This is the time: I must do it,' and suddenly standing up, made a speech, wherein he loaded the Parliament with the vilest reproaches, charging them not to have a heart to do anything for the public good, to have espoused the corrupt interest of Presbtery and the lawyers, who were the sup-



ENTRY IN THE JOURNAL OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS OF THE CLOSING OF THE LONG PARLIAMENT.



DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN, AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY SIR PETER LE LY, IN THE PITTI GALLERY, FLORENCE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDS, JR.
BORDER BY F. C. GORDON.

OLIVER CROMWELL AT THE AGE OF FIFTY-ONE.

porters of tyranny and oppression, accusing them of an intention to perpetuate themselves in power, *had they not been forced to the passing of this Act, which he affirmed they designed never to observe*, and thereupon told them that the Lord has done with them, and had chosen other instruments for the carrying on his work that were more worthy. This he spoke with so much passion and discomposure of mind as if he had been distracted. Sir Peter Wentworth stood up to answer him, and said that this was the first

time that ever he heard such unbecoming language given to the Parliament, and that it was the more horrid in that it came from their servant, and their servant whom they had so highly trusted and obliged. But, as he was going on, the general stepped into the midst of the House, where, continuing his distracted language, he said, '*Come, come; I will put an end to your prating.*' Then, walking up and down the House like a madman, and kicking the ground with his feet, he cried out, '*You are no Parliament; I say*

you are no Parliament; I will put an end to your sitting: call them in, call them in!' Whereupon the sergeant attending the Parliament opened the doors, and Lieutenant-Colonel Wolseley, with two files of musketeers, entered the House; which Sir Henry Vane observing from his place, said aloud, 'This is not honest; yea, it is against morality and common honesty.' Then Cromwell fell a-railing at him, crying out with a loud voice, '*Oh, Sir Henry Vane, Sir Henry Vane, the Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane!*' Then, looking to one of the members, he said, 'There sits a drunkard . . .'; and, giving much reviling language to others, he commanded the mace to be taken away, saying, '*What shall we do with this bauble? There, take it away.*' He having brought all into this disorder, Major-General Harrison went to the Speaker as he sat in the chair, and told him that, seeing things were reduced to this pass, it would not be convenient for him to remain there. The Speaker answered that he would not come down unless he were forced. 'Sir,' said Harrison, 'I will lend you my hand'; and thereupon, putting his hand within his, the Speaker came down. Then Cromwell applied himself to the members of the House . . . and said to them, '*It's you that have forced me to this, for I have sought the Lord night and day that he would rather slay me than put me on the doing of this work!*' [Then] Cromwell . . . ordered the House to be cleared of all the members . . .; after which he went to the clerk, and snatching the Act of Dissolution, which was ready to pass, out of his hand, he put it under his cloak, and having commanded the doors to be locked up, went away to Whitehall."

The fierce work was consummated in the afternoon. Cromwell heard that the Council of State, the creation of the destroyed legislature, was sitting as usual. Thither he repaired, with Lambert and Harrison by his side. He seems to have recovered composure. "If you are met here as private persons," Cromwell said, "you shall not be disturbed; but if as a Council of State, this is no place for you; and since you cannot but know what was done at the House in the morning, so take notice that the Parliament is dissolved." Bradshaw, who was in the chair, was not cowed. He had not quailed before a more dread scene with Charles four years ago. "Sir," he replied, "we have heard what you did at the House in the morning, and before many hours all England will hear it; but, sir, you are mistaken to think that the Par-

liament is dissolved, for no power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves; therefore take you notice of that."

Whatever else is to be said, it is well to remember that to condemn the Rump is to go a long way toward condemning the Revolution. To justify Cromwell's violence in breaking it up is to go a long way toward justifying Hyde and even Strafford. If the Commons had actually sunk into the condition described by Oliver in his passion, such ignominy showed that the classes represented by it were really incompetent, as men like Strafford had always deliberately believed, to take that supreme share in governing the country for which Pym and his generation of reformers had so manfully contended. For the remnant was the quintessence left after a long series of elaborate distillations. They were not Presbyterians, Moderates, Bourgeois, Respectables, Girondins. They or the great majority of them were the men who had resisted a continuance of the negotiations at Newport. They had made themselves accomplices in Pride's Purge. They had ordered the trial of the king. They had set up the Commonwealth without lords or monarch. They were deep in all the proceedings of Cromwellian Thorough. They were the very cream, after purification upon purification. If they could not govern, who could?

We have seen the harsh complaints of Cromwell against the Parliament in 1652, how selfish its members were, how ready to break into factions, how slow in business, how scandalous the lives of some. Yet this seems little better than the impatient indictment of the soldier, if we remember how, only a few months before, the French agent had told Mazarin about the new rulers of the Commonwealth, "Not only are they powerful by sea and land, but they live without ostentation. . . . They are economical in their private expenses, and prodigal in their devotion to public affairs, for which each one toils as if for his personal interests." We cannot suppose that two years had transformed such men into the guilty objects of Cromwell's censorious attacks.

Cromwell admitted, after he had violently broken them up, that there were persons of honor and integrity among them, who had eminently appeared for God and for the public good both before and throughout their war. It would, in truth, have been ludicrous to say otherwise of a body that contained patriots so unblemished in fidelity, energy, and capacity as Vane, Scot, Bradshaw, and others. Nor is there any good reason to be-

lieve that these men of honor and integrity were a hopeless minority. We need not suppose that the Rump was without time-servers. Perhaps no deliberative assembly ever is without them, for time-serving has its roots in human nature. The question is what proportion the time-servers bore to the whole. There is no sign that it was large. But whether large or small, to deal with time-servers is part, and no inconsiderable part, of the statesman's business, and it is hard to see how with this poor breed Oliver could have dealt worse.

Again, in breaking up the Parliament he committed what in modern politics is counted the inexpiable sin of breaking up his party. This is the gravest of all. This was what made the revolution of 1653 a turning-point. The Presbyterians hated him as the greatest of Independents. Between himself and the Royalists of every shade he had already set a deep gulf by killing the king. To the enmity of the legitimists of the dynasty was now added the enmity of the more equivocal legitimists of Parliament. By destroying the parliamentary remnant, he set a new gulf between himself and most of the best men on his own side. Where was the policy? What foundations had he left himself to build upon? What was his calculation, or had he no calculation, of forces, circumstances, individuals, for the step that was to come next? When he stamped in wrath out of the desecrated House, had he ever firmly counted the cost? Or was he, in truth, as provident as King Charles had been when he, too, marched down the same floor eleven years ago? In one sense his own creed erected providence into a principle. "Own your call," he says to the first of his own parliaments, "for it is marvelous, and it hath been unprojected. It's not long since either you or we came to know of it. And, indeed, this hath been the way God dealt with us all along—to keep things from our own eyes all along, so that we have seen nothing in all his dispensations long beforehand." And then there is the famous saying of his that "he goes farthest who knows not where he is going"—of which Retz said that it showed Cromwell to be a simpleton. We may at least admit the peril of a helmsman who does not forecast his course.

It is true that the situation was a revolutionary one, and the Rump was no more a legal Parliament than Cromwell was legal monarch. The constitution had long vanished from the stage. From the day in May, 1641, when the king had assented to the bill

making a dissolution depend on the will of Parliament, down to the days in March, 1649, when the mutilated Commons abolished the House of Lords and the office of a king, story after story of the constitutional fabric had come crashing to the ground. The Rump alone was left to stand for the old tradition of Parliament, and it was still clothed, even in the minds of those who were most querulous about its present failure of performance, with a host of venerated associations—the same associations that had inspired men's hearts all through the fierce years of civil war. The rude destruction of the Parliament gave men a shock that awakened in some of them angry distrust of Cromwell; in others, a broad resentment at the overthrow of the noblest of experiments; and in the largest class of all, deep misgivings as to the past, silent self-questioning whether the whole movement since 1641 had not been a grave and terrible mistake, and, last of all, a growing desire to restore the old order, even the second Charles and all.

Guizot justly says of Cromwell that he was one of the men who know that even the best course in political action has its drawbacks, and who accept without flinching the difficulties laid upon them by their own decisions. This time, however, the day was not long in coming when Oliver saw reason to look back with regret upon those whom he now handled with such impetuous severity. When he quarreled with the first Parliament of his protectorate, less than two years hence, he used his old foes, if foes they were, for a topic of reproach against his new ones. "I will say this on behalf of the Long Parliament, that had such an expedient as this government [the Instrument] been proposed to them, and could they have seen the cause of God provided for, and been by debates enlightened in the grounds of it, whereby the difficulties might have been cleared to them, and the reason of the whole enforced, and the circumstances of time and persons, with the temper and disposition of the people, and affairs both abroad and at home might have been well weighed, I think in my conscience—well as they were thought to love their seats—they would have proceeded in another manner than you have done." To cut off in a fit of passion the chance of such a thing, was a false step that he was never able to retrieve.

XXXI. THE REIGN OF THE SAINTS.

CROMWELL was now the one authority left standing. "By act of Parliament," he

said, "I was general of all the forces in the three nations of England, Scotland, and Ireland, the authority I had in my hand being so boundless as it was." This unlimited condition both displeased his judgment and pricked his conscience. He protested that he did not desire to live in it for a single day; and his protest was sincere. Yet, in fact, few were the days, during the five years and a half from the breaking of the Parliament to his death, when the green withes of a constitution could bind the arms of this heroic Samson. We have seen how, in the distant times when Charles I was prisoner at Carisbrooke, Cromwell, not without a visible qualm, had brought to bear upon the scruples of Robert Hammond the doctrine of the People's Safety being the supreme law. Alas! *Salus populi* is always the daily bread of revolutions. It was the foundation of the Cromwellian dictatorship in all its changing phases.

After the rude dispersion of the Long Parliament next came the Reign of the Saints. No experiment could have worked worse. Here is Cromwell's rueful admission: "Truly I will now come and tell you a story of my own weakness and folly. And yet it was done in my simplicity, I dare avow it. It was thought then that men of our judgment, who had fought in the wars, and were all of a piece upon that account, surely these men will hit it, and these men will do it to the purpose, whatever can be desired. And truly we did think, and I did think so, the more blame to me. And such a company of men were chosen, and did proceed to action. And this was the naked truth, that the issue was not answerable to the simplicity and honesty of the design." Such was Oliver's own tale, related four years afterward. The discovery that the vast and complex task of human government needs more than spiritual enthusiasm, that to have "very scriptural notions" is not enough for the reform of stubborn earthy things, marks yet another stage in Cromwell's progress. He was no idealist turned cynic, that mournful spectacle; but a warrior called by Heaven to save civil order and religious freedom, and it was with this duty heavy on his soul that he watched the working of the scheme that Harrison had pressed upon him. As Ranke puts it, Cromwell viewed his own ideals, not from the point of subjective satisfaction, but of objective necessity; and this is one of the marks of the great statesman.

The company of men so chosen constituted what stands in history as the Little Parlia-

ment, or, parodied from the name of one of its members, Barebones' Parliament. They were nominated by Cromwell and his council of officers at their own will and pleasure, helped by the local knowledge of the Congregational churches in the country. The writ of summons, reciting how it was necessary to provide for the peace, safety, and good government of the Commonwealth, by committing the trust of such weighty affairs to men with good assurance of love and courage for the interest of God's cause, was issued in the name of Oliver Cromwell, captain-general and commander-in-chief. One hundred and thirty-nine of these summonses went out, and presently five other persons were invited by the convention itself to join, including Cromwell, Lambert, and Harrison.

The most remarkable feature was the appearance for the first time of five men to speak for Scotland and six men for Ireland. This was the earliest formal foreshadowing of legislative union. Of the six representatives of Ireland, four were English officers, including Henry Cromwell; and the other two were English by descent. However devoid of any true representative quality in a popular sense, and however transient the plan, yet the presence of delegates sitting in the name of the two outlying kingdoms in an English governing assembly was symbolical of that great consolidating change in the English state which the political instinct of the men of the Commonwealth had demanded, and the sword of Cromwell had brought within reach. The policy of incorporation originated in the Long Parliament, who with profound wisdom had based their Scottish schemes upon the emancipation of the common people and small tenants from the oppression of their lords, and Vane, St. John, Lambert, Monk, and others had to put the plan into shape. It encountered two of the most powerful forces that affect a civilized society—a stubborn sentiment of nationality, and the bitter antagonism of the church. The sword, however, beat down military resistance, and it was left for the Instrument of Government to adopt the policy which the men of the Commonwealth had bequeathed to it.

Though so irregular in their source, the nominees of the officers were undoubtedly, for the most part, men of worth, substance, and standing. Inspired by the enthusiastic Harrison, their whole existence is the high-water mark of the biblical politics of the times, of Puritanism applying itself to legislation, political construction, and social re-

generation. It hardly deserves to be described as the greatest attempt ever made in history to found a civil society on the literal words of Scripture, but it was certainly the greatest failure of such an attempt.

To the council-chamber at Whitehall the chosen notables repaired on the 4th of July (1653), a day destined a century and more later to be the date of higher things in the annals of free government. They seated themselves round the table, and the lord general stood by the window near the middle of it. The room was crowded with officers. Cromwell in his speech made no attempt to hide the military character of the revolution that had brought them together. The indenture, he told them, by which they were constituted the supreme authority had been drawn up by the advice of the principal officers of the army; it was himself and his fellow-officers who had vainly tried to stir up the Parliament; he had been their mouthpiece to offer their sense for them; it was the army to whom the people had looked, in their dissatisfaction at the breakdown of parliamentary performance. Yet the thinking of an act of violence was to them worse than any battle that ever they were in, or that could be, to the utmost hazard of their lives. They felt how binding it was upon them not to grasp at power for themselves, but to divest the sword of all power in the civil administration. So now God had called this new supreme authority to do his work, which had come to them by wise Providence through weak hands. That Cromwell was deeply sincere in his intention of divesting the army of supremacy in civil affairs, and of becoming himself their servant, there are few who doubt. But we vindicate his sincerity only at the cost of his sagacity. The destruction of the old Parliament, which had at least some spark of legislative authority; the alienation of almost all the stanchest and ablest partizans of the scheme of a commonwealth; the desperate improbability of attracting any large body of members by the rule of the saints, all left the new order without moral or social foundation, and the power of the sword the only bulwark standing.

Meanwhile Oliver freely surrendered himself to the spiritual raptures of the hour. "I confess I never looked to see such a day as this, when Jesus Christ should be so owned as he is this day in this work. God manifests this to be the day of the power of Christ, having through so much blood, and so much

trial as hath been upon these nations, made this to be one of the great issues thereof, to have his people called to the supreme authority." Text upon text is quoted in lyric excitement from prophets, psalmists, and apostles; Old Testament dispensation and New; appeals to the examples of Moses and of Paul, who could wish themselves blotted out of God's book for the sake of the whole people; the verses from James about wisdom from above being pure and peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits; and then at last the Sixty-eighth Psalm, with its triumphs so exceeding high and great.

A few weeks began the dissipation of the dream. They were all sincere and zealous, but the most zealous were the worst simpletons. The soldier's jealousy of civil power, of which Cromwell had made himself the instrument on the 20th of April, was a malady without a cure. The impatience that had grown so bitter against the old Parliament soon revived against the new convention. Just as it is the nature of courts of law to amplify the jurisdiction, so it is the nature of every political assembly to extend its powers. The moderate or conservative element seems to have had a small majority in the usual balance of parties, but the forward men made up for inferiority in numbers by warmth and assiduity. The fervor of the forward party in the Parliament was stimulated by fanaticism out of doors; by cries that their gold had become dim, the ways of Zion filled with mourning, and a dry wind, but neither to fan nor to cleanse, upon the land; above all, by the assurances of the preachers that the four monarchies of Nebuchadnezzar and Cyrus, of Alexander and Rome, had each of them passed away, and that the day had come for the Fifth and final Monarchy, the kingdom of Jesus Christ upon the earth; and this no mere reign set up in men's hearts, but a scheme for governing nations and giving laws for settling liberty, property, and the foundations of a commonwealth. The fidelity of the convention to Cromwell was shown by the unanimous vote that placed him on the Council of State; but the great dictator kept himself in the background, and in good faith hoping against hope, he let things take their course. "I am more troubled now," he said, "with the fool than with the knave." The new men at once and without leave took to themselves the name of Parliament. Instead of carrying on their special business of a constituent assembly, they set to work with a

will at legislation, and legislation, moreover, in the high temper of Root-and-Branch, for cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently. A bill was run through all its stages in a single sitting, for the erection of a high court of justice in cases where a jury could not be trusted to convict. Ominous language was freely used upon taxation, and it was evident that the sacred obligations of supply and the pay of the soldiers and sailors were in peril. They passed a law requiring that all good marriages must take place before a justice of the peace, after due publication of banns in some open resort, sacred or secular. Of the projects of law reform inherited from the Long Parliament they made nonsense. Before they had been a month in session they passed a resolution that the Court of Chancery should be wholly taken away and abolished; and after three bills had been brought in and dropped for carrying this resolution into act, they read a second time a fourth bill for summarily deciding cases then pending, and arranging that for the future the ordinary suits in Chancery should be promptly despatched at a cost of from twenty to forty shillings. They set a committee, without a lawyer upon it, to work on the reduction of the formless mass of laws, cases, and precedents to a code that should be of no greater bigness than a pocket-book. The power of patrons to present to livings was taken away, though patronage was as much property as land. More vital aspects of the church question followed. A committee reported in favor of the appointment of a body of state commissioners with power to eject unfit ministers and fill vacant livings; and what was a more burning issue, in favor of the maintenance of tithe as of legal obligation. By a majority of two (56 against 54) the House disagreed with the report, and so indicated their intention to abolish tithe and the endowment of ministers of religion by the state. This led to the crisis. The effect of proceedings so singularly devised for the settlement of the nation was to irritate and alarm all the nation's most powerful elements. The army, the lawyers, the clergy, the holders of property, all felt themselves attacked; and the lord general himself perceived, in his own words afterward, that the issue of this assembly would have been the subversion of the laws and of all the liberties of their nation, the destruction of the ministers of the gospel—in short, the confusion of all things; and instead of order, to set up the judicial law of Moses, in abrogation of

all our administrations. The design that shone so radiantly five months before had sunk away in clouds and vain chimera. Nor had the reign of chimera even brought popularity. Lilburne, the foe of all government, whether it were inspired by folly or by common sense, appeared once more upon the scene, and he was put upon his trial before a court of law for offenses of which he had been pronounced guilty by the Long Parliament. The jury found him innocent of any crime worthy of death, and the verdict was received with shouts of joy by the populace. This was to demonstrate that the government of the saints was at least as odious as the government of the dispossessed Rump.

The narrow division on the abolition of tithe convinced everybody that the ship was water-logged. Sunday, December 11, was passed in the concoction of devices for bringing the life of the notables to an end. On Monday the Speaker took the chair at an early hour, and a motion was promptly made that the sitting of the Parliament was no longer for the public good, and therefore that they should deliver up to the lord general the powers they had received from him. An attempt to debate was made, but as no time was to be lost, in case of members arriving in numbers sufficient to carry a hostile motion, the Speaker rose from his chair, told the sergeant to shoulder the mace, and, followed by some forty members in the secret, set forth in solemn procession to Whitehall. A minority kept their seats, until a couple of colonels with a file of soldiers came to turn them out. According to a Royalist story, one of the colonels asked them what they were doing. "We are seeking the Lord," was the answer. "Then you should go elsewhere," the colonel replied, "for to my knowledge the Lord has not been here these twelve years past." We have Cromwell's words that he knew nothing of this intention to resign. If so, the dismissal of the remnant of the members by a handful of troopers on their own authority is strange, and shows the extraordinary pitch that military manners had reached. Oliver received the Speaker and his retinue with genuine or feigned surprise, but accepted the burden of power that the abdication of the Parliament had once more laid upon him.

XXXII. FIRST STAGE OF THE PROTECTORATE.

"WHAT are all our histories," cried Cromwell in 1655, "what are all our traditions of

actions in former times, but God manifesting himself, that hath shaken and tumbled down and trampled upon everything that he had not planted?" It was at the same time that Bossuet was working out the same conception in the glowing literary form of the discourse on universal history. What was in Bossuet the theme of a divine was in Cromwell the life-breath of act, toil, hope, submission. For him the drama of time is no stage-play, but an inspired and foreordained dispensation ever unfolding itself "under a Waking and All-searching Eye," and in this high epic England had the hero's part. "I look at the people of these nations as the blessing of the Lord," he said, "and they are a people blessed by God. . . . If I had but a hope fixed in me that this cause and this business was of God, I would many years ago have run from it. . . . But if the Lord take pleasure in England, and if he will of us good, he is very able to bear us up. . . ."

As England was the home of the chosen people, so also he read in all the providences of battle-fields from Winceby to Worcester that perhaps he was called to be the Moses or the Joshua of the new deliverance.

Milton's fervid Latin appeal of this date did but roll forth in language of his own incomparable splendor, though in phrases savoring more of Pericles or some high Roman Stoic than of the Hebrew sacred books, the thoughts that haunted Cromwell. Milton had been made secretary of the first Council of State almost immediately after the execution of the king in 1649, and he was employed in the same or similar duties until the end of Cromwell and after. Historic imagination vainly seeks to picture the personal relations between two such master spirits, but no trace remains. They must sometimes have been in the council-chamber together, but whether they ever interchanged a word we do not know. When asked for a letter of introduction for a friend to the English ambassador in Holland (1657), Milton excused himself, saying, "I have very little acquaintance with those in power, inasmuch as I keep very much to my own house, and prefer to do so." A painter's fancy has depicted Oliver dictating to the Latin secretary the famous despatches on the slaughtered saints whose bones lay scattered on the Alpine mountains cold; but by then the poet had lost his sight, and himself probably dictated the English drafts from Thurloe's instructions, and then turned them into his own sonorous Latin. He evidently approved the supersession of the Parliament, though

we should remember that he includes in all the breadth of his panegyric both Bradshaw and Overton, who as strongly disapproved. He bids the new Protector to recall the aspect and the wounds of that host of valorous men who, with him for leader, had fought so strenuous a fight for freedom, and to revere their shades; to think of England's repute and fame with foreign nations, how many things they, too, were promising themselves as the fruit of her liberty, and of a commonwealth that had so gloriously dawned. He adjures him further to revere himself, that thus the freedom for which he had faced countless perils and borne such heavy cares he would never suffer to be either violated by hand of his, or impaired by any other.

Such is the heroic strain in which the man of noble ideals hailed the man with strength of heart and arm, and power of station. This Miltonian glory of words is the high-water mark of the advance from the homely sages of 1640 to the grand though transient recasting of the fundamental conceptions of national consciousness and life. The apostle and the soldier were two men of different type, and drew their inspiration from very different fountains, but we may well believe Aubrey when he says that there were those who came over to England only to see Oliver Protector and John Milton.

Four days sufficed to erect a new government. The scheme was prepared by the officers, with Lambert at their head. Cromwell fell in with it, caring little about formal constitutions either way. On the afternoon of December 16, 1653, a procession set out from Whitehall for Westminster Hall. The judges in their robes, the high officers of government, the lord mayor and the magnates of the City, made their way amid two lines of soldiers to the Chancery Court, where a chair of state had been placed upon a rich carpet. Oliver, clad in a suit and cloak of black velvet, and with a gold band upon his hat, was invited by Lambert to take upon himself the office of Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, conformably to the terms of an Instrument of Government which was then read. The lord general assented, and forthwith took and subscribed the solemn oath of fidelity to the matters and things set out in the Instrument. Then, covered, he sat down in the chair of state, while those in attendance stood bareheaded about him.

The commissioners ceremoniously handed to him the great seal, and the lord mayor

proffered him his sword of office. The Protector returned the seal and the sword, and after he had received the grave obeisance of the dignitaries around him, the act of state ended, and he returned to the palace of Whitehall, amid the acclamations of the soldiery and the half-ironic curiosity of the crowd. He was proclaimed, by sound of trumpet, in Palace Yard, at the Old Exchange, and in other places in London, the lord mayor attending in his robes, the sergeants with their maces, and the heralds in their gold coats. Henceforth the Lord Protector "observed new and great state, and all ceremonies and respects were paid to him by all sorts of men as to their prince." The new constitution thus founding, though it did not long uphold, the Protectorate, was the most serious of the expedients of this distracted time.

On the breakdown of the Barebones Parliament the sphinx once more propounded her riddle. How to reconcile executive power with popular supremacy, what should be the relations between executive and legislature, what the relations between the church and the magistrate—these were the problems that divided the dead king and the dead Parliament, that had baffled Pym and Hyde, that had perplexed Ireton and the officers, and now confronted Oliver. It was easy to affirm the sovereignty of the people as an abstract truth. But the machinery? We must count one of the curiosities of history the scene of this little group of soldiers sitting down to settle in a few hours the questions that to this day, after a century and a quarter of constitution-mongering and infinitely diversified practice and experiment, beset the path of self-governing peoples.

No doubt they had material only too abundant. Scheme after scheme had been propounded at Oxford, at Uxbridge, at Newcastle, at Newport. The army had drawn up its Heads of Proposals, and these were followed, a few days before the king was brought to the block, by the written constitution known as the Agreement of the People. The officers had well-trodden ground to go upon, and yet the journey was as obscure as it ever had been.

The Magna Charta that installed Oliver as Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, though loose enough in more than one essential particular, was compact. The government was to be in a single person and a single House, but to these two organs of rule was added a Council of State. This was an

imperfect analogue of the old Privy Council or of the modern cabinet. They sat for life. The Council had a voice, subject to confirmation by Parliament, in appointments to certain high offices. Then came the clauses of a reform bill, and Cromwell has been praised for anticipating Pitt's proposals for demolishing rotten boroughs; in fact, the reform bill was adopted bodily from the labors of Ireton and the discarded Parliament.

The Instrument of Government had a short life, and not an important one; but it has a certain surviving interest, unlike the French constitutions of the year III, the year VIII, and other ephemera of the same species, because, along with its sequel of the Humble Petition and Advice, it is the only attempt in English history to work a written system, and because it has sometimes been taken to foreshadow the Constitution of the United States. The American analogy does not hold.

Historically, there are no indications that the framers of the American Constitution had the Instrument in their minds, and there are, I believe, no references to it either in the pages of the "Federalist," or in the recorded debates of the several States. Nor was it necessary for the American draftsmen to go back to the Commonwealth; their scheme was based upon State constitutions already subsisting, and in them they found the principle of fundamentals or constitutional guaranties not alterable like ordinary laws.

Apart from historical connection, the coincidences between the Instrument and the American Constitution are slight, while the differences are marked. The Protector is to be chosen by the Council, not by the people. He has no veto on legislation. His tenure is for life; so is the tenure of the Council. There is no direct appeal to the electorate as to any executive office. Parliament, unlike Congress, is to consist of one House. The two schemes agree in embodying the principle of a rigid constitution, but in the Instrument there are, according to Oliver himself, only four fundamentals, and all the rest is as liable to amendment or repeal, and in the same way, as any other statute.

Make by act an American President master for life, with the assent of a small council of a score of persons nominated for life, of the power of the sword, of the normal power of the purse, of the power of religious establishment, for thirty-one months out of thirty-six, and then you might have some-

thing like the Instrument of Government. The fatal passion for parallels has led to a much more singular comparison. Within the compass of a couple of pages Mommsen likens the cynical and bloodthirsty Sulla to Don Juan because he was frivolous, and to George Washington because he was unselfish, and to Oliver Cromwell because they both set up or restored order and a constitution.

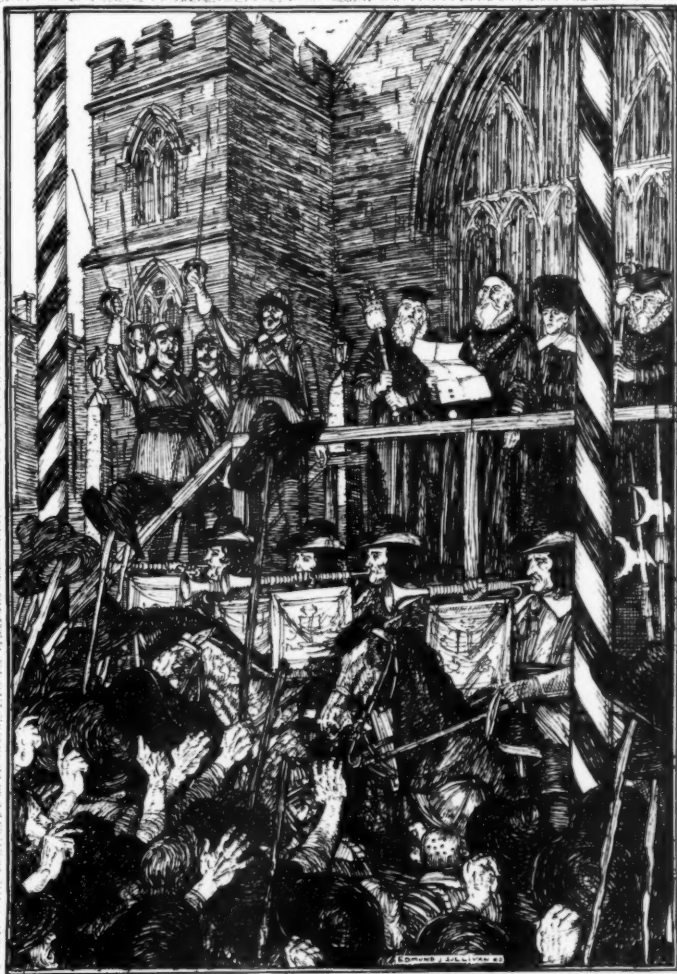
In virtue of their legislative capacity, Cromwell and his Council passed more than eighty ordinances in the eight months between the establishment of the Protectorate and the meeting of the Parliament. This is called Cromwell's great creative period, yet, in truth, the list is but a meager show of legislative fertility. Many of them were no more than directions for administration. Some were regulations of public police. One of them limited the number of hackney-coaches in London to two hundred. Duels and challenges were prohibited, and to kill an adversary in a duel was made a capital offense. Drunkenness and swearing were punished. Cock-fighting was suppressed, and so, for a period, was horse-racing. There were laws for raising money upon the church lands, and laws for fixing excise. Among the earliest and most significant was the repeal of the memorable enactment of the first days of the republic, which required an engagement of allegiance to the Commonwealth. This was taken by the more ardent spirits as stamping the final overthrow of the system consecrated to freedom, and it still further embittered the enmity of those who through so many vicissitudes had in more hopeful days been Cromwell's closest allies. More far-reaching and fundamental were the edicts incorporating Scotland in one commonwealth with England, but these were in conformity with the bill of the Long Parliament in 1652. From the Long Parliament also descended the policy of the edict for the settlement of lands in Ireland. One of the cardinal subjects of the ordinances in this short period of reforming and organizing activity was the Court of Chancery. The sixty-seven clauses reforming Chancery are elaborate, but they show no presiding mind.

Cromwell possessed far too much of the instinct for order and government, which is very narrowly described when it is called conservative, not to do his best to secure just administration of the law. Some of the most capable lawyers of the age were persuaded to serve in the office of judge, and

there is no doubt that they discharged with uprightness, good sense, and efficiency both their strictly judicial duties and the important functions in respect of general county business which in these days fell upon the judges of assize. Slackness in this vital department would speedily have dissolved social order in a deeper sense than any political step like the execution of a king or the breaking of a Parliament. But when what he chose to regard as reason of state affected him, Cromwell was as ready to interfere with established tribunals, and to set up tribunals specially to his purpose, as if he had been a Stuart or a Bourbon.

Most important of all Cromwell's attempts at construction was the scheme for the propagation of religion, and it deserves attention. This dire controversy, that split up the patriot party in the first years of the Long Parliament, that wrecked the throne, that was at the bottom of the quarrels with the Scots, that inspired the fatal feud between Presbyterian and Independent, that occupied the last days of the Rump, and brought to naught the Reign of the Saints, was still the question that went deepest in social life. The fervid soul of Milton was eager for complete dissociation of church from state, eager "to save free conscience from the paw of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw." So were the advanced men in the Parliament of Barebones. But voluntarism of this uncompromising temper was far from being universal even among Independents. Cromwell had never committed himself to it. In adhesion to the general doctrine of liberty of conscience, he had never wavered. It was the noblest element in his whole mental equipment. He valued dogmatic nicety as little in religion as he valued constitutional precision in politics. His was the cast of mind to which the spirit of system is in every aspect wholly alien. The presence of God in the hearts of men; the growth of the perfect man within us; the inward transformation, not by literal or speculative knowledge, but by participation in the divine in things of the mind; no compulsion but that of light and reason—such was ever his faith. "I am not a man," he said, "scrupulous about words or names or such things."

This was the very temper for a comprehensive settlement, if only the nation should be found ripe for comprehension. Cromwell had served on two important parliamentary committees on propagation of the gospel after his return from Worcester. There, on one occasion, it pleased somebody on the



DRAWN BY EDMUND J. SULLIVAN.

THE PROCLAMATION OF OLIVER CROMWELL AS LORD PROTECTOR IN OLD PALACE YARD.

committee zealously to argue against a Laodicean indifference, professing that he would rather be a Saul than a Gallio. Then Cromwell made the vehement declaration that he would rather have Mohammedanism permitted than that one of God's children should be

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persecuted. But the question of toleration was one, and that of a state-paid ministry was another. Toleration with the two stereotyped exclusions of popery and prelacy was definitely adopted in two sections of the Instrument of Government, and so, too, was

the principle of a public profession of religion to be maintained from public funds. An Episcopal critic was angry at the amazing fact that in the Magna Charta of the new constitution there was not a word of churches or ministers, nor anything else but the Christian religion in general—as if the Christian religion in general were but

pacy. The second imputation must be apocryphal, but Cromwell had undoubtedly by this time firmly embraced the maxim alike of King Charles and of the Long Parliament, that the care of religion is the business of the state. His ordinances institute a double scheme for expelling bad ministers and testing the admission of better. No theological tests



FROM A CAST OF THE ORIGINAL IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.
SECOND GREAT SEAL OF PROTECTOR OLIVER, 1655-58.

meager and diminutive. What Cromwell's ordinance of 1654 did was, upon the principle of the Instrument, to frame a working system. In substance he adopted the scheme which Dr. John Owen, now dean of Christ Church, had submitted to the Long Parliament in 1652, and which was in principle accepted by the Rump in its closing days. A story is told by Bishop Wilkins, who was the husband of Cromwell's youngest sister Robina, that the Protector often said to him that no temporal government could have a sure support without a national church that adhered to it, and that he thought England was capable of no constitution but Episco-

were prescribed. No particular church organization was imposed, though Episcopacy, like the Prayer-book, was forbidden. Of the three sorts of godly men, Oliver said, Presbyterians, Baptists, and Independents, so long as a man had the root of the matter in him, it does not concern his admission, to whatever of the three judgments he may belong. The parishes were to adopt the Presbyterian or the Congregational form as they liked best. In practice, outside of London and Lancashire, where the Presbyterianism established by the Parliament in 1647 had taken root, the established church during the Protectorate was on the Con-

gregational model, with so much of Presbyterianism about it as came from free association for discipline and other purposes.

His ideal was a state church, based upon a comprehension from which Episcopalians were to be shut out. The exclusion was fatal to it as a final settlement. The rebellion itself, by arresting and diverting the liberal

to come. When the day of reaction arrived, less than twenty years later, it brought cruel reprisals. In 1662 the Episcopalians, when the wheel brought them uppermost, ejected two thousand nonconformists on the famous day of St. Bartholomew, the patron saint of Christian enormities; and the nation fell asunder into the two standing camps of



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movement in progress within the church when the political outbreak first began, had forever made a real comprehension impossible. This is perhaps the heaviest charge against it, and the gravest set-off against its indubitable gains.

The mischief had been done in the years, roughly speaking, from 1643 to 1647, when some two thousand of the Episcopal clergy were turned out of their churches and homes with every circumstance of suffering and hardship. The authors of these hard proceedings did not foresee the distant issue, which made so deep and dubious a mark upon the social life of England for centuries

churchman and dissenter, which, in their strife of so many ages for superiority on the one hand and equality on the other, did so much to narrow public spirit and pervert the noble ideal of national citizenship. This disastrous direction was first imparted to church polity by the Presbyterians, but Independents, when in their turn of faction they grasped power, did nothing to redress the wrong that their rivals had committed.

XXXIII. QUARREL WITH THE FIRST PARLIAMENT.

WHITELOCKE, in his mission to Sweden, saw Oxenstiern, the renowned minister who had



DRAWN BY MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN.

CROMWELL GOING TO WESTMINSTER AFTER HEARING THE SERMON.

played so great a part in the history of Gustavus Adolphus and of the Protestant world, one of the sages—not too many of them on his own showing—who have tried their hand at the government of men. The chancellor inquired about Cromwell's age, health, children, family, and temper, and said that the things that he had done argued as much courage and wisdom as any actions that had been seen for many years. Still the veteran was not dazzled. He told Whitelocke that the new Protector's strength would depend upon the confirmation of his office by Parliament. As it was, it looked to him like an election by the sword, and the precedents of such elections had always proved dangerous and not peaceable, even from the choice of Roman emperors by the legion. Christina, the queen, went deeper, and hit on a parallel more to the point. "Your general," she said, "hath done the greatest things of any man in the world; the Prince of Condé is next to him, but short of him." Much of his story, she proceeded, "hath some parallel with that of my ancestor, Gustavus I, who, from a private gentleman of a noble family, was advanced to the title of Marshal of Sweden, because he had risen up and rescued his country from the bondage and oppression which the King of Denmark had put upon them, and expelled that king; and for his reward he was at last elected King of Sweden, and I believe that your general will be King of England in conclusion." "Pardon me, madam," replied the sedate Whitelocke; "that cannot be, because England is resolved into a commonwealth; and my general hath already sufficient power and greatness, as general of all their forces both by sea and land, which may content him." "Resolve what you will," the queen insisted, "I believe he resolves to be king; and hardly can any power or greatness be called sufficient, when the nature of man is so prone as in these days to all ambition." Whitelocke could only say that he found no such nature in his general. Yet it needed no ambition, but only inevitable memory of near events, to recall to Cromwell the career of Gustavus Vasa, and we may be sure the case often flitted through his mind.

Two parliaments were held during the Protectorate, the first of them assembling in 1654, on the 3d of September, the famous anniversary day of the Cromwellian calendar. It lasted barely five months. A glance at the composition of it was enough to disclose the elements of a redoubtable opposition. The ghost of the Long Parliament was there

in the persons of Bradshaw, Scot, Hazlerigg, and others, and although Vane was absent, the spirit of irreconcilable alienation from a personal government resting on the drawn sword was present and active. No Royalist was eligible, but the Presbyterians of what would now be called the extreme right were not far from Royalists, and even the Presbyterians of the center could have little ardor for a man and a system that marked the triumph of the hated Independents. The material for combinations unfriendly to the government was only too evident.

They all heard a sermon in Westminster Abbey, where the Protector had gone in his coach, with pages, lackeys, life-guards, in full state. Henry Cromwell and Lambert sat with him bareheaded in the coach, perhaps in their different ways the two most capable of all the men about him. After the sermon they crossed over from the abbey to the Painted Chamber, and there Oliver addressed them in one of his strange speeches, not coherent, not smooth, not always even intelligible, but with a strain of high-hearted fervor in them piercing through rugged and uncouth forms; with the note of a strong man having great things to say, and wrestling with their very greatness in saying them; often rambling, discursive, and overloaded; often little better than rigmarole, even though rigmarole lighted now and again with the flash of a noble thought or penetrating phrase; marked by curious admixture of the tone of the statesman's council-chamber with the tone of the Ranter's chapel; still impressive by their laboring sincerity, by the weight of their topics, and by that which is the true force of all oratory worth talking about, the momentum of the orator's history, personality, and purpose.

The specters of old dispute at once rose up. Those who could recall the quarrel between king and Parliament found that, after all, nothing was settled, hardly even so much as that the government of the three kingdoms should be a parliamentary government. The mutual suspicions of Parliament and army were as much alive as ever. The members no sooner returned to their own chamber than they began instantly to consider the constitution under which they existed. In other words, they took themselves seriously. No Parliament supposing themselves clothed with popular authority could have been expected to accept without criticism a ready-made scheme of government fastened on them by a military junto. If the scheme



FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING BY WILLIAM CAPON, OWNED BY THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES, LONDON.

INTERIOR OF THE PAINTED CHAMBER AT WESTMINSTER.

was to be parliamentary, nothing could be more certain than that Parliament itself must make it so. A protector by right of the army was as little tolerable to the new Parliament as a king by divine right had been to the old. They sat there by the authority of the good people of England, and how could it be contended that this authority did not include the right of judging the system on which the good people of England were to be governed?

That was the very ground on which Oliver had quarreled with the Rump. He now dealt with the first Parliament of the Pro-

tectorate as decisively, if not quite so passionately, as with the Parliament of the Commonwealth. After constitutional discussion had gone on for less than a fortnight, members one morning found Westminster Hall and its approaches full of soldiers, the door of the House locked in their faces, with only the gruff explanation that the Protector desired them to meet him in the Painted Chamber. Here Oliver addressed them in language of striking force, winding up with an act of power after the model of Pride's Purge and the other arbitrary exclusions.

As they had slighted the authority that

called them, he told them that he had caused a stop to be put to their entrance into the Parliament House, until they had signed a promise to be true and faithful to the Lord Protector and the Commonwealth, and not to alter the government as settled in a single person and a Parliament. The test was certainly not a narrow or a rigid one, and within a few days some three hundred out of the four hundred and sixty subscribed. The rest, including Bradshaw, Hazelrigg, and others of that stalwart group, refused to sign, and went home. Such was the Protector's short way with a parliamentary opposition.

The purge was drastic, but it availed little. By the very law of its being the Parliament went on with the interrupted debate. There is no such favorite battle-ground for party conflict as revision of a constitution. They passed a resolution making believe that Oliver's test was their own. They affirmed the fundamentals about the double seat of authority, about Oliver's Protectorate for life, about a Parliament every three years, as gravely as if members had not just signed a solemn promise not to reject them. Then they made their way through the rest of the two-and-forty articles of the Instrument, expanding them into sixty.

It was now that Oliver realized that perhaps he might as well have tried to live with the Rump. We have already seen the words in which he almost said as much. The strange irony of events had brought him within sight of the doctrines of Strafford and of Charles, and showed him to have as little grasp of parliamentary rule, and as little love of it, as either of them. He was determined not to accept the revised constitution. "Though some may think that it is an hard thing," he said, "to raise money without parliamentary authority upon this nation, yet I have another argument to the good people of this nation, whether they

prefer having their will, though it be their destruction, rather than comply with things of necessity." But, then, this is the principle of absolutism.

In other words, Cromwell did not in his heart believe that any Parliament was to be trusted. He may have been right, but, then, what way could be devised out of the deadlock? The representatives were not to blame for doing their best to convert government by the sword into that parliamentary government which was the very object of the civil war, and which was still the object of Cromwell himself. What he did was to dissolve them at the first hour at which the Instrument gave him the right.

A remarkable passage occurs in one of the letters of Henry Cromwell to Thurloe, two years later (March 4, 1675), which sheds a flood of light on this side of the Protectorate from its beginning to the end. The case could not be more wisely propounded. "I wish his Highness would consider how casual [incalculable] the motions of a Parliament are, and how many of them are called before one be found to answer the ends thereof; and that it is the natural genius of such great assemblies to be various, inconsistent, and for the most part forward with their superiors; and therefore that he would not wholly reject so much of what they offer as is necessary to the public welfare. And the Lord give him to see how much safer it is to rely upon persons of estate, interest, integrity, and wisdom, than upon such as have so amply discovered their envy and ambition, and whose faculty it is by continuing of confusion to support themselves."

How much safer, that is to say, to rely upon a Parliament, with all its slovenly, slow, and froward ways, than upon a close junto of military grandees with a standing army at their back. This is what the nation also thought, and burned into its memory for a century to come.

(To be continued.)



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

A PAIR OF CROMWELL'S SPURS, THE PROPERTY OF THE REV. T. CROMWELL BUSH.



DRAWN BY A. I. KELLER. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"AN' DEN SHE RAISE HER HAN' AN' POINT TO DE RAPIDE."

ON DE RAPIDE.

BY MARY KNOWLES BARTLETT.

MR. JERRY MYER, accompanied by his wife, was traveling in pursuit of his lost health. Naturally, at this time, he loathed the society of invalids.

One golden day in autumn they found themselves in a little French-Canadian village. It was Mr. Myer's custom, before he would commit himself to the uncertainties of a strange locality, to send Mrs. Myer out to see what the place was like. When they had dined comfortably at the old Hôtel de Bon Ange, as usual, he said:

"Now, my dear, you must look around and see who's here. If there is a 'hay-fever resorter' from the West, or a 'nervous-prostrate' from the East, or any other evil thing in sight, we 'll go farther."

It was also his custom to remind her that by a certain degree of affability she would invite the confidence of the natives, and that he should expect to hear something interesting when she came back. She had been well disciplined in the art of tale-gathering for the diversion of her sick lord, as a keen appetite for stories survived even the exigencies of Mr. Jerry Myer's ill health; so it was quite unnecessary to repeat this injunction, though he always did.

Then the lady went forth to spy upon the inhabitants. The village stood near the juncture of two rivers. Mrs. Myer saw a weather-beaten church, and a straggling row of steep-roofed cottages, all deep in gardens. There were blue-green fields of cabbage in the rear, but gay borders of marigold and zinnia lined the paths to the front doors; and on many a window-ledge a geranium growing in a tin can showed a brave truss of scarlet. Some women who were gathering ripe beans straightened their bent backs, and regarded her with engaging looks of interest. A group of children at a gateway, chattering a French patois, and stringing four-o'clocks on stems of seeded grass, hushed at sight of a stranger, and, with startled black eyes, huddled together like a covey of young partridges in a wood. But when she opened for them a tiny box of sugar-drops from her chatelaine, there was a ready flash of milk-teeth, and they bobbed courtesies, and cried, "Merci, m'dame!" like well-instructed chil-

dren. Then Mrs. Jerry Myer went down upon a floating pier formed of three or four logs chained to a stump. The murmur of broken water and, far below, a line of fringing whitecaps betrayed the presence of the rapids in the river. Along the shore a sturdy second growth of pine and fir made a dark background for the shimmering leaves and the brown-and-white trunks of slender birches.

Suddenly she was hailed by a cheery cry: "Bonjour, m'dame! Bonjour!"

A wiry little man, neither old nor young, rowed up to the landing. He wore a red worsted cap, a blue blouse, and long blue knitted stockings. His eyes were alert and glancing, like those of some small wild animal—one that gets its living by its wits, and not by its strength. But his smile was most human and friendly, and his brown and ruddy face shone with an eagerness for conversation.

"Bonjour, m'dame! Bonjour! You lak one skeef, eh? You lak I row you on de reever, me?"

"Oh, yas, m'dame; an' m'sieu', he will go? No? He ain't got no bien good healt', eh? Oh, yas; I see heem; he so wite on hees face.

"You come to Canadaw for hees healt'? Dat's good. I t'ink he not die ve'y soon. No, no. W'en he stay by de reever, dat 's de bes' t'ing in de worl'. All de 'habitant w'at leeve by de reever, she got bien good healt'. Dat's my boy over dere, feeshin'. You t'ink he marrie? No? Oh, yas; he marry hese'f long tam. He got nice wife, plenty li'l chillen. W'at you t'ink? Been marry eight year, an' he got ten li'l chillen. You don' b'leeve? Oh, yas; he one lucky feller. He got two, t'ree li'l twin! Nex' year maybe he go'n' got some mo' li'l twin; den he go on Kebeck, gowermen' geeve heem honner acre lan'. Das ve'y good, eh? An' I tol' heem de lan' mus' be by de reever. If he go on de dry lan', François he will be seek, an' hees li'l chillen dey will be seek, an' hees femme she will be seek.

"You lak de reever, m'dame? Yas? It mak' mo' life, de rapide. I tak' you mo' near, so you can see dem, jus' lak horses, how dey t'row up deir haid! You have see dat you'se'f? Dey look lak wite horses? Oh, das a

ve'y good eye you got, m'dame. Some people dey cannot see dat, not w'en you tole 'em, no. Soyez tranquille, m'dame. Dis skeef are mo' safe dan a house.

"Oh, yas, I go down de rapide since I have ten year. I lak bes' t'ing of all for go ride my w'ite horses of de rapide. You lak bes' de horses on de lan'? Oh, I 'fraid, me, of dose horses on de lan'. Of co'se dere is mo' danger in a wagon dan in a boat. For why? You can't steer no wagon. You got no ruder, no oar, jus' two li'l strap in your hand. Den de horse maybe he go'n' jomp on de stump, an', by gosh! first t'ing you know your haid is broke off on a tree. You t'ink w'en you be ve'y kin' wid de horses den dey won' hurt you? So? I don't know. But me, I lak my w'ite horses of de rapide. Of co'se you mus' be acquaint wid dem; dose are wil' horses. You mus' steer jus' right, an' keep your han' on deir back, wid a light oar an' a quick oar; den dey lif' you up, an' dey lif' you down, an' laugh in your face, jus' for mak' fun.

"Don' somebody go drown on de rapide? Oh—sometam—fool feller f'om de town. He pull so hard, he stick hees oar down deep, he go dig 'em in deir side, he go contre dem, an' dat mak' 'em so mad dey hit heem back, I tol' you. An' he roll 'tween de horses lak one beeg stone, an' dey tromp heem down in de water so deep, by gosh! w'en de angel blow de las' tromp I don' b'lieve he hear it.

"You was on Lachine Rapide? An' you was scare', you? Oh, yas; but you was in beeg, beeg boat, eh? Me, I be 'fraid dose beeg boat, jus' lak beeg house. Maybe she go'n' turn over; fire-engine maybe she go'n' bus' up. Den where you are? No, no; on de rapide one li'l small skeef an' two oar mak' all right for me. You t'ink all de woman be 'fraid de rapide? Canayenne? Oh, w'en she be so ol' an' so t'ick. You see my li'l' gell over dere, in de skeef wid François? Dat's my Louisine. On fête-day she got gol' watch an' gol' chain on her neck. M'sieu' l'engineer an' hees lady out de State mak' one belle present, eh?

"For why? My li'l' gel she not 'fraid, no. She acquaint wid de rapide.

"She li'l' gel, so li'l', so quick. Pretty, eh, you t'ink? Soch long black hair? Yas, ma jolie t'ite fille. But de bes' t'ing, m'dame, she got de bon sens' in dat small haid.

"You lak hear 'bout dat lady f'om de State? So? Den I tol' you f'om de begin.

"One Yankee man come off de State Boston. Big man; he engineer of de railroad for mak' new track down dere. He

commandant of de cut of de wood for de road. Please, m'dame, will you look up de reever—oder side, some willow-tree, eh? You see? Li'l' reever come in dere. One gang men go up de reever, me too; cut de beeg log, t'row 'em in de reever. Many log, not many water. Beeg bunch log get snag over dere, an' pile up mo' high as de tree. Dat winter stay long, long tam. I am so tire, me. But April she come back. I t'ink eve'ybody she's heart will broke some day w'en April she don' come. I geeve t'ree can'le to de altar, for mak' sure. I tol' de priest, 'Never min' my sin w'en it is so col'; jus' you pray for spring.' An' maybe dat pray is a good t'ing, for, sure 'nough, always April she come back. Le rapide on soch hurry, she tak' de ice out quick for us; but in dat li'l' reever de ice hol' on de lan' wid bote han's on bote side. De log mus' wait for de snow melt, an' fill up de reever, an' bus' up dat ice.

"Dat engineer, beeg man, not spik mochi, no. I row boat, carry chain, shoot deer, cook bean, mak' bed; yas, mak' toddy for heem, an' he not nevair tol' me he have one wife! No! Eve'y week come one man on snow-shoe, bring bag letter. En April he say, dat engineer, 'You t'ink nex' week come one wagon f'om de town?' I say, 'I don't know. Maybe; Dieu dépose. Snow she go pooty fas.' Den he say: 'My wife she is come on de town. I get letter; she is go'n' come to me by de fir's wagon t'rough de wood, an' my bébé boy. Don' know w'at day; so moch work I cannot go oder side reever an' wait for her.'

"You lak I go, m'sieu'?" I say.

"No; you mus' work, too, but your son François he is at home. Will he brong her over in de skeef?"

"Bien sure he will, François hese'f."

"An' gif dollar to m'dame of l'Hôtel de Bon Ange, an' say please will she put up de beeg flag w'en my wife is arrive? We will go down on dis side de reever an' meet dem."

"Oh, sure, M'dame Beauseant she will, she will!"

"All right," he say, an' he go back to hees work, an' mak' de lines on de papier. Not one word mo'; not one laugh, not one cry! Two, t'ree tam I hear heem mak' li'l' small wistle wid hees mout', an' one day I hear heem mak' li'l' small song 'bout 'Home, sweet home.' W'en I come in he stop. Oh, dose Yankee man, dose Yankee man! Deir heart it keep so still lak one blin' bird. If dat one Frenchman, one Canayan, an' he have not see hees femme so long tam, he

laugh an' sing de whole day, an' cry: 'Hurrah! My femme she come; an' she is de mos' belle dame in de whole worl! Bring de wine, mak' a supper; eve'ybody mus' be happy wid me.' He don' mak' no fête, de Yankee man. For why? He don' know how.

"So one day dat wagon she come mo' quick dan we t'ink. An' de lady de l'engineer she come, too. François, my son, he have not know she was go'n' come so soon, an' he have go wid all de boys an' ol' men for spear some feesh. De wagon she brong dat lady à l'hôtel de Bon Ange. On her arm is one bébé boy, oh, so beau lak St. Jean! But he Yankee li'l boy—no laugh, no cry. All de woman dey so much please for come see de lady. M'dame Beauseant she come out wid her mos' fine cap on her haid. Den she bow herse'f, an' she say: 'Welcome, m'dame; we have de mos' gran' happiness for see you! Entrez, m'dame; I got nice chambre for you, an' beeg fire. Li'l boy cole, eh?'

"De lady she spik ve'y positif. She say she was ve'y moch obligé; she want not'ing but a man an' boat for row her over de reever. M'dame Beauseant once mo' she mak' her politesse, an' she say: 'Oh, yas; but fir'st you will refresh you'se'f, eh? You lak glass wine, m'dame?' 'No, I don' drink wine,' say de lady. 'Permettez-moi, m'dame, dat I geeve you cup coffee?' 'Un'erstan', she say, an' she spik mo' severe, 'I want not'ing but a boat.' Den she walk herse'f down to de reever, an' her li'l boy too. All de womans dey go wid her, but M'dame Beauseant she go in her hotel.

"De lady look aroun'. 'W'ere are all de men?' she say. My femme she moch 'fraid, but she mus' tole her. 'De men all gone for de feesh, m'dame. Better you go à l'hôtel an' res' you'se'f. M'dame Beauseant she have de fine beeg feder bed for mak' you go on sleep.' 'I mus' have a man an' boat at once,' she say. My femme she tire'. She say: 'We cannot mak' miracle. Better you go to church and pray. Le bon Dieu himse'f he don' mak' one man in hurry.'

"Soch lady ve'y difficile. One Canayenne, one Française, she will cry an' mak' her tears fall down; but w'en she cannot, she know she cannot. Den she say, 'Voilà! I have do my possible; it is de will of God. I go to dinner; give me glass wine.' She have de bon sense, yas; mais la Yankee, she is jus' lak her man, she cannot change her min'. For why? She don' know how.

"Once mo' she say, 'Is dere no woman, no gel, w'at can row boat over de reever?' An' my Louisine she laugh, an' say, 'Oh, yas; I

can row skeef.' 'Why don' you tole me?' say de lady.

"So no mo' word. In de skeef she go, an' her li'l boy. My Louisine she tak' oar an' bend herse'f so quick she can, lak bird skim for de feesh. Me, I was on hill two mile back, an' I see de flag go up on l'hôtel. I call l'engineer. We tak' two men an' sled for go to de reever to meet de skeef, an' we all ronne on de track. Den lak one gun come beeg 'Boom! Boom!' We all stop. 'W'at's dat?' say l'engineer.

"I don' know,' I say.

"Is 't a gun?' he say.

"Boom! Boom!'

"I don' know,' I say, an' I lie lak de debil. W'en de water go bus' up de ice an' de log in dat li'l reever, dat's w'at she say, 'Boom! Boom!'

"Ronne, ronnel' I cry. L'engineer he know too, an' we all ronne lak mad. Den we see de log mak' beeg fight, fly up, an' jomp out on de reever, a honner, a t'ousan log! W'en we got to de shore we see de skeef comin'. She's half-way over. I see de water up dere an' de log dey boil up lak one beeg rapide. I t'ink it is my son François, an' I put up my han', so, an' I cry:

"En garde! En garde!'

"She stop row, an' she stan' up, an' I see it is my li'l gel—oh, ma chère li'l gel!

"De log spread over de reever, an' dey fight lak beeg snake. Dey come so fas' I t'ink dey will be on her befo' she can go back; dey will strike her befo' she can come over. Oh, m'dame, I tol' you, my heart was go'n' broke w'en I see my li'l gel go drown! An' den she raise her han' an' point to de rapide. I un'erstan', an' I cry:

"Allez! allez à la rapide! Vite! vite à la rapide!'

"She turn her skeef so quick an' fly down de reever lak one duck wid two wing.

"Oh, I am so happy, me! Den dat Yankee man he catch me, an' oh, he mak' soch a beeg 'By-damn' as you have never hear in your life! As one dog shake de rat, so he shake me. But de oder two Canayan dey pull hees two leg, so he fall down, an' dey mak' a sit on heem, an' I mak' heem one oration. I say:

"M'sieu' l'engineer, you been say dat I sen' your wife an' your bébé fo' die on de rapide? I tol' you dat is my li'l gel, my Louisine, in dat skeef. W'en all de Yankee people go leeve, I don' care. Go die? H'mm! Mais ma Louisine? She mus' be safe fo' me, m'sieu', fo' me! She know de w'ite horses; she is acquaint wid dem. Dey

will tak' her down de rapide befo' dose log
cotch her. An' below dere de current go
close by de shore at de ben' of de reever.
Easy she can slip on de still water, by de
house of M'dame Trouville, an' dere she
lan' herse'f. An' dere she go res' herse'f an'
your femme, m'sieu'. By-by, pooty soon de
log all go by. I tak' skeef an' go down de
rapide, an' I find my Louisine, an' your wife,
an' your li'l' boy. An', m'sieu' l'engineer, if
you got all de "By-damn" out your mout',
you can go too. An' I t'ink you be ve'y
please fo' see my li'l' gel. For why? She
have some bon good sense in her small haid.'

"An' it was ve'y true w'at I say. M'sieu'
he got some tear in hees eye w'en he tak' de
han' of my li'l' gel. An' he mak' pray jus'
lak one priest. 'God bless you!' He don'
say not'ing mo'. I t'ink hees heart are mo'
tendre, but he spik not moch. For why? He
don' know how.

"One tam, pooty soon, come dat fine gol'
watch fo' Louisine, an' gol' pin fo' my femme.
An' fo' me? Oh, t'ree gol' button fo' my
shirt, two gol' button fo' my sleeve.

"You go on de church, eh? Yas? Den
you go'n' see me, h'n h'm! Den you go'n' see

how dose w'ite horses she brong de bien good
luck fo' my Louisine an' fo' me.

"I go 'way some tam in de beeg wood, kill
some deer. Go trap some fox, some mink;
go on de State, sell some basket, mak' some
money. One day I can sleep no mo' in de
night. I am so lone, me, fo' my house an'
my femme; fo' my Louisine an' my François;
an' fo' de w'ite horses of my rapide! So
dark? I don' care; I mus' go. I don' can
wait fo' de sun come up. I tramp, tramp
four day, ten day, vintg day t'rough de wood.
De las' day I am so tire' I res' myse'f. I
t'ink I hear somet'ing. I say, 'No, no; dat 's
de win' in de tree.' I tramp some mo'. I am
mo' sure; I put my haid on de ground, an'
I hear de water. I am jus' one bébé w'at
hear de mama call: I laugh, an' I ronne, an'
I ronne!

"W'en I come to de rapide, it seem lak it
mak' a play fo' me. Dere is mo' music dan
a honner fiddle, an' mo' laughin' dan a many
li'l' chillen. De whole day we mak' fête in
my house. W'en de night come I lie down,
an' I hear de rapide, an' I sleep lak chile in
rock-a-bye bed, whose mudder was sing to
heem all de long night."

THE AUTHOR'S READING IN SIMPKINSVILLE.

A MONOLOGUE.

SPEAKER: SONNY'S FATHER.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART,

Author of "Sonny," "Holly and Pizen," etc.



AS, I've no doubt it 's thess ez
you say, doctor. It was the high-
est-class show we've ever had in
Simpkinsville, that is, it 's the
genuwine thing—liter'chure firs'-hand, ez
Sonny says. An', takin' it all round, I liked
it myself, tiptop.

An' you say the little one is doin' fine, is
she? An' the mother, too? Seem like little
Mary Elizabeth was thess constructed for a
mother—an' I'm glad it 's another girl. Two
brothers an' two sisters is ez fair a distribu-
tion ez I could wush—so far. But talkin'
about this here author's readin' (an' was n't
it a pity Mary Elizabeth could n't 'a' went?
She 'd 'a' laid it up so sacred).

In some ways I'm afeard I was a leetle
bit disappointed in it myself, ez a show.

Of co'se, when I heerd thet we was goin'
to have a book read out to us from the plat-
form by the one thet made it up out of her
head, why, I nachelly looked for everything
to be acted out thess the way we've seen
others speak pieces, only more so. I ricollec'
time Jim Bradshaw he recited that pome
about the bells, why, he rung so loud, one
way an' another, thet I thought likely they
was n't no person thet could 'a' done it better,
lessen it was him thet wrote it; an' now,
after las' night's performance, I don't know
ez he 'd 'a' put hisself out ez much ez Jim
done. Looks to me like actin' the thing out
is what makes it a performance; that 's the
way it is to my mind. Time Jim done this
same lady writer's piece about the chanti-
cleer, now, don't you ricollec' how, when the

boys was pleggin' 'im befo'hand, he told 'em he 'd guarantee thet when it come to the chanticleer part, they could hear him *chant clear* over to the co't-house? An' they *did*. He cert'nly did deserve credit. They 's some fun in goin' to a show like that, an' of co'se, when I heerd thet this here lady authoress was comin' to give a readin' with tickets to be paid for most extravagant, why, I put out my money thess ez much to see her step out on the stage an' crow ez anything else. An', tell the truth, I was nervous, for I fully expected to see her make a failure of it. I thess did n't b'lieve she could do it—not effectual. Somehow roosters an' women they seem to me to be the *direc'* opposites to one another. But I nee' n't to 've verried myself, for I soon see thet she was for takin' the whole thing ca'm ez a cucumber, chanticleer an' all. She thess read along all through the excitement thess ez composed ez I would 'a' done for the home folks; ca'mer, for that matter, for the very words an' the recollection o' Jim's performance would 'a' tempted me to some sort o' effort. Not thet I 'd 'a' perched on the chair-back an' stepped like a shanghai the way he done; but I 'd 'a' crowed *some* or *died*. I reckon she did read the crow part a leetle energetic, but that was the full extent of it.

An' then when it come to the co'tin' scene, in that story called "Love at Second Sight," well, to me, it was purty flat. She even refused to allow the lamps to be turned down; said she was afeard she 'd lose the sperit of it while the young men tiptoed round an' turned 'em down. But it did n't seem to me they was much sperit to lose. That 's the way it struck me. Why, she did n't even ease down her accents the least bit. She did n't to say even gurgle her th'roat or look shy; an', tell the truth, when I see what a settled woman she was, I was sort o' glad she did n't. It might n't 'a' set good on her.

No, her policy was the *direc'* opposite to what I looked for, firs' to last. 'Stid o' makin' gestures an' callin' attention to the stage, f' instance, seem like she tried to th'ow us off the track, constant. Why, sir, when she sort o' dropped her voice an' carried it along even, the way she done in that bean-arbor part, I seemed to forgit all about her a-standin' there, an' I could see the arbor an' the seat under it, either a close or a loose fit for two, accordin' to how they set in it. I say I could see it all—an' the white patches o' moonlight with black shadders between 'em all more or less the shape o' bean-leaves the

way I've so often noticed 'em—thess the way she had it printed in the book. Of co'se it was all mighty purty, 't least it was to me, because they was a bean-arbor an' a bench under it in our moonlight nights when her an' me laid out our lives together, an' for a while, whilst the lady was readin' along, even an' nachel, I thess shet my eyes an' I seemed to see her ag'in. It was mighty searchin'. Tell the truth, ef she 'd 'a' brought in any elocutin' right along there it would 'a' sp'ilt the whole thing for me. Come to think of it, they ain't much oratin' goin' on in every-day life day in an' day out, nohow, lessen in case of fire or fights. But when she got my mind started las' night, an' her voice kep' on in that easy way, so soft it would n't 'a' waked a bird ef they 'd been one in the arbor, I tell you, doctor, ez I said thess now, it was searchin'. Why, it even brought back to my mind a' ol' flowered muslin-de-laine dress she used to wear them days, with chiny asters on it an' blue ribbin bow-knots. I 'd 'a' paid my entrance fee gladly, ef for nothin' else, thess to git back that dress pattern.

I ricollec' she tore it one night on the bars, an' when she patched it, she matched the pattern perfect. The tear it run zigzag, half on a bow-knot an' half on a' aster, an' the firs' time she wo'e it afterw'ds, why, she dared me to find the patch. She even said ef I could find it firs' pop she 'd lemme kiss her. Of co'se, the patch layin' in amongst the thick gethers, she felt purty safe, an' I knew they would n't be no chance o' strikin' it by discovery, so I thess struck out reckless, an', bless goodness, ef I did n't happen to hit it!

What 's that you say, doctor? Did I kiss her? Well, I declare! The idee o' you puttin' sech a question ez that to me! I mus' seem purty slow, shore enough, for you to even quiz me that away. Yas, I kissed her shore, all I was entitled to—once-t for each way the zigzag run. I never refuse luck when it comes to my awkward hand.

But talkin' about this here authoress.

Of co'se, ez I say, it was mighty fine to set up an' git yo' imagination to workin', an' all that, but for a pay performance, I can't say ez I think it 's exac'ly *fair*—not to the rest o' the audience thet likely did n't git started on no other track. It don't seem thess the square thing to let folks rig out a stage, an' light it up, an' then to go round to the front door an' pay their money to come in an' set down before it, an' then her to study up every way possible to lead their minds away from it. When a person buys a

book, why, he gives it full sway to do its worst with him, an' the more it makes him forgit the price of cotton, or how healthy the season is, ef he 's a doctor, why, the better he likes it. You nee n't to chuckle, doctor. I'm 'bliged to touch you under the ribs once-t in a while.

But I was sayin', when a person goes to a show, why, he ca'culates to rest off his imagination, an' an authoress, why, you 'd expect her to play out the whole *hullabaloo*, an' maybe give a sort o' inklin' of how she done it—whether it was gospel truth or not, an' ef not, *why* not, an' how she come to be led to prevaricate. I don't see no harm in makin' up tales ef they ain't *classed* ez true. Sonny says that the truest things on earth is sometimes taught by the writin' of lies, an' I never conterdicted him; but it bothers me to have him make sech remarks. They come back to me when I wake up befo' day in the still o' the mornin', an' they werry me; not thet I 'd ever doubt him.

Of co'se I was mighty glad to see the lady an' to realize thet I was face to face with a genuwine book-factory, femi-nine gender. Sence Sonny has did it right here under my eyes—what 's that you say, doctor? Oh, thess three. His third book 'll be out nex' fall, an' it 's entitled "Barks an' Bites."

But, ez I say, I was glad to see the lady. I don't know, though, ez I 'd 'a' s'picioned her ez a writer ef I 'd met her on the road. She ain't so opposite to the common run. I can't say thet I expected anything in p'tic'lar out o' the way, neither, but I sort o' ca'culated that they 'd be somethin' thet 'd make a person look at her twice-t an' wonder what the trouble was.

They used to be a lady thet lived close-t to my pa's place when I was a boy, an' she was one. That is, she could make up obituary pomes, an' someway I looked for this lady to favor her, mo' or less; but she don't, no-ways.

The obituary lady she kep' a millinery sto'e an' post-office, an' I ricollec' she said she would n't 'a' had to do no secular work ef she 'd lived in a bigger town or a mo' unhealthy one; but bein' ez obituaries was her line, she could n't git no mo' 'n thess so much to do. Her name was Miss Josephine Annabel Purdy, an' she was a mighty far-seenin' an' industrious lady. I remember, time she died, they found she had writ obituaries and epitaphs for everybody in town—all to what they was to die of, an' las' words. Then she had a set o' double lines all rhymed in every known disease, an'

all they was to do was to fit 'em in. She even had a' accident set.

Well, when she died, they was n't enough money foun' to bury her with, an' so they had a sale o' the epitaphs, an' a good many o' the folks in town, why, they bought their own, reservin' the right for a survivor to select a disease or accident thet might be needed when the time come. An' most of 'em is in use now. They was all copied in the Baptist church books, an' ef it 's a hundred year befo' the last one is took up, it 'll be there on call. A few has gone away an' got rich, an' I doubt ef their folks 'll think to claim theirs. They 's style in tombstones ez well ez in everything else, they tell me, an' they 's a plenty ready-made, with virtues distributed on 'em.

I ricollec' they was a man named Tom Tucker. His come out o' that accident set. An' it was one he had laughed at time o' the sale, too. Little did he think. He was takin' a nap in his gin-house time the b'iler busted, an' he never knowed what hurt him. I 'll never forgit that explosion epitaph:

Better go up in explosion
Than rust out by slow corrosion.

She had a fine command o' language, although Sonny claims thet *rust* an' *corrosion* is repetitious. But Sonny is ap' to be over-critical sometimes. I know Tom's family took considerable comfort out o' the epitaph at the time. Tom allus set around a good deal for a hearty man, an' likely his folks had dreaded to see him rust out, literal.

Her accident set was n't to say completed time she died, for I ricollec' some accidents was thess named, 'n' the words to rhyme with 'em, they was put opposite. F' instance, they was "*drowned*," an' across from it she had writ "*found* (or not found)."

Yas, she was a mighty smart lady, Miss Purdy was. Ef she 'd 'a' had more call, they's no tellin'. My dad he bought his of her—that is, he bought it at her post-mortem auction or sale; but he to'e it up, an' none of us ever did know what credit she had give him. We used to pleg him sometimes an' make pretend we s'picioned she had put in some abusive epithets, but we all knowed better. Pa was this kind of a man: he never could stand no compliment paid to his face, an' thess a hint of any of his good deeds would make him disagre'ble in a minute. He had been handsome when he was young, so mother allus allowed, an' she accused me of takin' after her, an' I reckon I must have. She was toler'ble thin-featured an' thick-waisted

for beauty, ma was, ever sence I can ricollec'; but they ain't never been a time when she did n't seem comely to me—an' motherly.

You know motherliness it ain't allus a thing thet comes with the havin' o' child'en. Some has it an' dies ol' maids. I had a cousin once-t, name Sophia Ann Wilson—you ricollec' Unc' Tyler's Soph' Ann, doctor, she thet took simple-minded Joe Ellsbury out o' the porehouse an' hired a nigger to foller him around her place tell he died (an' she turned her black silk that winter). Well, she never married, but, bless the Lord, f'om the time she was a little girl she did n't do nothin' but mother helpless things to the day of her death. Yas, she was a mother, whilst some female persons thet you an' me've both seen have child'en by the dozen, an' are forever braggin' about 'em, an' quar'lin' over 'em, I don't call them mothers, noways. There 's Sonny's second one, the one they call mine,—named after her,—she ain't but four, an' yet she mothers all the other three.

But this authoress, you would n't suppose she 'd have it in her, now, would you? I would n't. I would n't expec' to find it an' books in the same woman, but they 're there—in her case. Sir? Oh, no, she ain't got no child'en. Her first an' only one died, so they tell me, but she 's raised two nieces an' a stranger child, an' when she come in yister-day to see our little one, I almost wushed I had n't seen her face when she took it in her arms. Not thet she took on any way, but she helt it close-t an' tender, like ez ef she reelized the heavenly touch of the new-born, someway. You 'd look for an authoress to be offish in handlin' a baby, 't least I would. She did n't have much to say, though. They tell me hers only lived thess one day, an' the day-olds, why, she 's sort o' still over 'em, even yet, I reckon.

'T least that 's what Sonny says. He was the occasion of her comin' to Simpkinsville to give the readin', you know, doctor, an' she would 'a' stayed overnight 'long with us out here, 'cep'n' for the expected arrival; an' when she an' the little one come at about the same time, why, nothin' would do Sonny an' Mary Elizabeth but she mus' come out an' see the child an' hold it in her arms, so 's when she 's grown up they could tell her of it. It 'll give the little one an interest in a book to know when she opens it thet she 's been held in the arms of the writer. An' it 'll increase her respect' for her own folks, too, to know they knowed sech a person, familiar. An' the lady she lets on thet she

would n't 'a' went home 'thout comin' out to Sonny's, noways.

Sir? Shoo! Of co'se not. Name it after her? Why, cert'n'y not. Who said so? That 's thess like Sally Ann Brooks—Carter, I mean. I will call that girl Brooks yet, though I know her crape veil was longer an' mo' consistent 'n her widdershood. No, indeed. Mary Elizabeth ain't never thought o' sech a thing ez namin' a child after no strange lady. She ain't flighty that away, an' neither is Sonny.

No; the little one, I don't know what they 'll name her, but it 'll be a name thet 's stood the wear an' tear of one good honest life, on her side or his, or maybe some ol' friend's. I like sech names.

Yes, that 's so. You see, relations they 're in a manner forced on a person. That 's why I often think a friend thet 's *chose* is sometime a neater fit to a man's heart 'n what his kin is. I know I 've got no end o' kith thet I 'd swap in a bunch for one slim, sandy-haired ol' doctor thet 's had a habit of lookin' at my tongue an' viewin' my soul for the pas' forty year. It does do me good to make a man o' yore complexion blush, doctor. It 's sech a full surrender.

But this here authoress she took me by surprise one way—an' that 's the way she dresses. They have the name of bein' down at the heel, ez the sayin' is, ink-bespattered an' maybe lame, or hard o' hearin', or some-thin', don't they?

But this here one, why, she 's about ez fine ez they make 'em, ef I 'm any jedge. Black satin she had on las' night. I know satin when I see it. All the threads run one way. An' it 's one o' the expensive things they is. A good stock of it is pretty costly, you know, doctor. An' Sally Ann she says she 's got a whole trunkful all equally fine. I 'll be bound for her seein' all they was to see. Mary Elizabeth she sent over her silver bresh an' comb thet she got for her weddin' for Sally Ann to lay on the bureau for her. Mary Elizabeth ain't never used it, only on the spare-room dresser at sewin'-circles an' sech, an' it 's good ez the day it was bought. I reckon most o' the fancy doin's in town has been sent over to do up that room for her, an' I 'm glad of it. The Trimble they sent over one o' their swingin' ice-pitchers; an' the other one they set on the table beside her on the platform at the readin', with Sue Tomkins's little nigger, Montague, waitin' behind the big pa'm, ready to tilt it for her ef she turned that way or claired her th'out. He 's a mighty smart little darky, Montague is, an' when the evenin' had wo'e

on consider'ble, an' look like she was n't never goin' to make no motion, why, he stepped up in one o' the pauses, an' tilted out a gobletful, an' set it by her. An' then he made a second trip, an' fetched the polar-bear sloop-bowl an' put it beside the goblet. An', tell the truth, I was tickled to see him do it. It's thess ez well. She might n't never come this way ag'in, an' like ez not she'd heerd it was a howlin' wilderness.

No, I would n't want for her to think Simpkinsville was behind the times. Ef I don't live there, an' never did, it's been my post-office for fifty year an' more, an' I'm prepared to stand up for it.

I hope they'll drive her over an' let her see the co't-house an' the ol' academy buildin' an' Colonel Talcott's monument. Somebody ought to explain to her that the shaft was n't broke accidental. Like ez not the Latin inscription on it'll please her. An' the cupalo on Matt Hines's, she'd ought to see that.

Sally Ann says she seemed purty tired when she got home las' night after the readin', although she ain't done a stroke o' work sence she come. Even ef she'd fetched a little crochet or knittin' along with her, she ain't had no chance to do it. Them reporters that come down from the towns around they took her by turns soon ez she got back from seein' the baby out here, so Sally Ann says, an' when she had thess got into her nigh-gownd to lay down an' collect her thoughts, why, the girls that had the 'rangement o' the platform they called to see her, an' she had to git up an' dress. They come to find out how she'd like the lamp, an' whether she was goin' to stand or set, so's to know how to fix things, an' of co'se they did n't like to hurry away, so they set for a while, an' time they went, in come Joe Leggett to talk over how he was to interduce her, whether she preferred the Mrs. or thess the plain three names. Funny how all these writers seem to have three names, mostly. I s'picion they take one for luck when they go into it. I can't say ez I see why they had the mayor to interduce her. Some wanted Sonny to do it, bein' the one writer who has done whole books here; but he's obstinate when he takes a stand. I cert'n'y was proud when I see what a flow o' language Joe's got. Why, he spoke sixteen minutes by my watch, an' he never faltered. He commenced at Shakspeare or—well, I won't dare to say which was the first, but he started 'way back, an' he thess marched all the writers that's ever been

heerd of, in a full-dress parade, before our eyes, an' with a wave of his hand, when it come to her, he brought her in, thess where she belonged. He's a graceful man, Joe is, an' a powerful lawyer. Sonny would n't a' done it that away. He'd a' turned 'er loose with a quick word, I'm purty shore, but I'd a' liked to hear him do it, all the same. When I pay my dollar, why, I'd ruther listen to the paid performer an' take Joe on a' off day.

Did I tell you thet she brought Sonny's two books all the way from New York to git him to write his name in 'em? She says she's goin' to give one of 'em to a boy she knows thet loves dumb beasts an' things. An' she's give one o' hers to the new baby, all duly inscribed. She's writ her name bias-ways across the title-page, an' Mary Elizabeth she says she s'picious she's one o' these thet can't write straight, an' she struck upward that away to hide it; but I think like ez not she crossed it that away thess for style. Anyhow, the little baby has got her first book, an' she got it on the first day of her life, an' straight from headquarters. That ain't no every-day experience, not roun' Simpkinsville, nohow. I doubt ef 't is anywheres.

What you say, doctor? Yas, that's the truth. Sally Ann says she did lay abed late this mornin'. Mis' Blanks come out after breakfast to see the baby an' talk it over an' give Mary Elizabeth the green eye, an' she had stopped in at Sally Ann's about ten o'clock, an' *she was n't up then*, an' for all I know she may be abed yet. Sally Ann waited breakfast tell nearly nine o'clock, an' then she sent it in to her. She says she had to or else have it dried up. But she did n't mind that so much ez she did disapp'intin' the school-child'en. A dozen or so o' them thet did n't git a chance to go to the readin' ast ef they could n't come in on their way to school, an' Sally Ann had fixed it for 'em to come breakfast-time an' set down an' see her eat. Sir? Oh, bless yore soul, yes, they seen her, only she was asleep. Sally Ann opened the door an' let 'em tiptoe th'ough, one by one. Of co'se they could n't recognize the likeness to the picture in the "Echo," an' she asleep; but Sally Ann she explained to 'em thet she was talkative, an' that made a difference, an' thet her eyes was sort o' changeable gray leanin' todes either blue or brown accordin' to what color ribbin she put on. Ain't she the devil for observation, that Sally Ann? Many a man has been married to a woman an' not been able to analyze her like that.

How long was the readin'? Oh, I should say maybe a' hour or a little over; that is, the *readin'*, mind you. The *show*, it lasted three mortal hours. I got tired, then I got sleepy, then, lastly, I nearly died o' the fidgets, an' I'm 'feard I was sinful. Of co'se 't would n't never do to let a stranger think she was the only one thet could perform, one way or another, so the girls' mothers allowed. Of co'se I think native talent, ez Marthy Rogers calls it, ought to be encouraged, an' yet they was some things did las' night thet seemed to me superfluous. When Anna Larkin had played "The Maiden's Prayer," f' instance, an' done it perfec', I did n't see no p'tic'lar use in clappin' 'er out ag'in an' makin' 'er do it over. To my mind, it's sort o' flighty for a prayer, anyhow. Of co'se it an' Teney Ferguson's "Monastery Bells" is two mighty fine performances, but in place o' the second showin' o' both of 'em las' night, I 'd 'a' chose to hear the authoress read one more chapter. There 's that one where the bank explodes an' all the money is gethered up by the church-members an' returned to the ruins—I 'd 'a' liked mighty well to hear her tackle that bank explosion. It seems they ast her whether she wanted to be the whole show or to have music let in here an' there, an' she said to fix it thess ez they 'd a mind to; but she stipulated thet she 'd like to git to bed before midnight. You see, she 's readin' right along different places, an' she pleads for half her night's rest. It was nine minutes past eleven when Polly Johnson give that last encore, an' I reckon she did n't git home much before twelve. Sally Ann says she seemed to be reel wo'e out when she come home, no puttin' on, an' she did n't see why. She did n't do a thing most o' the time but set up on the platform *an' rest*. Sally Ann says she 'd like to see a person like that tackle a week's wash.

It worried me when I see Sally Ann's baby there. She allus takes advantage, one way 'r another. Them settin' down in the middle seats was n't allowed to bring a child, but she bein' a lady manager— An' he 's got a reg'lar Carter voice, that youngster has. It riled me when the authoress had to give way to him the way she done once-t or twice-t.

What 's that you say, doctor? Yas, so will I. Ef we ever have another author's readin' in Simpkinsville, I 'll vote for it to be the whole show, good, bad, or indifferent. Ef one of our girls is ast to perform, of co'se the whole lot 's bound to have a show, an' they 're too numerous. In a town of less talent it might work better.

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How 's that? When does she start? About two o'clock, I think. You see, it 'll take a couple of hours to drive her around deliberate, an' they 's sev'al of the old ladies in town thet Sally Ann 's goin' to take her to stop an' see.

Oh, no; she 's goin' with her, herself. I think the way Perfessor Sanders met her at the station when she come, an' got things out of her, was scandalous. For a school-teacher of experience he 's ignorant, Sanders is; n' he 's forward, too. Why, he bragged, when he come up to Sally Ann's door with her yisterday, thet he had got her opinion on sev'al subjects they 's been arguments about. There 's the pronunciation o' that common word *sloo*, f' instance. Of co'se we all know what it is an' how it 's spelt, an' it seems ridic'ulous for anybody at this late day to start up an' call it *slow*. Why, ef I was ever to think of a sloo with sech a sound ez that, I would n't never expect it to give 'way under my feet—not for a minute. Sir? Oh, I believe she stood up for *slow*; but I doubt if she 's ever put her foot in one. It 's all the way a person 's been raised. An' he give her that 'rithmetic puzzle of his, too; but she refused p'int-blank to fool with *it*. She says it 's all she can do to keep up with her small change, she 's got that bad a head for figgers. I like a woman thet 'll say a thing like that. Sounds honest.

Yas, she 's been purty hard run sence she 's been in town. That Springville reporter, Dan Dan'l's Dan, a little flippity-jip fit to dangle on a woman's watch-fob, he was one o' them thet pursued her. They say he passed in his visitin'-card, an' announced thet he 'd called to see ef he could n't indooce her to say a thousand words. Imagine a person keepin' account of his words like that. I declare, it reminds me of the Jedgment-day. It does for a fact. Anyhow, he done it. 'Lowed thet he wanted her opinions to the extent of a thousand words on sev'al subjec's, so 's he could print 'em. An' they tell me he expects to draw the money for what he got out of her hisself, but I reckon he ca'culates to forward it on to her. His folks is all purty straight in business. I forgot what the subjec's was, doctor. One was the celebration of the clergy, I know, an' it seems she refused to discuss that. Sally Ann says like ez not she never had attended none.

One subjec' he got her opinion on was which was the smartest, takin' 'em all round, men or women. An' they say she laughed an' give in immejate thet men was, of co'se. But I reckon like ez not she done that thess

to pervaive him to conderdict her; but he did n't. I 'd 'a' denied a thing like that to a woman's face thess for manners, even ef I 'd had to ease my conscience by thinkin' o' some fool man an' settin' 'a smart woman ag'in' him.

But my opinion on that subjec' is thet smartness ain't neither he nor she. It 's a heap more evenly distributed 'n some of our politicians 'll allow. An' come to votin'— No, I don't know ez he pumped her on that, not di-rec', but he was leadin' that away. Come to votin', though, I 'd ruther trust Mary Elizabeth's vote on anything I was interested in than to that ol' nigger Joe's, f' instance. But when it comes to the law, why, Joe 's got the requirements, an' she ain't. Joe 's a good man an' a hard worker, but he don't know B from a bull's foot, an' besides, them epileptic spells they 've got him dazed. But he ain't never been so dazed thet he 's forgot to drop his ballot in the box. He voted strong ag'in' 'lectin' a woman on the school boa'd, Joe did. Of co'se I don't blame him. His wife had pestered the life out of him an' then left him, an' of co'se he was prejudiced.

No, I don't think the thing 's sectional. I think it 's a matter o' common sense, an' the time 'll come when a person 'll haf to pass an examination to vote, thess the way they do now when they git a job of tearin' postage-stamps apart in the post-offices. Ricollec' Tom Smith, he wanted that line of work, an' he practised on 'em tell he could tear 'em straight 'thout breakin' through the little line o' holes, but he missed his app'intment because he could n't ricollec' the height of a mountain somewheres. He failed on boundin' the county he lived in, too, because he was born at sea, an' that confused him. The gump did n't have wit enough to write down "water" an' claim a full mark. Them examinations seemed silly at the time, but like ez not they 're fair enough. Maybe a man thet would n't see the geographical advantage of bein' born at sea might not have sense enough to tear postage-stamps.

No, she ain't goin' th'ough to Little Rock. She takes the Little Rock cannon-ball at 11:11, but it flags at Ambush, an' she gits off an' waits for the 4:04, goin' the other way. You know, she reads at Fowler to-night. No, th' ain't no hotel at Ambush. They 's a lunch-counter there, though, an' a tight little station-house an' a red-hot stove, an' she don't have quite fo' hours to wait. But we don't allow for her to patronize that lunch-counter. Mary Elizabeth she studied the whole rowte th'ough on a time-table.

Why, doc, that lunch was packed when the baby arrived—all to the last requirements, an' like ez not she 'll give orders for them from her bed. That 's the kind Mary Elizabeth 'is. They never was sech a little daughter an' wife an' mother an' house-keeper, never. An' yas, that 's so, too. She does seem to git purtier with every one.

Oh, yas, she gits to Fowler in good time —'long about five o'clock. You see, the Fowler train it ain't noways certain. It ain't responsible to nowhere else, an' it 'll wait on the road for 'most anything. Sir? No, I never believed that yarn. You mean about Si Jones havin' eleven eggs an' the hen on the nest, an' keepin' the train waitin' tell she made up the dozen, so 's he could send 'em up to the store. No, that was thess one o' Toland's fakes. But it did back all the way from the waterin'-station, ten mile, back to Ambush once-t, after Dr. Zabriskie's medicine-case. He met that red-haired Salters girl in the station, an' got to talkin', an' forgot everything else. Of co'se it was only right an' proper to go back after it, an' so many sick down at the Turn. But it goes to show what I 've allus contended, thet doctors ought to be requied to marry—ef they 're doctors. Of co'se nobody ain't compelled to practise. Any man thet ain't married is li'ble to absent-minded spells, one way or another. Of co'se married men have their trials, but they 're human.

Sir? Oh, yas, she 'll git there in time, likely. No, cert'n'y not. She don't know nothin' about the tea they 're givin' 'er. Them Fowler folks is death on style, an' most of it come th'ough that Mis' Hyffler, wife o' the railroad official—officious, I call 'im, the way he meddles. It 's goin' to be a pink tea, so they say. I did n't know what they was hintin' at when I first heerd the expression. I 'lowed maybe they was layin' out to brew tea out o' rose-leaves, but Mary Elizabeth she says pink teas they ain't no-ways different to the common run o' tea, on'y all the *furbelows* is pink. They even shet out the light o' day an' make everything give way to pink sperm an' silk paper. Sir? Oh, cert'n'y not. We dares n't tell her. 'T would n't never do. Of co'se it don't seem to us thess the square thing to spring a pink performance on a person o' her seriousness, p'tic'lar when she give out so p'intedly thet she could n't go to no receptions nor nothin' whilst she was on the road. But, of co'se, what the Fowler folks does ain't none o' our business.

Mis' Hyffler, when she heerd o' her whole-

sale refusal, why, she forbid anybody at Fowler to invite her, an' then she proceeded to organize the surprise tea. She 's goin' to meet her at the station with her carri'ge with the nigger driver in regimentals, an' after she 's got her, she 's goin' to thess tell her thet "*the tea 's in,*" which it will be, an' of co'se they won't be nothin' for her to do but to go th'ough with it. That 's one reason I was half glad we did n't work her too hard here.

Sir? Oh, it opens at five (reg'lar city style, they say), an' keeps up tell half-pas seven. Of co'se they 're boun' to allow her a half-hour to dress an' eat her dinner, an' the readin' 's at eight. They lay out to send her dinner up to her on a silver tray to her room in the cupalo. They 're goin' to put her in that for the night. But I don't reckon that 'll faze 'er none. They say she lives in a ten-story house in New York, but she let on to me thet she did n't stay in none but the top flo',—same ez the top shelf in a clo'es-press,—an' I wondered how she clumb the stair-steps, an' thinks I to myself, that 's why the po' thing looks so haggard an' peaked; but I did n't let on. But Mis' Blanks she tol' Mary Elizabeth thet they fire 'em up in shoots in them high houses. To my nerves that 'd be mo' of a shock than a stiddy climb. Sir? How do they git down? Well,

reely, I never thought o' that. No, I don't know ez the top flo' needs to be a loft, exac'ly. I s'picion it 's a finished attic.

Oh, yas, after the readin' 's over, they allow to spread a supper for her. No announcement tell everybody 's there, an' then the slidin' doors 'll be slid, an' a nigger string-ban 'll start up behin' the pa'ms. You know them Hyfflers don't bother with no cook. They keep a reg'lar *chief*, right along, an' they do say he can fix up a spring chicken so 's it 'll refuse to digest. Oh, yas, they 'low to entertain her firs' class, but I 'd feel better ef she knew it.

What 's that, doc? I was wonderin' myself how she 'd go th'ough with it. She says she appreciates invitations thet she can't except thess ez much ez ef she could, but somehow I 'm glad I ain't in them Hyfflers' shoes to-night. Oh, yas, that 's true. Mis' Hyffler did write to ask Sonny what she was celebrated for, so 's she could direc' conversation accordin'. But Sonny says he doubts ef sech allusions 'll tickle her ez much ez it did to see her wo'e-out book in our little circulatin' lib'y. You know that 's genuwine. A book thet 's give out comfort right an' left, all its life, it gets a honer'ble look of age on it, same ez a person. Yas, that was the one she read out of. She 'lowed it give her courage.



NOT ONLY THROUGH OLD LEGEND.

BY JOSEPH RUSSELL TAYLOR.

NOT only through old legend's royal guise,
Nor in the quest that sought the fleece, the grail,
The sudden god looks forth to turn men pale
With wonder looking out of beauty's eyes.
At times a light of great enchantment lies
On my plain fields; in woods as through a veil
Gleams the unknown romance; and the lost tale
Informs familiar rivers with surprise.
Once, when upon the utmost hills the sun
So tensely burned we thought 't would burst and flood
The golden sunset all with richest blood,
Harrow of stars, we saw the wild geese fade
Into the lofty light. Summer was done.
The winged longing left us half afraid.

THE DRUGGIST'S CLERK.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



HE clerk was alone in the drug-store. His uncle, the druggist, had gone home early to dinner, having business to attend to. It was not yet noon. The day was hot, and the window was full of great bluebottle flies, that kept up a heavy, droning buzz. The shop smelled of cassia, quinine, and many other things—a clean, connotative smell. The lower shelves were filled with tall glass jars bearing strange legends in gilt lettering—"Spir. Canthar.," "Spir. Lav. Co.," "Aq. Test." They glowed with suggestion. Above were ranged the patent medicines, in every variety of wrapper, with every variety of seductive illustration. Here was the aged crone, bent double before using Vino's Vegetable Vivifier, walking off erect and jubilant after partaking of that panacea. Here were lovely, laughing girls, in all possible kinds—and degrees—of costume, rejoicing over the marvelous virtues of tooth-washes, hair-tonics, headache pills, and chest-protectors. It was a well-stocked shop, or, in the words of its owner, a wide-awake and up-to-the-times store.

The clerk sat in the little glazed pen where the prescriptions were made up. A book lay before him, between a row of bottles and a pile of plasters, and he was reading eagerly.

As beautiful Daphnis was following his kine, and Menalcas shepherding his flock, they met, as men tell, on the long ranges of the hills. The beards of both had still the first golden bloom, both were in their earliest youth, both were pipe-players skilled, both skilled in song. Then first Menalcas, looking at Daphnis, thus bespoke him:

"Daphnis, thou herdsman of the lowing kine, art thou minded—"

The door of the shop opened, and a sharp-faced man appeared. The clerk rose and advanced, with a reluctant glance at his book.

"Dr. Haight in? Gone to dinner? 'Tain't noon yet. You his nephew? Come from over Pisgah way, eh? Selina's daughter, I suppose—son, I should say? Calc'late to go into the drug business? You don't look very rugged."

"Did you want something?" asked the clerk, bewildered. He had utterly forgotten his uncle's adjuration: "Get 'em talking, and keep 'em talking. If they talk, they 'll trade."

"Did you want something?" he repeated.

The sharp-eyed man gave him a quick glance. "Yes; I was thinkin' of gettin' a bottle of Aconcagua Bitters," he said. "Think they 're any good? Hey?"

"I don't know," said the clerk.

"I guess I won't take 'em now," said the man. "I 'll look in when doc's here. Day."

He went out indignant, balked of the half-hour's gossip he had looked for; the clerk sank into his book with a sigh. The blue-bottles buzzed on, making the silence deeper with their hum.

O milk-white Galatea, why cast off him who loves thee? More white than is pressed milk to look upon, more delicate than the lamb art thou, than the young calf wantoner, more sleek than the unripened grape! Here dost thou resort—

The door opened again. The boy raised his eyes, still full of the white vision of grace divine; he saw a middle-aged woman, in a sunbonnet, stout, crimson, panting.

"Where 's the doctor? Gone? Well, I never! Here I 've run all the way, and it 's half a mile if it 's a step, and that child may die before I get back, and no medicine to give it!"

She eyed the clerk suspiciously. "You ain't no doctor, be you?" she said sharply.

The clerk was saying over to himself:

I fell in love with thee, maiden, I, on the day when first thou camest, with thy mother, and didst wish to pluck the hyacinths from the hill.

But now he pulled himself together. The vision passed, and he became alert and businesslike.

"What can I do for you, madam?" he asked, with a fair imitation of his uncle's manner. "A child is sick, you say? Have you a prescription? If so—"

"No, I ain't got no written prescription. I'm a nurse; be'n nursin' thirty years. Guess I know more 'n any doctor or doctor's boy I'm likely to find here." She sniffed, then put on an air that was meant to be winning. "Well, say, you can put up the things I want, can't you? Do jest as I tell you, and you can't make no mistake. There, I've handled more drugs than you 'll handle in your lifetime. Gimme an ounce of lavender—that 's right. Now some ether. An ounce 'll be enough, I guess. Ever taken ether, sonny? I can give ether in the dark, any time. No

need to look at the bottle; know it by the smell. Now two ounces of ammonia—rheumatic spirits of ammonia. ('T ain't no good in the world for rheumatism, for I've tried it.) There 't is, in that brown bottle on the second shelf. Right under your nose, boy! Ain't you got the sight of your eyes? That bottle hold 'em all? Well, now you—no; give it to me! I'll shake it up myself. I've got a shake that's more mixin' than a sermon on grace and election. There, now, that 'll do. 'Bout fifty cents' wuth, I sh'd jedge. I like to pay as I go. It's a neighbor's child that's sick, and I must hurry back to it. You explain to the doctor—if you don't forget all about it before I'm out the door."

She cast a glance behind her, and saw the lad gazing with wide, helpless blue eyes. "Loony, I expect," she said, as she sped on her way. "Doc Haight 'll never make a druggist of that boy. Must be Selina's son; Selina was always asleep with her eyes open."

Left alone once more, the young clerk stood for a few moments as if in a dream, with the bottle from which he had last been pouring still in his hand. Theocritus always made him dream; and besides, the smell of the drugs was fresh in his nostrils, and there was a kind of intoxication in it. Perhaps some of them had come from Sicily; perhaps one of these very tinctures he had been pouring out—the lavender, most likely—was made from flowers the ancestors of which—did flowers have ancestors?—had been pressed by the feet of Daphnis, or twined in the lovely hair of Amaryllis.

Courting Amaryllis with song I go.

The boy thought he would like to go to Sicily.

The sun slanted through the great gilded jars on the lower shelves, and they seemed full of dusky molten gems. "Tinct. Myrrh.," "Tinct. Aloes," "Spir. Ment.," "Ol. Bergam.," "Ol. Tereb."—the very words should be warm and fragrant. All lovely vowels should rush together to form names for these lovely things. Ruby, amethyst, emerald—jewel-names were full of vowels; why not drug-names? Why should there not be a poem to glorify drugs, as Keats had glorified food and stuffs?

And lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon.

Why, that applied better to these shelves than to Angelo's feast. "Guiacl!" There was a whole romance of mystery in that one word.

All these lucid gums, too, that when fresh

must have dropped like starry gold from the tree, how beautiful they were even now, in dry shining nuggets, harmless, translucent gold!

In Samarkand there grows a tree.

That was a good line for a beginning. Why should he not write the poem himself? He always meant to write, some day, when he had read enough. Gums and nuts and berries—what was that passage in Theocritus about the berries harsh and swart?

He glanced down; but instead of the book, his hand held a bottle. His eyes settled on it vaguely at first, admiring the rich amber of the tincture; the next moment he seemed to emerge from a cloud, and stood on a bare peak, breathing air that choked him.

"Tinct. Aconite. Poison."

She had said ammonia, that harpy who was here. But she had motioned to this bottle, had laid her hand on it, and he had taken it down at her bidding. Ice crystals went dropping down through his veins; a cold hand gripped his heart. He ran to the door and looked up and down the street. No one was in sight. The shops were shut; it was the village dinner-hour. A side street, or alley, branched off from the main street; he ran to it, his legs like water under him. It was empty, save for a child playing with a battered doll. Had she seen a woman go by? he asked, with a voice he had never heard before. The child shook her head. No one had gone by this long time. She bent over her doll, and bade it take its medicine like a good girl, and it would feel better. Was this a devil in the likeness of a babe?

The clerk went back to the shop, and found a man complaining to the skies, demanding plasters, and wanting to know what kind of a drug-store this was, anyhow. Confession hovered on the boy's lips, but the man's red, gaping aspect kept it back. He tied up the parcel in silence, thirsting for solitude. When the man was gone, he could have called him back and wept on him, for anguish of being alone.

"I am a murderer!" he said aloud. The shop rang with the sound; the glass jars tinkled it back; the packages of dry herbs hissed and rustled with it. The figures on the patent-medicine bottles seemed to glare at him. The laugh on the lips of the maiden who advertised Cherrifeam froze to a sickly grin of horror. All the hair- tonic ladies shuddered beneath their mantling tresses. There was a preacher, in particular, the apostle of Baptist Bitters, who actually shook his stick at him, the boy thought, and repeated

"Murderer!" The flies in the window buzzed to the same tune. And now, chancing to look down, the boy saw his right hand turned as red as blood. Did he scream aloud? There was noise enough without that, for they were all gibbering and muttering at him. He saw in a moment that it was only the sun, which had shifted a little and sent a long shaft through the vase of crimson liquid in the window. It did not matter much, he thought; but he went back into his glass pen, set the bottle down deliberately, and faced the position.

He was a murderer! The child would die. He had put enough aconite in that bottle to kill a dozen children. Perhaps it was already dead. Was it a minute or an hour that he had been standing there? He saw the little thing lying with its rosy face turned to wax, the mother weeping over it, the red-faced harpy shrilling loud-voiced that that boy, that clerk, had done the deed. He saw himself in prison, condemned to die. A picture of Fagin in the condemned cell, which had haunted his childhood, rose before him, and he saw nothing incongruous in it. He was younger, that was all.

He saw the shameful death, his father's honest name disgraced, his mother—

No, no! That was not to be! That should not be! Anything was better than that. Suicide was better than that!

Why not? Suicide was a crime, but a crime that concerned himself alone. Why should it not be his punishment, the same death that his hand had dealt to the innocent baby? Here was the bottle ready beside him. One sip, and all was over, and quiet. They would see, would understand how it happened. His uncle would not blame him so very much, perhaps. His mother—no, no! never! His mother thought suicide the one crime, the one cowardice, that could ask no forgiveness. "To escape the punishment of man by fleeing into the presence of God"—that was the way she had spoken of a poor old tramp who had hanged his tired body in their barn last year. No, no! There was some other way; there must be some other way!

He looked around wildly. The sun was now holding carnival among the bottles. They glowed, they flashed, with every imaginable splendor. They might be stones in the walls of the New Jerusalem—flames of hell, rather, lightening to receive him.

PISGAH'S BOY MURDERER!

He saw the fat black head-line in the weekly paper. A paragraph lower down he was

spoken of as "Murderer Malvin." This custom had always bitterly offended his literary taste. "But in my case, at least, it is alliterative," he thought. His mind ran back rapidly over his childhood. Had his love of books brought him to this?

"For love of lovely words." He had seen that somewhere. In a magazine, was it? He remembered the day when he had got hold of Pope's Homer, an old battered copy of his uncle's, and how the worlds opened before him. Then he found Keats—Keats, who had been an apothecary's boy, too, and had read Homer, too, the Chapman translation that no one seemed to know anything about, here in the village. Then the high-school teacher had lent him this Theocritus. How the worlds opened! How he had grasped since then at everything that had sound and color and form! He had hardly got as far as thought yet, but that was coming. If he could only get to college! And his mother said he should go if he could earn half the money. That was how he came here, after leaving the high school, to his uncle who suspected nothing, who thought he wished to be a druggist all his life. Plenty of college men were druggists, to be sure; but for him, no. Yet half an hour ago he had fancied a poem of drugs—a poem that Keats might have written; and it was perfectly clear that Keats got his colors from these very jars and bottles that were now flaming hell upon him, John Malvin, who might have been the new Keats. And now! now!

Flame! Here was a new thought. What if he fired the store? There would be no horror of suicide for his mother then. They would suppose it an accident. There was time still for him to be well burned; his uncle always took a nap after dinner. And how gloriously all these things would burn—light, ethereal flames of spirits, splendid gold and scarlet; heavy curling vapors of essential oils; thick smoke of gums and unguents! There never was such a fire as this; there would be a glory in it, a feast of color and light. Sound, too; the musical crash of glass, the light crackling of dry pungent herbs, the—

"Well, here I be again," said a voice. It was the red-faced harpy, still breathless.

"Uncle ain't come in yet? Well, I jugged he might n't. Say, I brought this bottle back, sonny. The baby was so much better when I got there, he did n't seem to need it any, and his mother was kind o' put out at my gettin' it without the doctor bein' here, though I told her I guessed I knew as much

as Dr. Haight did, any day of the week—nothin' only a 'pothecary doctor. But rather than have any feelin' about it, I thought I'd come back. And, say, you might give me back that fifty cents, if you're a mind to. She's mean as dirt, that woman, and says she won't pay for it, and I suppose you can use it up some other ways, hey?"

When Dr. Haight came in a little later, he found his nephew, with a face as white as curd, wiping up a mess of broken glass and amber liquid.

"What's this?" asked the apothecary, sharply. "Who's been smashing things here? Careless! Why, John, what's the matter with you, boy? Speak up! Here, let

me feel your pulse! There, John, you go and sit down a bit, and I'll mix you up something. Had a sort of spasm, have ye?"

The boy did not sit down.

"Uncle James," he said, "I'm going home, please!"

"Going home?" echoed the apothecary. "Of course you are, Jack, if you're going to be sick. But we'll fix you up in a few minutes. Don't you be scared."

"It—is it n't that," said the boy. "I have been left alone here an hour—two hours? Well, it's all the same. I have committed murder, suicide, and arson, and—and—I want to go home to Pigsaw before I do anything more. Good-by!"

ON GILGO BEACH.

BY L. FRANK TOOKER.

ON Gilgo Beach I stand,
And watch the sun climb up;
The carded foam rims all the strand
Along the sea's full cup.

Is it a wingèd flame
Or but a singing dart,
The swift, wee sandpiper that came
Out of the sun's white heart?

Out of the east came he,
Into the west has gone,
Far flashing down the surf, to be
The herald of the dawn.

In alternating psalms
The tumbling breakers sing;
Thrilled with their roar, I shun the calms
Our inland regions bring.

Thrall to the sea of old,
Shoreward I cannot gaze:
I know the marshes flaunt their gold,
The dunes in sunlight blaze;

And inland hamlets lie
With slender, tranquil spires;
And drifting down the peaceful sky
The smoke of early fires.

The long-forgotten years
Seize me with leopard-spring;
I feel the smart of vanished tears,
And the lost kisses' sting.

I see return once more
Sails that no mortal spread,
And hear along the sounding shore
The requiem of the dead.

Deep in these beryl glooms
They hold their hushed estate;
Lords are they all, whose glory blooms
In tempests desolate.

And one I loved, loved calm,
And with the fields to dwell:
Oh, now for him may there be balm
In ports delectable!

Lover of wood and lea,
Fate drove him far to roam,
Who should have kept, in place of me,
The narrow ways of home.

Brave heart, this flower I fling
Into your murmurous tomb:
Still round our hill the thrushes sing,
The crocuses still bloom.

But in this barren spot
I feel the sea's strange art:
Each billow calls, "Forget me not!"
The far rim draws my heart.



HEZEKIAH'S WIVES

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

DRAWN BY T. GUERREY MOORE.

IT appears to be a law of life that those things against which we rail too violently are those which the inexorable working of some principle compels us to turn about and meet. Therefore it followed, of necessity, since I had declared against the sin of keeping birds in a house, and especially against the folly of canaries, that I should find myself some day forced to confess the ownership of one—a small yellow canary, in this instance, who, already known as Hezekiah, was sent me by an English girl suddenly called out of the country. I opened the door of his cage at once, and the cheeriest corner of my parlor was made over to him.

It is a corner filled all day with sunshine pouring through two windows at right angles to each other, and furnished with broad, old-fashioned sills. One window is to the east and the other to the south. Between them there had stood for years a rubber-tree, now grown, with tender nursing, to the size of an ordinary lilac-bush, its branches stretching wide like welcoming arms, until their fingers of glistening leaves press against the panes on each side. Back of this tree, and in the angle between the two windows, a long, narrow mirror runs from the floor to a level with the upper casing. On top of this mirror, and well out of the way of a careless touch, there is a small plaster cast of a singing boy with book outspread before him, his chubby hand extended, and his finger held up to mark the time.

This corner, then, with its several appointments, has for some years constituted all of Hezekiah's world. The rubber-tree has been to him a forest of delight, and the shadow of the singing boy, like a shrine by the wayside, sheltering him when he took his noonday rest. His inclinations have bound him there, not my volition. Now and then, in the early days of our acquaintance, a book-shelf or a picture in some other part of the room would tempt him for a mo-

ment, but never an open door, though my doors and windows have been left open all day without regard to him. He has never been happy in any other place. When it became necessary to shut him up and carry him into an adjoining room that this one might be swept, he has waked me at dawn, begging to be carried back, and not ceasing to call until he was on his tree again. I used to wish, at times, that I did not understand the language of birds so well. It is astonishing how quickly a knowledge of it comes.

It was delightful to watch him as he flitted from branch to branch, taking up on his yellow breast, as he moved, the green shadow of the leaves, or, perched upon some twig, shining for a moment in the sunlight like gold. And how he reveled in the melodies he made! His voice was not like that of a canary, but rather like that of some rare bird of the forest. And oftenest it was as if two were singing, he changed his keys so rapidly, interrupting himself, breaking in upon his own rippling cadences, as clear in tone as those of a flute, with long-drawn-out strains of a surpassing sweetness, as though echoes of undreamed harmonies haunted him.

Though he would permit no hand to be placed upon him, he showed no fear at any one's close approach. We all talked to him, every guest who came, and he would stand still on a branch of the rubber-tree, tipping his head and cocking his tiny feathery ears to be sure he missed no word. His air of valor won him much applause and my affection. He was like a soldier on parade, so valiant and intrepid in repose, the feathers on his head puffing when you flattered him, till he seemed in reality to be wearing a helmet with plumes. When I asked him to sing for us, he would swell his little throat, almost bursting it in his eagerness to please, while he turned his head from one face to another of those who were listening, his sharp eyes shining with the joy of his success. He was

so debonair and so delightful, so full of the feeling of the forest, that the idea of his being, after all, only a prisoner in my parlor used to be a pain. All of man's original sin to animals haunted me.

But what was there to do? Outside my windows there were only miles and miles of asphalt and cobblestones. The first tree was a poor apology, and a block away The sparrows who lived on it would have demolished him.

It was when thinking of all these things that I determined to buy him a mate.

I carried her home with great glee. Each of us likes to feel himself a special providence. I was glad I could be one to Hezekiah.

The bird-fancier told me to leave the new bird shut up for several days, until she and Hezekiah became accustomed to each other; but being impatient to bestow a happiness which I was sure would follow, I let her out at once. It was her first taste of freedom, and she took some moments to adjust herself, trying different twigs and leaves. Hezekiah, meantime, had flown to the top of the mirror, where he sat, his head tipped on one side, looking down at her. She evidently made no appeal to his imagination. He had often watched me in the same way when I was watering the rubber-tree, his head first on one side, then on the other, his tiny beads of black eyes alternately coming into service.

I had expected different things from this valiant little fellow: that he would show her the way to the seed-dish, to the bath of cold water always waiting under his rubber-tree; that he would conduct himself with some of the gallantry of a barn-yard rooster, at least, who busies himself at once with the entertainment of any new hen, scratching the earth fiercely for her in chivalrous quest of a worm, or leading her with courtly cluck through the pleasure-places of his domain. For the first time he disappointed me.

The new bird's confidence increased with every venture among the leaves, though she remained oblivious of any other presence in the room. Hezekiah's interest in her slowly grew. Finally, with a low note, he flew down and took a place beside her. Now, at last, my little soldier meant to prove himself. And how radiant and beautiful he was, his yellow plumes all aglimmer in the sunshine!

I was called away just then, and some hours elapsed before my return. They were both, by that time, in one cage—he a heap of disordered feathers, huddled up in a

corner against the bars; she an angry fury with wings outspread, and darting at him hideous blows with beak and claws.

I rescued him, of course, and so saved his life. But when he was put back on his perch, he proved himself man enough to look as though nothing had happened, straightening himself, smoothing out his feathers, moving rapidly about with the air of one who was saying: "It was not as bad as you thought. I could have got away if I had only chosen to strike back."

When the spectacle of his discomfiture had been repeated on several succeeding days, always followed after Hezekiah's rescue by that sudden straightening of the body and that assumption of an easy and dégagé air, I determined to give the new bird away. Her affinity was evidently elsewhere, for she mated at once with my neighbor's bird, bore him five eggs, and is to this day living in unruffled domestic serenity with him. I related my experience to sympathizing friends, and learned that it was not unusual. One person told me of her own canary, who, after having raised several sets of fledglings for her mate, suddenly grew tired of him, and made their life a misery by her quarrels. Brought into contact with another bird, she went over to him, living in quiet contentment, happy in the families they reared until death took her off. I heard, too, of an invalid who, wishing to make the tame bird that flew about his pillow happy, presented him with a mate. After the first encounter nothing was left of the pet bird but a few feathers.

These stories alarmed me, and I determined to let Hezekiah alone. For nearly a year, then, he lived by himself on his rubber-tree, and became again, now that his dignity was restored, the delightful bird of our early acquaintance, blithe and beautiful and gay, a very prince among canaries, and making his corner of my parlor a bower of delight.

When the spring came and the winds were soft, and every man felt the promise of something in the air, I used to find him sitting quietly on the broad window-sill, looking up at the blue of the sky, or out at the sparrows flying past, each on its own special quest. Once I came upon him talking to one of these birds who had alighted on the outside sill, and who was chirping to him through the window-panes. On my approach the strange bird flew away, but Hezekiah sat there. There was much pathos to me in his lonely little figure, in the idea of his being shut up in-

doors, missing all the joy of that world lying just beyond his reach—a world of sweet ties and joint duties, of always going two by two.

Next morning I bought Hezekiah a second mate.

At this point in my story I lay down my pen in despair. So engaging a little creature as this second wife is not easy to portray. How can I, indeed, ever hope to do justice to a cleverness which distinguished her every charming act, enabling her, a bird born and bred in captivity, to fly about the room on her first venture? In what way can I rightly describe an intelligence which led her to investigate every part of my parlor and its adjoining rooms before two days had passed, simply because she felt she must know what her surroundings were like? And where are the words that would do justice to that acumen by which she divined at once that when I approached her cage it was presumably to shut her in, and that, therefore, she must be up and out like a flash, whatever she was doing, the moment I appeared at the parlor door? Hezekiah had never guessed it. I could walk up to his cage and shut him in whenever I chose, and always to his intense surprise. But I had to bewilder her with lights, or by a white towel held in front of my advancing figure, before I could get near enough to hers to shut her in.

Then there was her keenness of perception, enabling her to discover a fact of which Hezekiah, in all the other time, had never dreamed—the fact of my keeping their hemp-seed hidden in a glass loving-cup on the table; and that fact established a way by which, when I was not at home, she could get off its cover and help herself. Then, supreme excellence of all, there was her surpassing affection for her mate. For she was undeniably and hopelessly in love with Hezekiah, and was so from the first. I have seen her sit for half an hour at a time cuddled up close to him on top of the mirror, wings touching, just under the shadow of the plaster singing boy—he all golden yellow, she a bronze green, and her mouth wide open and held up toward him, begging for a kiss in the low notes which birds use in their courtship.

Once in a while Hezekiah would turn and give her a little peck on her bill, but it was always in bored, perfunctory fashion, and only to resume afterward his attitude of indifference, ignoring the little figure beside him, the open bill still held up to him, and the pleading voice.

For Hezekiah, indeed, returned none of

her affection. When she first came he fought her on several occasions, but not fiercely—more to establish himself in his rightful place than for any other reason. He knew what it led to when females got the upper hand. His first experience was still fresh in his mind. He began, therefore, by introducing a system of vicarious discipline, trying it first on the small bird, who knew nothing of his former discomfiture. The very universality of the method made it easy for him. After that he let the new arrival alone, and went about singing on his rubber-tree. But she, like most people hopelessly in love, lacked a fine discretion. When he did not seek her she sought him, always so enchanted by the beauty of the song that had bewitched her that she joined in and spoiled it. This was her greatest mistake, for her voice was bad, and sounded, as she "peeped," like the dismal creaking of a rusty blind. Hezekiah hated it, for it jarred upon an ear already attuned to the finer cadences of his own rare tones. Yet this poor little second wife was so bewitched by his singing, as we all were, that she could never control herself when he began.

Day after day the same scene was repeated between them. He on the rubber-tree would wait until he saw her in her cage busy with a seed, and then, thinking her too occupied to hear, he would swell his throat in song. At its very first flourish up would go her head and down her seed. Like a flash she was out of her cage and over on the tree beside him, uttering, in an ecstasy, a cry of delight. Alas! no caw of a crow could have been harsher. It maddened Hezekiah and ended his song, sending him in a fury to the top of the mirror. But she, like one whom some ideal has escaped, still pursued him. He, just as she reached him, would fly higher and light on the singing boy's head. She would seek the tip of the singing boy's finger. Then down in disgust he would dart into his own cage, like a man out of humor who slams a door after him. But she, with a joyous flutter of wings, would go in too, so as to do just what he did, eat seeds or drink water, she did not care which, only it must be something he was doing, and after that he must kiss her. For she always held her little open bill up to him. This prince among singers was her very own, and she loved him.

I have watched them scores of times; it was always the same story: Hezekiah beginning to sing, and Little Miss Goosey interrupting him—for I called her so, using

the pet name of a small niece whom she resembled in her character.

The peace and contentment of Hezekiah's life were gone. He used to look reproachfully at me, never tipping his head to listen, nor cocking his feathery ears, nor puffing the plumes on his head. When I asked him to sing, he refused. He knew too well what would follow should Little Miss Goosey hear him. He took to staying out at night for the first time in his life—sleeping on top of the mirror, leaving Little Miss Goosey, since she insisted on respecting the sentiments, to enjoy his perch by herself. Nothing ever tempted him into her cage, but she was always going to his, eating his seed and his apple and his cracker. I recognized only too clearly now what my officious kindness had done. Yet Little Miss Goosey was so engaging and so clever I could not send her away. Besides, she loved Hezekiah, and how was I to deny her the scant happiness of her proximity to him? I let her stay.

One Sunday afternoon, when the house was quiet, I chanced to look up from my book, and discovered her perched on the edge of the globe belonging to a gas-jet. In her mouth she held a piece of moss. She had taken it from the rubber-tree. It told me in a flash all her story. Everything that lies in a woman's heart when such revelations are made went out from mine to her, bird only though she was. I wanted to go to her and help her,—it was all so new to her,—but no one but another bird like herself could have been of service to her at this time. Hezekiah paid her no attention, letting her find things out for herself, never guessing them, perhaps, and only too glad to have her occupied at last. I almost hated him.

Little Miss Goosey, balancing herself, leaned over and put the moss in the gas-globe, straightening herself with surprise when she saw it fall through to the floor. Yet it was the only thing she had seen in the room high up and shaped like a nest. She was clearly bewildered. She went about the room, tugging with all her tiny might at pieces of wool on the divan-cover; picking up bits of string; going into the wood box, among the sofa-cushions, behind the curtains on the window-sill; in and out, up and down, all alone, till darkness came. Did she even know what to tell Hezekiah? I laid aside my book. Strange thoughts came to me as I watched her blind obedience to a law she did not understand, yet which was as surely leading her on to the accomplishment of her own destiny. What were we as

a race missing, I said, because of our pride in reasoning away those things which we do not understand—even those things which press us as heavily as instinct was pressing on that little bird?

Early on Monday morning I brought home a new cage with a nest in it, shutting Little Miss Goosey and Hezekiah in. How angry she was! What fire darted at me out of her tiny eyes! Something told her I was no authority on nests—that they belonged somewhere out in the open, and not behind bars. She flattened the feathers on top of her head every time I approached her. She built herself a sort of screen out of the cotton, so that I need not pry upon her. She misunderstood me entirely, for I gave my parlor up to her for weeks when her eggs came, sitting somewhere else in discomfort so as not to disturb her with a light.

Even Hezekiah's manner toward me changed. He who had been my close companion and my friend for years now opened his mouth and hissed at me when I came too near, sliding along his perch, as he did so, till he stood a fierce protector close beside the nest. Nothing tempted him away from his post, until with a little cry she would rise from her nest for a hurried bite, then back again before you could count ten.

Sometimes, however, he would rouse himself quickly, as if a sudden thought had come to him in the stillness, and leaning tenderly over her nest, he would kiss her several times, while he uttered gentle and encouraging tones. I have seen him do this many times. For the rest he was as silent as an owl in the daylight, his wings hunched up about his head, his eyes dull and dim with long watching. I used to think him the very type and excellence of protective devotion, until I found him sound asleep at night, puffed up on his perch like a little yellow ball, his head under one wing, one foot drawn up under another.

But I never caught Little Miss Goosey napping. That eternal vigilance ruling in motherhood permitted no sleep for her. Her glistening eyes were always alert, and when I looked at her by candle-light I was almost startled at first, she was so like a snake lying across that nest with her shining eyes, her flat head, and her feathers smooth in anger at my approach. Hezekiah never used to hear me. Night was his time for sleep.

I used to feel a certain sorrow that Little Miss Goosey understood me so badly, but I used to laugh at Hezekiah. He found it so easy to be valiant in the sunshine, but when

the night came he yielded himself, as we all must, to a higher watchfulness.

When in a fortnight the little birds came, there were two. The pure pride of paternity filled Hezekiah's heart. The male bird in captivity is apt to destroy his young and has to be separated from them. But not Hezekiah. He was all devotion, anxiety, and delight, and full of business and affairs. He was no longer my Hezekiah, to be sure. Not a vestige was left of that gay and blithesome creature who had filled my room with color and song. A noble and self-sacrificing father had taken his place, who paid no more attention to me, his old comrade, except with the hiss to which I have referred, now fiercer than ever since with his own eyes he had beheld the wonder of his little ones.

The story of these little ones has no place here, though I wish that I might tell how they grew rapidly like flowers,—in less than three weeks they were as big as their parents and flying about the room,—how clever and tame and pretty they were, and how they behaved when they caught their first glimpse of the sky, standing still for full five minutes and looking up—long enough for me to go into another room and call some one to come and see them. They might miss it all their lives to come, but they knew their rightful place when they saw it.

When they were grown and the summer had come, I had to go out of town, and I gave them away, and sent the parent birds to a fancier to be cared for. But after three months, when I returned, Hezekiah recognized my voice, and, the cares of paternity no longer oppressing him, he burst into a song of welcome, to the amazement of all the men in the store. I did not love Little Miss Goosey then as much as I learned to afterward, and I confess with shame that I hardly greeted her. I had not quite recovered from the shock of her disliking me, who had only tried to help her with her little ones.

As Hezekiah was molting, he had to be shut up on his return. Little Miss Goosey refused to be. Once she worked her way through the bars that had been wedged apart, but generally, though she forced her head and neck through, the instinctive impulse to lift her wings held her in. She had much on her mind, it was easy to see—important affairs to attend to. She did not mean to have her next nest behind bars, nor my supplying her with things she did not want. So she was up and at work early, to be ready against time,—she knew now what

had to be,—calling and scolding me when I was slow about opening her door.

She chose the top of the mirror this time, carrying up there bits of string and moss that I had left about the rubber-tree, and sometimes tugging so hard for more at the thread of yellow silk in the curtain close by that she fell over backward. The beginnings of her nest are still there. She was full of busy importance, and between times more in love than ever with her Hezekiah, going down with her wings all aflutter, the begging note in her voice, to kiss him through the bars. Sometimes, by way of return, he would put his bill up to kiss her: he was rather kind to her then—he was sick and could not sing.

It was at this time that I learned how sensitive Little Miss Goosey was. I scolded her one day,—the more shame mine,—told her she was tiresome and troublesome, always begging to get out. Every feather on her body fell suddenly, till she was as slender and as smooth as a finger. When, to atone, and because I was abashed before her, I praised her, calling her a pretty bird, and “so good, so good, *such* a good little bird,” her feathers were up again in delight, till those on her head nearly stood straight. It was then that I really began to love her. When I realized that this little bird had feelings to hurt, as quick as my own, somehow she grew to be a personality to me. She began to love me, too, and would often fly about after me, understanding all the fun of my laughing at her.

Dear Little Miss Goosey! I shall never see another bird to equal her. Her only fault lay in her great and sore affliction—harsh measure of fate, which gave her a voice that rasped all who heard it, and allied her to a mate who knew what sweet singing ought to be. Her death was untimely. The colored woman who washes for me told me mysteriously that she knew it was coming, because she “saw signs.” I was at luncheon, the windows wide open. Suddenly Little Miss Goosey, who was never allowed there,—unlike Hezekiah, she would try to come,—flew into the dining-room, made a circle around my head, and was out again in a flash. I went to the parlor to see what was the matter, but she was only kissing Hezekiah through the bars. Ten minutes afterward, haunted by a strange sense of something, I went to look for her, wondering if possibly she could have gone out the window. I searched everywhere, for she never answered me as Hezekiah did, and I would have given

up, or thought her hiding, as she loved to, but for the memory of that strange circle about my head.

After hunting everywhere, I got down at last on the floor, lifted the linen cover of the sofa,—it was still summer,—and looked under. Little Miss Goosey was there, but she was dead. She had wanted to see what it was I had put in the mouse-trap,—one of her hemp-seeds, for all she knew,—and the trap had snapped on her.

I rolled the little creature up with all tenderness, for she had grown to be my friend; and when night came and ten o'clock had struck, I took Hezekiah out of the room and buried her down deep in the pot that held the rubber-tree.

I could not give that little body that had gladdened me to the ashman, nor leave it to the accidents of a neighbor's yard—strange exigencies of a city life, that permit of no sentiments but those that are entered on official records. I made her grave there, where I am sure, had I been in her place, I would best have liked to have it, in the sunlight, under the tree where she had lived with the one she loved.

Although Hezekiah had never really cared for her, he missed her companionship, I suppose. He called her for days, afflicting me so sorely that I went out and for the third time bought him a mate—a tall, slender creature, a cross between an Austrian and a Belgian, which gave her her slim legs and long neck, and that air of high breeding and languor which always distinguished her. She was a timid, gentle creature, too, with no will of her own, content to sit and look at you or anything by the hour. Her few notes were sweet, though she seldom uttered them.

Hezekiah, I say it with regret, fell in love with her at once. He may only have been glad to have the silence of those dreadful days broken at last, or he may have found the only bird he could really love. At any rate, my room became, all at once, like an orchard in June. Such music, such song, such rare melodies! Hezekiah tried a dozen notes and played upon them all, tossed them about and caught them up again, flung them at her; then played with them, rolling them over in his exquisite throat with all the abandon of overmastering joy, and all this, too, when he was molting and no bird is expected to sing. She to whom the rhapsodies were poured would stand in rapt attention, never interrupting him like poor Little Miss Goosey. Poor Little Miss Goosey,

indeed, down there underneath him deep in her grave!

I tried letting the new bird out, but she trembled and shook in terror, opening her mouth in awful fright, and panting. She had all the horror of one looking over a precipice when she stood on a leaf and saw the floor under her, an awful abyss below, instead of her cage. Some trick played by man with her pedigree had robbed her of her instinct for flight, and I had to shut her up again.

Hezekiah also preferred being shut up in his cage, even after his molting was over. Since the day on which Little Miss Goosey died until now, seven months after, he who used to beg to get out, waking me at dawn to set him free, has never, of his free will, left his cage, nor stayed out when I thrust him. I leave his cage open for days, and he will not stir. Nothing will induce him to sit any more on his rubber-tree, that forest of his early pleasures, and in the shadow of the leaves of which he had dallied to his heart's content. It is almost as though he knew who lay there underneath.

Sometimes, when I drive him out of his cage, he will settle on that of his new wife, going inside when the door is opened, and resting or singing beside her, but making no other advances. He likes the comfort of a warm, living presence, and is content with that.

She is too timid to kiss him, and their intimacy has ended where it began. When she is carried into another room he will peep for her, a note he never uttered until she came, which leads me to suppose this conventional cry merely a manner of exchanging signals, a sort of "All's well" and "Who goes there?" among birds. He never used it for Little Miss Goosey, fearing she would answer him!

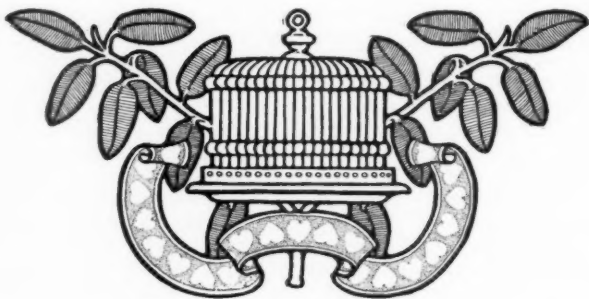
I have reproached myself many times, knowing how I have changed Hezekiah's life and impoverished my own. His gay life on the rubber-tree is over, and the carol of his triumphant notes from up beside the singing boy is heard no more. All his pretty ways are lost to me since I began to regulate his life and prove my own inappreciation of a rare singer's needs. And yet, even as I write, still reproaching myself, I look up from my desk at the two gilt cages hanging now by the rubber-tree.

Yes, he sings as beautifully as of old, though behind bars closed upon him by his own volition and because liberty brought him too much pain. He seems, too, as happy

as in the other days. His third wife sits not far away, a silent, passive, and attentive mate, ready to listen all day. Having no enthusiasm even in her affections, she commits none of its indiscretions, nor ever

jars upon the singer with an uncongenial note.

Undoubtedly they are both content, he to sing and she to listen. It is the secret of much happiness in this world.



THE MONTGOMERY RACE CONFERENCE.

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON,

Principal of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee, Alabama.

WITHIN the last half-century at least two gatherings of national importance have assembled in Montgomery, Alabama. The first was the Confederate Congress, in 1861, which was a result of measures which had been taken to dissolve the relations existing between the Southern States and the rest of the Union. The second was the Southern Conference for the Discussion of Race Conditions and Problems in the South, held in May, 1900, thirty-nine years later.

Few movements in the country in recent years have caused so much discussion as this conference. As it is likely to be a permanent organization, it is important to understand from the promoters and organizers themselves something of the object and scope of the organization. Personally I have no connection with this conference, but I have known the promoters and officials of it for years, and believe that they have in view nothing but the permanent elevation and highest good of both races in the South. I differ widely and radically with many of the views of individual members of the conference, and with those of several of the speakers, but I think it only fair to deal with the organization itself as we should with an individual, and judge it by its public expression until it proves itself unworthy of confidence. The conference was started by some

of the most eminent white citizens of Montgomery, Alabama, including the leading clergymen, and its president is the Hon. Hilary A. Herbert of that city, formerly Secretary of the Navy.

According to its constitution, it is non-partizan, being composed of Democrats, Republicans, Populists, and Prohibitionists. Any movement that brought merely the friends of the negro together would mean little in the way of distinct gain. The conference is pledged not to commit itself to any special policy affecting the race problem. For example, the Hon. Bourke Cochran advocated in his address before the conference the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment, as a partial solution of the race problem, but the conference itself was not responsible for Mr. Cochran's views, any more than it was for the views of ex-Governor MacCorkle, who opposed such repeal in the strongest and most eloquent terms. In other words, the conference is an organization composed of Southern white people, that serves as a medium for free and open discussion of the race problem by such persons as are invited to speak before it. On this point I quote a clause of the constitution:

"The object of this society shall be to furnish, by means of correspondence, publications, and partly through public conferences, an organ for the expression of the varied

and even antagonistic convictions of representative Southern men on the problems growing out of the race conditions obtaining in the South, and thus to secure a broader education of the public mind as to the facts of the situation, and a better understanding of the remedies for existing evils."

When we consider that thirty-nine years after the secession of the Southern States, at Montgomery, this conference is called by Southern white people, I do not believe that there is any reason for those interested in the progress of both races to grow discouraged, even though we cannot agree with all of the opinions expressed. In my opinion, the greatest value of the conference is in the opportunity which it furnishes in the heart of the South for free speech. Both the North and the negro have criticized the South for not always encouraging freedom of expression and debate. If this first session was not all that might be desired by some in this regard, it should be borne in mind that no great movement can reach perfection at once. While some very strong things were said in favor of the negro, and some strong things against him, it was a noteworthy and most encouraging fact that every speaker, no matter what his views, was received with the greatest respect and consideration. That some views were more heartily applauded than others was to be expected.

I consider that this conference represents in a large measure the "Silent South." For years we have heard the voice of the North, the voice of the negro, the voice of the politician, and the voice of the mob; but the voice of the educated, cultivated white South has been too long silent. No matter what our own individual feelings and wishes may be, when it comes to a consideration of hard cold facts we must agree that the Southern white man is an important factor in any settlement of the race problem.

The program presented at the first meeting of the conference occupied three days. There were nineteen speakers, all Southern men except two. Of these not more than four made speeches that any one could consider antagonistic to the highest interests of the negro. There was but one speaker who seemed to oppose the education of the negro. There was a difference of opinion as to the exact form, and perhaps the amount, of education that should be attempted, but that the negro should be educated in some manner there was virtual agreement among all who took part in the conference; and on the subject,

"The Duty of the Nation and the South to Educate the Negro," the Hon. J. L. M. Curry, a Southern man, an ex-slaveholder and an ex-Confederate, delivered one of the most eloquent addresses that it has ever been my privilege to hear. To have given the opportunity for this address alone, in the Black Belt of the South, it seems to me was worth the holding of the conference. On the subject of religion, of course, there was virtual unanimity. Every one is in favor of salvation for the negro in the future world; it is only the salvation of his mind and body in this world that causes disagreement.

Upon one other subject the conference appeared to be well-nigh unanimous—that the negro should and would remain in the South.

The two speakers who dealt with the subject of lynching both argued that in all cases of crime the law should be allowed to take its course. In fact, I was told that no white man of any standing in the South could be found to speak in favor of lynching.

The subject of the franchise naturally excited the keenest interest. The Hon. Bourke Cochran and ex-Governor W. A. MacCorkle, the opposing speakers, both claimed that they had nothing but the highest good of the negro in view. Aside from Mr. Cochran's plan for the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment, his speech consisted mainly of a plea for the highest justice to the negro. Ex-Governor MacCorkle, a Southern man and a Democrat, argued in the most eloquent terms that absolute justice and equality should be accorded the negro at the ballot-box, by means of property and educational tests that should be applied to both races.

The only address delivered during the whole conference which seemed to take anything like a hopeless or dismal view of the future of the negro came from Dr. Paul B. Barringer of Virginia. I would say of Dr. Barringer's expressions, as I would of others, that if persons have feelings that are antagonistic to what we should consider the best interests of the negro it is better that these views be expressed than repressed; and herein, again, is shown the value of these conferences. The man who speaks out truly and frankly is not a person to be feared; it is the one who smothers and represses his real feelings that does injury. In Dr. Barringer's speech of over an hour he gave the most discouraging views I have ever listened to regarding the present and the future of the

negro, industrially, physically, mentally, and morally, and as I sat through it I wondered what would be its effect on the Southern audience. This question was soon answered. When the proper time came, ex-Secretary Herbert, the chairman of the meeting, and an ex-slaveholder, in the most courteous language, firmly dissented from many of Dr. Barringer's discouraging views. This incident proved that the Southern white people who have known and lived with the negro for three centuries could not pass over in silence a speech in which the negro as a freeman was not given credit for having even one redeeming quality. Many of the misleading statements which in some way Dr. Barringer has been led into making are going to serve a good purpose. For example, in arguing that industrial education would not solve the problem, he claimed authority for the statement that out of twelve hundred students educated at industrial schools only twelve were farming and only three were working at trades. This statement put a number of Southern white people to thinking, and, best of all, to investigating, and

they soon discovered that in the city of Montgomery alone, almost within hearing of Dr. Barringer's voice, there are fifteen of our graduates or ex-students working at trades or industries learned at Tuskegee; and it was further discovered that in one county in Alabama there are thirty-five graduates and ex-students of the same institution who are engaged in farming or working at trades.

On the whole, I cannot but feel convinced that this conference is going to serve a good purpose, and that in future meetings, more than in the first one, the wisdom of the movement will be demonstrated. Among other things likely thus to be accomplished is a larger measure of first-hand investigation of the negro's real condition. The negro suffers very often in reputation because few of those who make damaging statements have ever taken the trouble to visit him in his place of business, his home, his school, and his church, where the higher and more encouraging side of his life may be seen. More and more the American people must come to judge the negro much as they do other races — by the best types, and not by the worst.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Women of Leisure.

ARE we to see the complete passing away of women of leisure? There are moments when one asks himself that question with genuine apprehension; and the moments are likely to be most frequent during the holiday months, when nature herself appears to insist that the strained chords of life shall be a little loosened. To be a man of leisure has always, according to the laws of our national code, involved a latent reproach; but so powerful is the influence of the spirit of the times among us that to be a woman of leisure may soon seem almost as bad. The women who work, in one way or another, because they must work to live, are joined in yearly greater numbers by women who work because they choose to work in order to be independent. Outside of this, the clubs and societies that promote literary, patriotic, philanthropic activities in those who have no professional labors, and the spell of outdoor life, and its vigorous sports, over women who without these things would be quite idle, have so wrought upon feminine existence that the type of woman who meets and greets you in her quiet drawing-room as one who has long days of repose behind her, and looks calmly

forward to others of the same tenor, is becoming rare to the point of impressing one as an exotic.

It is unthinkable that any one should seriously wish to pick a quarrel at this late day with the new, quickening interests of women's lives. The subject has passed beyond the province of discussion. Nevertheless, it is an assured fact that if we were to have only busy women in the future, and women hurried and harried, the whole of life would be incomparably the poorer for us. Somewhere in the stress and strain of endeavor and advance there must be stopping-places where one may rest and dream a little; centers there must be of some sort where one may momentarily drop out from the moving column, and, free of the noise and dust, feel one's soul. There must be a pause now and then. There must be intervals, however few and far between, for the deeper, stiller inhalations, that bring renewal and refreshment, and enable one to start again, and start straight. Those centers, those intervals, it has always been the primary and essential function of women to render possible; and it must ever be. It belongs to them alone to perform that function, and if they omit to do so there is nothing to make good the loss.

It is, after all, the instinct born of a profound need that leads all societies, once they have emerged from the primitive stage in which the labor of women cannot any more be dispensed with than the labor of men, to make, as it were, a kingdom apart for women of leisure. Temples are supposed to stand in that kingdom to high and beautiful deities whom the rushing world gets indirect inspiration from seeing others worship, although it have not time itself to worship at such shrines. Many a good man, aware in the humility of his soul of having been warped by necessity into something far different from what he had intended to be, finds the deepest joy of his life in the spectacle of his womankind growing and flourishing like the lilies of the field, who neither toil nor spin. In that ease and liberty which his own toil has made for them they seem to him to have been endowed with all the beauties and gentle graces which he himself has missed. They represent beneficently to his imagination all manner of noble and lovely things. His pleasure in them is like the pleasure of Dante in the little girl friend of his early youth, who was "rich in all gracious human sympathies"—

Adorna assai di gentilezze umane.

We all know, of course, that leisure does not always so adorn women. Sometimes it is a mere breeder of frivolity and mischief, or of selfishness and dullness. And it is well that there should have been so strong a revulsion against it, with a determination on the part of women to become active and useful members of society in ways in which they were never so before. But it is not for them, therefore, to lose entirely their hold of leisure. The spirit of it they should not relinquish, even where circumstances compel them to relinquish the substance. Who that has thought of the matter has not wondered why European women seem always so unpressed for time? It is unjust and a little fatuous to suppose that they are so unfurried merely because they have very much less to do than is done by women here. There is also often the life replete with varied accomplishment, full of usefulness, or full of worldly claims and pleasures. But all that they do is done without tension, and with the esthetic sense that a woman in a hurry is a woman who has lost an integral part of her peculiar influence and charm.

The secret of this soothing absence of tension lies in a certain voluntary effacement of the personality. There have been French circles which one has known where the women whom one had expected to find so brilliant did not appear to be brilliant at all. Pauses came in the conversation which they showed no nervous desire to fill; opportunities for clever remarks passed by unimproved by them. Perhaps, in one's first disappointment, it seemed a little dull. Presently, however, the leisurely attractiveness of it was manifest, and the thrall began to work. Here was the true social atmosphere, a perfect medium of civilized intercourse, where tired brains could relax, and artistic impulses find some species of occult nourishment. And to whom was the atmosphere chiefly

due? To rather quiescent women, who were making no particular attempt to shine, who looked not anxiously eager either to attract or to retain attention. The power exercised, in short, was in inverse proportion to the effort put forth to secure it.

Remove from the mind the uneasy notion that a clever person must invariably show herself to be such, that those who are gifted and capable must at once and everywhere be unmistakably recognized as so being, and the strings of self-consciousness are immediately unstrung, and the busiest existence may have the air of possessing all the leisure that there is. For leisure means serenity. And serenity is the one thing that the world, taught by the eternal sense of poetic fitness, will never cease to exact, and justly to exact, of women.

Campaign Orators.

As the season for firing the partizan heart approaches, it would be well if the chairmen of the committees on "speakers" should reflect that the tone of political oratory has been cheapened in the last decade. These chairmen, who are usually charged with the business of supplying the spoken arguments of a campaign, should consider early that the ablest speakers may be more useful at the outset than at the end of the canvass.

It has been the custom to save the heavy guns for an awful detonation at the close; and so far as they are guns of percussion rather than of precision they are well placed at the end, when everybody is longing to have surcease of the noise, as well as of the suspense. But at the outset the ablest speakers—meaning thereby the men who always have something serious to say, and know how to say it well—perform a double service: they predispose the public to lend an ear to the discussable issues of the campaign, and they set the style for the young men who talk at the minor meetings.

Grand rallies are made up almost entirely of the party zealots, but the neighborhood gatherings draw largely from the people who are in a mood to welcome information, and are therefore the most important of all the political meetings, in so far as it is possible nowadays to influence the mass of voters by personal exhortation. Speakers who appeal merely to the prejudices of men or chiefly seek to amuse them may succeed in holding to a party those who have already yielded their consciences, but they seldom make converts to a cause. Citizens who are capable of having political convictions form them, and change them, only on facts presented in arguments which arouse serious reflection.

The larger newspaper activity in political discussion undoubtedly is often considered a reason for some indifference to the character of what is spoken from the stump. Instead of being a valid excuse, that is the strongest indictment of such indifference. Unquestionably the thinking citizen becomes weary of the iteration of the press, which in its partizan capacity wears the aspect of a professional advocate; and the finest wisdom dif-

fused in cold type lacks something of the persuasion of the earnest voice, and the conviction of the flashing eye and the magnetic manner. The quickness of apprehension of the average American audience is of itself a sign that the shortest avenue to the greatest political influence with the American people will always lead from the rostrum.

Certainly it has always been so. No American statesman has a greater reputation for geniality of temper and a large vein of private humor than Abraham Lincoln. Probably no American statesman has ever been more influential in what he addressed by speech and letter to the public. But Lincoln's aim before an audience was never to amuse; neither did he seek merely to interest; with a purpose of lofty seriousness he always sought to convince. His sense of humor was not wasted, for his terse logic was made limpid by the felicity of his humorous nature; but his speeches raised men above themselves, instead of entertaining them on the every-day plane of raillery and anecdote. His inimitable use of humorous illustration was, for the most part, reserved for the small circle where his personality was appealing directly to other personalities. In a way his formal speeches came within Froude's brief definition of Caesar's forensic style, where he says that the Roman habitually spoke "without ornament, but directly to the purpose."

No better example of Lincoln's pregnant seriousness may be given, perhaps, than a phrase from his plain profession of faith: "I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." Place against it, by way of contrast, the glittering generality of an aspirant to Lincoln's rôle of party leadership, who carried a convention off its feet by an impassioned speech of great oratorical brilliancy, ending with the phrase: "You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold." Aside from the question of the justness of the speaker's cause, it may be doubted if the showy phrase grew in the estimation of thinking citizens.

And yet the "silver-tongued" forever have vogue with the managers of political meetings. In the stress of filling time they seem to have enormous value, but it may be doubted if they fill ballot-boxes. Demagogic leaders have a special fondness for them, and often thrive in spite of the inutility of such eloquence. But the political speakers who steadily grow in influence as their powers mature, who are a help to their party and a credit to their country, are men who have a capacity for facts, and an overmastering sense of the seriousness of political life.

To Those Who "Never Read Serial Stories."

It is less and less said of late that there is no chance for young or unknown writers. In every decade since 1850 the lists of successful English-writing novelists have contained the names of many whose dawn of promise was unclouded, and the number of admirable first stories of late years would indicate no lack of a warm welcome for newcomers

in literature. And yet there are cavaliers who, with the tables of contents of the magazines before them, half full of names if not wholly unknown certainly unfamiliar, will still assert that these publications are run by cliques—probably the stupidest form of commercial suicide known to tradition.

It would be easier to sustain the contention that there is nowadays too much chance for young and unknown writers—to the deadening of their ambition and the dulling of their artistic conscientiousness. And yet what a breezy freshness we often get from such sources! What new views of life, what untaught, free, buoyant narratives, what a glow of youth! These desiderata are constantly before the editor's mind, and it is perhaps not wonderful that he should sometimes find himself pricked with compunction at the sacrifice to these endowments of the larger and more enduring qualities of art—the slow and quiet product of those

Years that bring the philosophic mind.

Heretofore, as the pages of this magazine attest, there has been here no lack of hospitality to new writers. No embarrassing, census-like questions as to their age have been intruded upon them where their work has appeared to us to be desirable for our purposes. But we confess that, so far as romance is concerned, this welcome has been largely confined to that sonnet of fiction, the short story. We have felt that, to follow a serial from month to month, the public needed, in advance, some more assurance than an editorial acceptance—the further assurance, to wit, of previous good work by the same writer.

These considerations leave us all the more free to comment on our breaking of our own custom, and we must throw ourselves upon the confidence of our readers in presenting to their consideration this month the first chapters of Miss Bertha Runkle's story, "The Helmet of Navarre." Miss Runkle is not only new as a writer of fiction, this being her first essay in that direction, but she is new in the number of her years. Her story is not one of "purpose," save of artistic purpose; it is not a well-rounded study of the period, though, we trust, true enough to the days when Henry was investing Paris; it is certainly not set, cinematographic realism; it is, in short, purely a dramatic romance, written in terse, clear-cut, un-self-conscious style, full of elemental human emotions and replete with action, throbbing with the violence of the times, and plunging from plot to plot with the rush of a mountain stream, and, like it, broadening out to a serener close.

And now we shall not longer beat about the bush which good wine never needs, but give a hint to lovers of "a capital story" that they must school themselves to patience from month to month for eight moons, venturing also a reminder to those who proudly boast that they "never read serial stories" that there is a Scripture proverb that he who thinketh he standeth should take heed lest he fall.

OPEN LETTERS

William Gedney Bunce.

(The "Century's" American Artists Series.)

PRERAPHAELITISM, as defined by its first chief exponent, Sir John Everett Millais, was a return, with absolute and minute fidelity in detail, to nature. Rossettiism was an excursion in the field of emotion, without the least reference to nature. Impressionism is an attempt to give in color the impression that nature makes upon the individual artist, without reference to detail. The boast is that the artist paints only what he sees at a given distance. The attempt would be more generally acceptable if others were able to see what the artist says he sees.

Mr. Gedney Bunce, in his disregard of minute details and in his desire to produce effects, is in his way an impressionist. But he differs from most of those who call themselves impressionists in that other people are able to see what he sees. It is true that when he paints a scene his distinct purpose is to make the spectators feel the sentiment of that scene; and this he does by means of color, rather than by attempting to tell a story, as the Preraphaelites did. But this appeal is seldom without effect upon a mind at all in sympathy with the changes and delicate phases of nature.

It follows that Mr. Bunce uses nature for the expression of poetic feeling, and that he must be regarded as a poet of the brush. It is his means of expressing his own feeling and the sentiment that a given mood of nature may awaken, as truly as verse is to the poet or a symphony to the musician.

From the beginning he has followed his own desires, little influenced by technical schools. He studied in France and in Germany; but many years ago he made his home in Italy, as the land most congenial to his genius, and he became enamoured of Venice. What attracted him to Venice and kept him there year after year was, I fancy, the atmosphere and the water. And this leads me to say that if I were asked to define definitely the realm of Mr. Bunce I should say that it is atmosphere and water. Most of his work is Venetian, so that he has earned the title of the painter of Venice. Even work done elsewhere has a recognizable Venetian quality. But he has not interpreted Venice in an exactly material way. With its architecture he has comparatively little to do. You will not reconstruct Venice from his drawings. It is the poetry and atmosphere of Venice that he gives, that quality of the city which the visitor remembers with longing. The architectural features in his poetic rendering are those of a dream-city. Consequently his pictures are much alike in subject, but they are greatly varied in expression, because the sky and its clouds are

never twice the same, and the water is always, hour by hour, changing in color, if not in form. The fishing-boats, always a feature of the scene, with their colored sails, the harbor buoys, the towers and marble façades seen through a haze that is never wanting, are never shown twice in exactly the same light or with the same suggestion. These pictures, then, are real studies of what we may call the Venice of our imagination.

I have called Mr. Bunce the painter of air and water. He has the most delicate sense of aerial perspective, an instinct for values in his scene. To paint the air is almost an impossible achievement. No artist in Egypt has yet done it, though Gérôme's constant study is for atmospheric effects. The color of sky is so pronounced in Egypt that it would seem possible to render it exactly. But it has some quality that seems to elude the artist. Perhaps—this is wholly a lay suggestion—it lacks the moisture that gives to Venice and to the Sorrentine promontory the peculiar liquid quality.

No one certainly has, to my eye, given us the atmosphere of Venice as Mr. Bunce. And the point I make as to this is its extraordinary *luminosity*. This quality, if luminousness be a quality, is as surely found in his representation of the water, the canals and the iridescent lagoons, as in the clouds and the atmosphere which we call sky. The delicacy and refinement of this work might long be dwelt on with satisfaction.

I do not believe much in comparison in criticism, and I make none in regard to the work of Mr. Bunce. He has a manner of his own. Whether he works in oils, water-colors, or pastel, he preserves his individuality, his wonderful aerial perspective, his luminosity, and his delicate feeling for color. I will only say that we should have to go back to some of the great masters, to the recognized adepts in color, to find these qualities, which he possesses, at their best. His field is not a large one in the way of variety, but it is his own.

Charles Dudley Warner.

[William Gedney Bunce was born in Hartford. His first instruction in art was received at the Cooper Institute. He was afterward a pupil of William Hart. A picture of Venice by Ziem led him to go to that city, where he has lived for many years, pursuing his art. He has exhibited for ten years at the Paris Salon, in Rome, Munich, London, and New York. One of his chief pictures was painted for Queen Victoria by her Majesty's order, and is now at Osborne Castle. Another is the view of Venice of which an engraving by Henry Wolf is shown on page 587. —EDITOR.]

E. Irving Couse.

(The "Century's" American Artists Series.)

SAMUEL J. SHAW's generous gift to the Salmagundi Club, one of the oldest artist organizations in the country, of one hundred and twenty-five dollars annually as a prize to be voted by the club's members at its Black-and-White Exhibition, on its first award, last year, fell to a newcomer in New York, E. Irving Couse, for his black-and-white painting in oil, "A Fishing Scene," reproduced on page 437 of the July CENTURY.

Mr. Couse is a native of Michigan, having been born in Saginaw thirty-two years ago. His first art studies were at the National Academy of

Design, under J. E. Wilmarth and Edgar Ward. In 1886 he went to Paris, where he remained ten years as a pupil of the Beaux-Arts and of the Julian School, where his masters were Bouguereau and T. Robert Fleury. He returned to America in 1896, and passed two years in Washington and Oregon, studying Indians and painting Indian subjects. He removed to New York in the fall of 1898. This year (1900) he was the winner of the second Hallgarten prize at the exhibition of the National Academy of Design.

The work of Mr. Couse possesses the rare qualities of simplicity and gentleness. It has breadth, and its atmospheric values—its chief quality—are just.

W. Lewis Fraser.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Trolley for Rio Janeiro.

I'VE always said that you can't judge by appearances, and so when a dapper and slick-looking young man came into my place of business and said very glibly, as if he had learned it by rote and was repeating it for the thousandth time, "I'm in trouble; can I see you in your private office a moment?" I said "Yes" at once. He looked like a young but successful confidence man. There was an air of fake ingenuousness about him, a plausibility that would have made nine men out of ten say, "He lives by his wits." But on that very account I felt that he was, after all, strictly honest, and I said: "Come right in, young man, and tell me your troubles. I used to have a son just about your age."

He followed me into my office, and said: "You're a Yale man, and knowing that, I've come to you instead of going to some other stranger, for I was in the class of '98. My name is Zenas Q. Maxon."

Now, as a matter of fact, I am not a Yale man, but I was willing to be thought one, and I said feelingly: "The dear old fence! Pity they tore it down."

He grasped my hand, and I saw that there were tears in his eyes. Well, I was delighted. As a confidence man would be sure to pump up tears, this man was no confidence man, just because appearances were against him, and appearances are deceitful, and I am nothing if not logical.

I patted him on the shoulder sympathetically, and said: "I was a member of dear old P. D. Q."

He looked a little surprised, but evidently concluded that this was a secret society of which he had not even heard, so carefully had its existence been guarded. He said:

"That was before my time. And now, not to

delay you any longer than is necessary, I'll tell my story."

I motioned him to a chair, and fixing his eyes full on mine, he said:

"Last week the Boston exporting house with which I am connected told me to come on here to New York and buy them an up-to-date trolley-car, which they wanted shipped to a firm in Rio Janeiro. Mr. Phillips, our senior member, told me that I ought to get a very good one with vesti-



DRAWN BY F. V. CORY.

"COME RIGHT IN, YOUNG MAN, AND TELL ME YOUR TROUBLES."

buled platforms and a complete set of advertisements in Portuguese for \$985, and he gave me \$1000 to cover cost and all personal expenses. I happened to have ten cents of my own besides. Do I bore you?"

"No, no, young man. Tell me your troubles, for the sake of the old fence."

"Thank you, sir. Well, he told me that after I had bought the car and ordered its shipment I was to return to Boston for further orders, and as I had only been with the house a few weeks I was naturally elated at being intrusted with such an important mission."

He paused and looked at me, and I felt gratified that by reading human nature and then doing just the opposite to what common sense dictated I would come out all right and incidentally help a really deserving son of old Eli.

"Go on, my dear fellow, go on. Do you smoke?"

"No, I thank you, sir," said he, which reply pleased me immensely, it sounded so hypocritical.

"I arrived here last night with just \$995.10 in my pocket, having paid five for my ticket here, and I put up at the hotel opposite the Dewey Arch."

"The Fifth Avenue?" said I, smiling.

"Yes, that was it, the Fifth Avenue. I paid five dollars for a room, and then after dinner, lodging, and breakfast, I went this morning to a store where they sell trolleys, and asked to see something worth about \$985. The salesman knew his business, and instead of showing me a trolley a few dollars cheaper he pulled out one that he said had been built to sell for an even thousand, but as one of the windows had become a little shop-worn he would let it go for \$990. I'm not very quick at arithmetic, and I mentally figured that I could pay that price and still have enough money left to get me home to Boston by the one-o'clock train, and seeing that it was a strictly up-to-date vehicle, I closed with him and paid him \$990 cash. Then I asked him to have it sent by the Pacific Mail line to Menendez, Fernandez & Mendoza, Rio Janeiro, and then, highly elated, I left his store, went to the hotel and paid my bill, and found to my dismay—"

"Go on," I said, seeing that he paused.

"I found that I had but ten cents left, and did not know a soul in the city of whom I could borrow money. Here is the ten cents to prove that I am not lying."

The young man showed me a dime as he spoke, and I nodded my head reassuringly.

"Now, I do not ask you to give me any money, but if for the sake of the old fence at Yale, and the P. D. Q. society, to which, unfortunately, I never belonged, you will lend me \$5.07, I will do as much for some other young fellow who gets strapped sometime, and as soon as I arrive in Boston, which will be to-night, I will send you my personal check for the amount."

Now, there was a fishy sound about the story that delighted me. I was sure that it must be true, because it was improbable, and I was just handing him \$5.07 when my partner, Mr. Rushmore, came in. He is a very impulsive man. As soon as he saw the young man, and the money

changing hands, he said: "You impudent scoundrel! How dare you show your face in New York after having been shown up by the newspapers? I know you at once for the man who said he was sent to Philadelphia from Dubuque to buy a locomotive for a Maquoketa capitalist, and you paid five dollars too much for it, and got strapped, and borrowed right and left. You get out of here."

My young friend's jaw dropped, and he began to stammer. I rubbed my hands together in glee. He was evidently the real thing, because he seemed to be caught. He stuttered and stammered, and at last rushed out of the office with my money in his hands.

Rushmore, my partner, turned to me. "Do you mean to say he stuck you?"

"No, sir," said I, loftily; "he did n't stick me. I loaned him \$5.07 for the sake of the old fence and the P. D. Q. society, and appearances are so dead against him that I believe in him thoroughly. To-morrow I'll get his personal check, and you will have to admit that you are heartless and unfeeling."

Rushmore said something of which I caught only "asinine idiot," and then he went out.

As for me, I glowed all day with a sense of my charitable act. I pictured that young man going home and using his ten cents to buy a sandwich and his seven cents to pay for newspapers, and I more than ever wished I was a real Yale man, so that I could go about helping boys who remembered the old fence and who had been unfortunate.

The next day brought me no check, and Rushmore chuckled at me whenever he came near me; but, to tell the truth, I had hardly expected one quite so soon. The day after that no check came, but just about noon, while Rushmore was out to lunch, the young man himself came into my office.

As soon as he saw me he said: "Dear Mr. Cummings, I have come here to right myself in your eyes. When I went out of your office the other day it was with suicidal feelings. The words of your partner made me feel that life held nothing more for me. Such an accusation was to a man of my nature perfectly overwhelming. I want you to believe, sir, that I never bought a locomotive in my life, nor did I ever say I did. I went out of here utterly crushed, and wandered about the streets like a lost soul until I suddenly realized that I had lost the one-o'clock train to Boston and was doomed to stay in New York another day."

"My dear fellow," said I, "there are three or four trains after that up to midnight." I was surprised at the unsophistication of the young man.

"Are there?" said he. "Well, I did n't know it. You must remember that this is the first time that I have ever been out of sight of the gilded dome on Beacon street, and I supposed that there was but one train each way."

I could have cried over this young man's innocence. To be so ignorant of things and yet two hundred and thirty-nine miles from his home! I shook him warmly by the hand.

He went on with a faltering voice: "All the afternoon I wandered about trying to brace up sufficiently to come in and prove to you that I did not deserve the evil things which Mr. Rushmore had said, but I was afraid of again encountering him. His tongue is a two-edged sword. At last evening came, and being hungry, I went back to that same hotel, which is the only one I know of."

"Oh, my poor, innocent boy!" said I. "There are hundreds of hotels in New York where you could have supped and lodged. You surely did not spend your five dollars for a dinner and bed and breakfast?"

The young man looked shamefaced. "Indeed I did," said he. "And this morning I came away without getting breakfast, I was so eager to set myself right with you. I forgot just where your office was, and I have been all the morning finding it. I want you to believe in me. I am a Bostonian and a Yale man, and I deplore the loss of the fence and wish that I had been a member of the P. D. Q. society; but that I ever pretended to buy a locomotive for an Iowa capitalist is preposterous."

"But what are you going to do now? How will you get home?"

"Why, on my way here I stopped in at the general delivery department of the post-office, and found a letter from my firm telling me to buy another trolley to ship to Valparaiso."

"And did they not inclose a check?"

He hesitated a moment, and colored beautifully. Then he said: "Why, no, sir, they did not; but I never thought of it until you spoke."

"My dear boy," said I, in a fatherly way, "you were not cut out for a business man. You lack perspicacity. Having paid cash day before yesterday for the trolley, those people will expect cash for to-day's trolley. The cessation of cash payments is the encourager of suspicion. Now, I'm going to give you a check for \$1000, so that you can pay for the trolley. But before you buy it be sure to get a return ticket, that you may go back to Boston before any more misfortunes befall you."

I made out a check and handed it to him.

"Pardon me," he said, "but won't it need a stamp? I have nothing but the seven cents you gave me, as I spent the dime for a morning paper."

"O foolish young man! You have no idea of values. You will be considered a good thing if you stay here."

I gave him the stamp, and he shook my hand feelingly, and said:

"Dear old alma mater and the fence—"

"And the P. D. Q. society," said I.

And then he went out.

But now comes the queerest part of it.

For once I was deceived. He was a confidence man. He never came near me again, nor did he pay me the \$1005.07 that I had advanced to him. He managed to cash my check, and last week he was arrested for trying to get money to pay for a telegraph-pole that he wished to ship to an electrician in Seattle.

Charles Battell Loomis.

Fables for the Fair.

(SECOND SERIES.)

VI. THE PRACTICAL WOMAN AND HER SISTER.

THERE was once a Woman who had Read in a Book that the Best Way to Become Dear to a Man was to Cook Appetizing Dishes for Him. Therefore when a Nice Man called on her it was her Custom to Retire to the Dining-room and Compose Delicious Lunches in a Chafing-dish, leaving her Sister to Entertain the Man till her Return. Her Sister would not Learn to Cook, because she Did Not Care To.

One Day the Man invited the Woman to Go to the Theater with him. This she would have Liked to do Very Much, but she Remembered What she had Read, and replied:

"I will tell you Something Better. Take my Sister to the Theater, and when you Come Home I will have a Nice Supper waiting For You."

"Oh, very Well!" said the Man. That evening he Fell in Love with the Sister, and Some Time Later he asked her to Marry him.

"But I thought it was My Sister you Came to See," said she; "and besides that I Fear I should Make a Poor Wife. I am not Practical and I Cannot Cook."

"As to that," replied the Man, "I came at First, it is True, to see Your Sister, but I saw Very Little of her because she Stayed in the Dining-room So Much. So that I Grew to Admire You. And as for your Not Cooking, that is Easily Arranged. Your Sister can Live With Us and Manage All That very nicely."

This teaches us that you must Catch your Hare before you Cook for Him.

VII. THE WOMAN WHO WAS TOO DISINTERESTED.

THERE was once a Woman whose Fiancé Evinced an Interest in Somebody Else. To this she Paid No Attention.

Said she: "I shall not Place a Straw in His Way; he must Act as his Conscience Dictates."

"He is Much More Likely," said her Friends, "to act as the Other Woman Dictates unless you Take some Trouble to Prevent It. Although he is really Fonder of You."

"Then there is No Occasion for my Taking any Trouble," said she. "I rely on my own Fidelity and the Support of a Good Conscience."

Later her Fiancé assured her that he was Unworthy Of Her, and Still Later he married the Other Woman.

Nor did she win even the Pity of Her Friends, because they Considered that she had Brought It On Herself.

This teaches us that Virtue is its Only Reward.

VIII. THE WOMAN WHO TOOK THINGS LITERALLY.

THERE was once a Woman who Invited a Celebrated Scientist to Take Tea with her. After Tea a Beggar came to the Door and Asked for a Meal. She remembered the Last Page of the Celebrated Scientist's Last Essay, and addressed the Beggar:

"While I Regret to see you Suffering from Hunger, I Realize that I injure Society more in Catering to Your Idleness than I Hurt my Feelings in Refusing your Intrinsically Vicious Request." And she Sent him Away.

"Great Heavens!" cried the Celebrated Scientist. "It is Hard Enough for Me to act Thus, and I am Forced to in Order to Be Consistent. But a Woman, whose Every Instinct should be Charity and Sympathy Incarnate—it is Disgusting!"

This teaches us that What is Sauce for the Gander may be Saucy for the Goose.

IX. THE WOMAN WHO FELL BETWEEN TWO FIGURES.

THERE was once a Woman who wished to Make an Impression upon a Friend of her Brother. She had observed that this Friend was Much Interested in a very Athletic Girl who played Tennis Extremely Well. And yet He seemed pleased Also with a Society Girl who did nothing well but Dress Herself.

"I will Combine Both these Methods," thought the Woman, "and Win Out in a Short Time."

After a While her Brother, who was Observing her Tactics, called her to One Side and addressed her Thus:

"Allow me to Inform You," said he, "that you are Making a Great Mistake. If you wish to Make a Success in the Tennis Line you will have to Dress more Loosely and be willing to look a Little Redder in the Face. Because Otherwise you cannot Play Well. If, on the Other Hand, it is your Object to Look Stunning, you must wear a Tighter and a Longer Skirt and not Dash About so, which Spoils your Complexion. As it is, you are Thrown Out of Both Classes."

This teaches us that you Cannot Blouse your Waist and Have it Too.

X. THE WOMAN WHO WAS NOT ATHLETIC.

THERE was once a Woman who wore High-heeled Shoes and a Tight Corset. Both These are Highly Injurious and Inartistic to the Last Degree. One Day she went out to the Links with a Sensible Friend who wore a Sweater and Man-fashioned Shoes. There they Met two Men Playing Golf.

"I Fear I shall only be in your Way," said the Woman who was not Athletic. "I cannot Play the Game at all. I do not Know a Caddy from a Bunker, nor a Foursome from a Tee."

"Not at all. I will Describe the Game to You," said the Men.

"Oh, Thank you, but One will be Quite Enough," she replied, and she Selected the Best-looking and the Other went out after the Sensible Friend.

"May I carry your Parasol?" said he when they had Started.

"If you will be so Good," she answered. "It is very Foolish, I know, but my Skin is so Absurdly Thin, and the Sun Blisters it so."

The Sensible Friend came up just behind, and Mopping her Face, she said: "You are Too Ridiculous. A Rose-colored Parasol on the Links! You

are Keeping him from Playing, too. He will get Out of Practice."

"Oh, I Hope Not," said the Woman who was Not Athletic.

"Do not be Alarmed," said the Man; "It is All Right."

"Moreover, I saw Him Help you Over a Fence," said the Sensible Friend, as she Waded through a Muddy Brook. "That Game is Out of Date."

The Woman who was Not Athletic looked Pensively and for Some Time at the Man.

"I am Spoiling Everything," she said softly. "Let me Go Home, and then you can Play."

"But then you could not learn the Game," said he, sitting down under a Kind of Artificial Watershed and Watching the Rose-colored Reflection of her Parasol.

"Is this a Bunker?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied; "Its Purpose is to shield People Who wish to be Alone from Observation."

"Oh!" said she. "Then what is a Hazard?"

"Well," he replied, "this is sometimes called a Hazard, too, because There is a Chance that Some one May come By after all."

"Oh!" said she. "Then over That Wall behind that Big Rock is one of the Best Bunkers on the Links, is n't it?"

"It is, Indeed," he replied. "You Pick Up the Game very Rapidly. Come over There, and I will Explain it Further to You."

"You are So Good," she said, as he Lifted her Over the Wall.

"Not at All," he replied Politely.

Some Time Afterward the Sensible Friend, who was Engaged in Wallowing through some Underbrush and Falling into a Pond in search of her Ball, passed by them on the Return Course, and, seeing them Seated against the Wall, noted their somewhat Unoriginal Attitudes. She was Surprised.

This teaches us that Some Games are Never Out of Date.

Josephine Daskam.

New Music from the Old Harp.

A HARP there was in Yankeeland,
And a hand that played it clearly.
We thought we knew its every strain,
We loved its music dearly.

Years later came strange, thrilling strains
Some master harp resounding,
And all asked, "What new harp is this
That sets our hearts a-bounding?"

But when we came to seek it out,
The new accord that filled us,
'T was still the same dear, well-known harp,
But *new the hand* that thrilled us.

Now read my riddle: First to play—
The Muse that once was Thoreau's.
The next, the Spirit of the West.
The harp? Why that's John Burroughs.

Ernest Seton-Thompson.



To Arcady.

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN.

IN varying tones they make their plea,
The young and old and worldly-wise,
Cajoling, plaintive, wistfully:
"Tell us the way to Arcady;
We fain would see Arcadian skies,
Would live that wondrous life and free;
Tell us the way to Arcady."

But I—I sing: "Though there must be
Full many a path that wends its way
By hedge and woodland, dale and lea,
To that dear land of Arcady,
I've but a single word to say:
Wherever Phyllis treads with me,
The way leads straight to Arcady."

Beatrice Hanscom.



A Ballade of Revolt.

WASHINGTON'S cherry-tree I prize,
And Jonah's whale; and how I hate
Iconoclasts who would revise
The old traditions, small or great!
Yet there be fools who idly prate
Of "late research," and some buffoon
Declares the Old Man out of date,
Now there 's a woman in the moon.

Aggressive women I despise,
Yet they are everywhere of late;
Insistent, bold, and overwise,
They meddle with affairs of state.
Unending trouble they create,
And deem their services a boon!
Much grave disturbance I await,
Now there 's a woman in the moon.

I know just how she 'll scrutinize
Each lover and his timid mate;
She 'll slyly peer with curious eyes
When Dick and I shall stroll or skate;
I 'm positive, at any rate,
I would n't even dare to spoon
With Robbie Smithers at the gate,
Now there 's a woman in the moon.

L'ENVOI.

Sweetheart, it is a cruel fate,—
Her advent 's most inopportune;
It spoils our moonlight tête-à-tête,
Now there 's a woman in the moon.

Carolyn Wells.

The Responsibilities of Leadership.

GUY and Gerty and Grace, they three
Went on a dark little jamboree;
Drank a bottle of syrup dry
And ate the mince all out of a pie.
Guy (as was due him) led the van,
Being five years old and a man!

Mother and aunt and nurse, they three
Happened in on the jamboree;
Did n't apparently understand
They had n't been wanted, and—took a hand.
And Guy (as was due him) led the van,
Being five years old and a man!

Catharine Young Glen.

Repartee.

"THIS golf is far too tame for me!"
Heroic fires burned in her eye.
"To hunt, to fight, and to rove the sea,
The daring deeds I long to try!"
I'm sure I was meant for a man!" said she.
"You were, and would I were he!" quoth I.

William Frederick Dix.

